



*The Face of the Booke*  
Unmasked.

**H**Eere, th'*Vniuerse* in Natures Frame,  
Sustain'd by *Truth*, and *Wisedomes* hand,  
Does, by *Opinions* empty Name,  
And *Ignorance*, distracted stand :  
Who with strong *Cords* of vanity, conspire,  
Tangling the *Totall*, with abstruse Desire.

But then the *Noble Heart* inspir'd,  
With *Rayes*, diuinely from aboue,  
Mounts (though with wings moist, and be emir'd)  
The great *Gods* glorious *Light* to proue,  
Slighting the World: yet selfe renouncing, tries,  
That where *God* drawes not, there she sinks, & dies.

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היה

וְיָשִׁיבָה דְּמִימָה



Sapientia

Veritatis

RESOLVES  
A Duple Century  
y 3<sup>d</sup> Edition  
By Owen Felltham<sup>th</sup>  
a large Alphabeticall  
Table Therunto.  
et sic demulceo  
Vitam.



Opinio



Ignorantia

LONDON  
Imprinted for Henry ~  
Seile and are to be sold at  
the Tygers head in S<sup>t</sup> Pauls  
Church yard. 1628







TO THE RIGHT  
HONORABLE, THOMAS  
Lord COVENTRY, Baron of *Ales-*  
*borough*, Lord Keeper of the great Seale  
of *England*, and Councillour of Estate  
to his Maiestie of GREAT  
BRITAIN.

*May it please your Lordship,*

**H**ough I should not know your  
*Person*, I cannot be a stranger to  
your *Vertues*: All eares are filled  
with report of *them*: and what a  
*Predecessour* of yours, to his great *Honour*,  
wrote of the *Greatnesse* of *Place*, you, My  
*Lord*, haue to your greater *Honour*, practi-  
sed. These my *Excogitations*, I humbly de-  
dicate to your *Lordship*; which I confesse I  
should scarce haue done, if your *Noblenesse*  
had not been more *eminent* then your *Place*.  
All that hath made mee thus presuming, is  
A 3 your

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

your Goodnesse, which I know is full of *Pardons*, for those that erre by *reuerencing*. That I haue prefixed your *Name*, is not in thought of adding ought to your *Honour*: but in gaining something to the *Worke*; that being so *inscribed*, it may carry with it, what already shineth in your *Noble Bosome*, *Honest Authoritie*. May it liue but as long as your *Fame*, and knowne *Integrity*; then I rest assured, it shall neuer meete a *Graue* in comming *Ages*. Howsoeuer, I shall bee *praised* for this, (if I haue not coueted too *high*, and intruded on your more *weighty Affaires*;) that I haue chosen an *approued Patron*.

The God of Goodnesse perpetuate your  
*Lordships Happinesse*.

*The most humble of  
your Lordships truest  
Honourers,*

OVV. FELLTHAM.



## TO THE READERS.

**I** Am to answer two Obiections, One, that I haue made use of Story, yet not quoted my Authorities; and this I haue purposely done. It had beene all one Labour, inserting the matter, to giue them, both the Author, and place. But while I am not Controuerfi-  
all, I should onely haue troubled the Text, or spotted a Margent, which I alwayes wish to leaue free, for the Comments of the man that reade. Besides, I doe not professe my selfe a Scholer. and so a Scholerman, I hold it a little pedanticall. He should use them rather, as brought in by Memory, raptim, and occasionall; than by Study, search, or strict collection: especially in Essay, which of all writing, is the neerest to a running Discourse. I haue so used them, as you may see I doe not steale, but borrow. If I doe; let the Reader trace me, and if hee will, or can, to my shame discouer; there is no cheating like the Felony of Wit; Hee which theeuethat, robbes the Owner, and coozens those that heare him.

The next is, for the Poetry, wherein, indeed, I haue beene strict, yet would be full. In my opinion, they disgrace our Language, that will not giue a Latine Verse his English, vnder two for one. I confesse, the La-  
tine



## To the Reader.

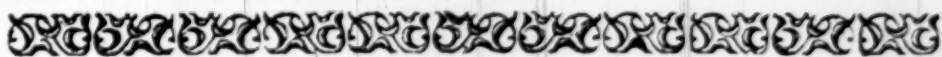
tine (besides the curiousnesse of the Tongue) hath in every Verse, the advantage of three or foure Sillables; yet if a man will labour for't, hee may turne it as short, and I beleeeue, as full. And for this some late Translations are my prooffe. What you finde heere, if you please, like: But remember alwaies, to censure a Resolue in the middle, is to giue your Iudgement a possibility of erring. If you aske why I writ them? 'Twas because I lou'd my Study. If, why I publish them? Know, that hauing no other meanes to shew my selfe to the World, so well, I chose this, not to boast, but because I would not deceiue.

RE-



# RESOLVES:

## DIVINE, MORALL, POLITICALL.



### I.

#### *Of sudden Prosperitie.*

**P**rosperity in the beginning of a great Action, many times, vndoeth a Man in the end. Happiness is the Cause of mischief. The faire chance of a treacherous Dye, at first flatters an improuident Gamester, with his owne hand, to throw away his wealth to another. For while we expect all things, laughing vpon vs, like those we haue pers'd; we remit our care, and perish by neglecting. When a Rich Crowne ha's newly kiss'd the Temples of a gladdened King, where hee findes all things in a golden swimme, and kneeling to him with Auspicious reuerence; he carelessly waues himselfe in the swelling plenty:

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Laies

## RESOLVES.

Laies his heart into *pleasures*, and forgets the *future*; till *Ruine* seize him, before he can thinke it. *Felicity* eates v<sup>p</sup> *Circumspection*: and when that *guard* is wanting, we lye *spred* to the *shot* of generall *Danger*. How many haue lost the *victory* of a *Battell*, with too much *confidence* in the good *fortune*, which they found at the *beginning*? Surely, 'tis not good to be *happy* too soone. It many times *undoes* a *Noble Family*, to haue the estate fall to the *hands* of an *Heyre*, in *minority*. Witty *children* oft faile in their age, of what their *childhood* promised. This holds not true in *Temporall* things onely, but euen in *Spirituall*. Nothing slackens the *proceedings* of a *Christian* more, then the *too-early* applause of *those* that are groundedly *honest*. This makes him thinke he now is farre *enough*, and that he may *rest*, and *breathe*, and *gaze*. So he *slides* backe for want of *striving*, to goe on with *increase*. Good *success* in the midd'ft of an *action*, takes a man in a firme *settlednesse*: and though he findes the *event* alter; yet *custome* before, will continue his care for *afterwards*. In the end, it *crownes* his expectation; and *incourages* him to the like care in other things, that by it, he may finde the *sequell* answerable. But in the beginning, it falls like much *raine* as soone as the *seede* is sowne: which does rather *wash* it away, then giue it a moderate *rooting*. How many had *ended* better, if they had not *begun* so well? *Pleasure* can *undoe* a man at any time, if *yeelded* to. 'Tis an inviting *Ginne* to catch the *Woodcock-man* in. *Cræsus* counsel'd *Cyrus*, if he meant to hold the *Lydians* in a *slavery*, that he should teach them to *sing*, and *play*, and *drinke*, and *dance*,



dance, and dally; and that would doe it without his endeavour. I remember *Ouids* fable of the Cent-oculated *Argus*; The *Diuell* I compare to *Mercury*, his *Pipe* to pleasure, *Argus* to *Man*, his hundred eyes to our care, his sleeping to security, *Io* to our soule, his transformation to the curse of God. The *Morall* is onely this; The *Diuell* with pleasure, pipes *Man* into security, then steales away his soule, and leaues him to the wrath of Heauen. It can ruine *Anthony* in the midd'lt of his fortunes, it can spoyle *Hanibal* after a long and glorious Warre: but to meet it at first, is the most dinger; it then being aptest to find admission; though to meet and yeeld, be worst at last: because there is not then a time left for recovery. If the *Action* be of worth that I take in hand, neither shall an ill accident discourage me, nor a good one make me carelesse. If it happen ill, I will be the more circumspect, by a heedfull pre-vention to auoyde the like, in that which insues. If it happen well, my feare shall make me warily vigilant. I will euer suspect the smoothed streame for deepnesse; till we come to the end. Deceit is gracious company; for it alwaies studies to be faire and pleasing: But then, like a theefe, hauing train'd vs from the Roade, it robbes vs. Where all the benefit we haue left, is this: that, if we haue time to see how we were coozned, we may haue so much happinesse, as to dye repenting.



## II.

*Of Resolution.*

**W**Hat a *skeyne* of ruffled *silke* is the *uncomposed* *Man*? Every *thing* that but offers to euen *him*, intangles *him* more, as if, while you vnbind *him* one way, he warpeth worse the other. He cannot but meet with *variety* of occasions, and euery one of these, intwine *him* in a deeper trouble. His *waies* are strew'd with *Briers*, and he bushes himselfe into his owne *confusion*. Like a *Partridge* in the net, he maskes himselfe the more, by the anger of his *flattering wing*. Certainly, a good *Resolution* is the most *fortifying Armour* that a *Discreete* man can weare. That, can defend him against all the vnwelcome *Shuffles* that the poore rude *World* puts on him. Without this, like *hot Iron*, hee hisses at euery drop that finds him. With this, He can be a *seruant* as well as a *Lord*; and haue the same inward *pleasantnesse* in the quakes and shakes of *Fortune*, that he carries in her *softest smiles*. I confesse, biting *Penury* has too strong *talons* for *mud-wall'd Man* to graspe withall. *Nature* is importunate for *necessities*: and will try all the *Engines* of her *wit*, and *power*, rather then suffer her owne *destruction*. But where she hath so much as shee may *live*: *Resolution* is the onely *Marshall* that can keepe her in a *decent order*. That which puts the loose *women minde* into a whirling *tempest*, is by the *Resolute*, seen, slighted, laughed

## RESOLVES.

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*laughed at* : with as much *honour*, more *quiet*, more *safety*. The *World* has nothing in it worthy a man's *serious anger*. The best way to perish *discontentments*, is either not to *see* them, or *conuert* them to a *dimp-ling mirth*. How endlesse will be the *quarrels* of a *chollericke man*, and the *contentments* of him, that is *resolved* to turne *indignities* into things to make sport withall? 'Tis sure, nothing but *experience*, and collected *iudgement*, can make a man doe this : but when he has brought himself vnto it, how infinite shall he finde his *case*? It was *Zantippe's* obseruation, that she euer found *Socrates* returne with the same *countenance* that hee *went* abroad withall. *Lucan* can tell vs,

—Fortunaque perdat  
Opposita virtute, minas.—

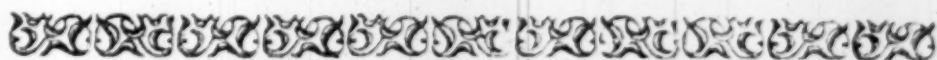
—All Fortunes threats be lost,  
Where Vertue does oppose.—

I wish no *man* so *spiritleffe*, as to let all *abuses* presse the dulnesse of a willing *shoulder* : but I wish him an able *discretion*, to *discerne* which are fit to be stirred in, and those to *prosecute* for no other end, but to shew the *iniury* was more to *Vertue*, and deare *Natures Iustice*, then to himselfe. Euery man should be *Equities Champion* : because it is that *eternall pillar*, wheron the *World* is founded. In *high* and *mountain'd Fortunes Resolution* is necessary, to insafe vs from the *thefts*, and *wyles of prosperity* : which *steale* vs away, not only from our *seines*, but *vertue*; and for the



most part, like a *long peace*, softly deliuevs vs into *impoverishing Warre*. In the wane of Fortune, *Resolution* is likewise necessary, to guard vs from the *discontents* that usually assaile the poore dejected man. For all the *World* will beat the man, whom *Fortune* buffetts. And vnlesse by this, he can turne off the blowes, he shall be sure to feele the greatest burthen, in his owne sad *minde*. A wise man makes a trouble lesse, by *Fortitude*: but to a foole, 'tis heauier by his *stooping* too't. I would faine bring my selfe to that *passe*, that I might not make my *happinesse* depend on anothers *iudgement*. But as I would neuer doe any thing *vnhonestly*: so I would neuer feare the *immateriall winde of censure*, when it is done. He that steers by that gale, is euer in danger of *wracke*. *Honesty* is a warrant of farre more *safety* then *Fame*. I will neuer be asham'd of that which beares her *seale*: As knowing 'tis onely *Pride's* being in *fashion*, that hath put *honest Humility* out of countenance. As for the *crackers* of the *braine*, and *tongue-squibs*, they will dye alone, if I shall not *reuiue* them. The best way to haue them *forgotten* by others, is first to *forget* them my selfe. This will keepe my selfe in quiet, and by a *noble not-caring*, arrow the *intenders* bosome: who will euer fret most, when he finds his *designes* most *frustrate*. Yet, in all these, I will something respect *custome*, because she is *magnified* in that *world*, wherein I am one. But when she parts from *iust reason*, I shall rather *displease* her by parting; then offend in her *company*. I would haue all men set vp their *rest*, for all things that this *world* can yeeld: Yet so, as they *build* vpon a surer *foundation* then themselves: otherwise,

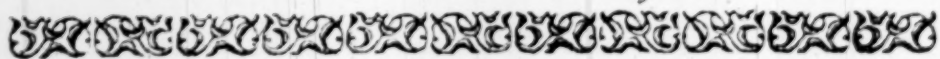
otherwise, that which should haue been their *foundation*, will surely *croffe* them; and that is, G O D.



III.

*A Friend and Enemy, when most dangerous.*

I Will take *heed* both of a *speedy Friend*, and a *slow Enemy*. *Loue* is neuer *lasting*, that *flames* before it *burnes*. And *Hate*, like wetted *Coales*, throwes a fiercer *beate*, when *fire* gets the *mastery*. As the first may *quickly faile*: so the latter will *hardly* be *altered*. *Early fruits* rot *soone*; As *quicke wits* haue *seldome* *sound iudgements*, which should make the *continue*: so *friendship* kindled *suddenly*, is *rarely* found with the *durability* of *affection*. *Enduring Loue* is ever built on *Vertue*; which no man can see in another at once. He that *fixeth* vpon her, shall finde a *beauty* that will euery day take him with some new *grace* or other. I like that *Loue*, which by a *soft ascension*, does degree it selfe in the *soule*. As for an *Enemy* that is long a making: he is much the *worse*, for being ill no *sooner*. I count him as the *actions* of a wise *State*, which being long in *resolving*, are in their *Execution sudden*, and *striking* home. He *hates* not but with *cause*, that is *unwilling* to *hate* at all. If I must haue *both*, giue me rather a *friend* on *foote*, and an *enemy* on *horsebacke*. I may perswade the one to *stay*, while the other may be *galloping* from me.



## III.

*Of the ends of Vertue and Vice.*

**V**ertue and Vice neuer differ so much, as in the end; at least, their difference is neuer so much vpon the view, as then. And this, I thinke, is our reason, why so many iudgements are seduced in pursuit of ill. They imagine not their last Act will be Tragickall; because their former Scenes haue all beene Comedie. The end is so farre off, that they see not those stabbing shames, that awaite them in a killing ambush. If it were neerer, yet their owne dimme sight would leaue them vndiscovered. And the same thing that encourageth Vice, discourageth Vertue. For, by her rugged-way, and the resistance that shee findes in her passage; she is oft perswaded to step into Vice's path: which while shee findeth smooth, shee neuer perceiueeth slippery. Vice's Road is paved with Ice; Inuiting by the eye, but tripping vp the heele, to the bazzard of a wound, or drowning. Whereas Vertue's is like the passage of Hannibal ouer the Alpes; a worke of a trying toyle, of infinite danger. But once performed, it lets him into the Worlds Garden, Italy: and withall, leaues him a fame as lasting, as those which hee did Conquer, with his most vnrusted weapon of Warre, Vineger. Doubtlesse the World hath nothing so glorious as Vertue: as Vertue when shee rides triumphant. When like a Phœbean Champion, shee hath rowted the Armie of



of her *enemies*, flatted their *strongest Forts*, brought the *mightiest* of her *Foes*, in a *chained subiection*, to humor the *motions* of her thronged *Chariot*, and be the gaze of the *abusive World*. *Vice*, at best, is but a *diseased Harlot*: all whose *commendation* is, that she is *painted*.

*Sed locum virtus habet inter astra,  
Vere dum flores venient tepenti,  
Et comam silvis hiemes recident,  
Vel comam silvis reuocabit aestas.  
Pomaq; Autumno fugiente cedent,  
Nulla te terris rapiet vetustas.  
Tu Comes Phæbo, comes ibis astris.*

But *Vertue's* thron'd among the *Starres*,  
And while the *Spring* warms th'infant bud,  
Or *Winter* bald's the shag-hair'd wood:  
While *Summer* giues new lockes to all,  
And fruits full ripe, in *Autumne* fall,  
Thou shalt remaine, and still shalt be,  
For *Starres*, for *Phœbus*, Company.

Is a *rapture* of the *lofty Tragedian*. Her *presence* is a *dignity*, which amazes the beholder with *in-circling rays*. The *conceit* of her *Actions*, begets *admiration* in others, and that *admiration* both *infuseth* a *joy* in her, and *inflames* her *magnanimity* more. The *good honour* her, for the *love* of the *like*, that they *finde* in *themselves*. The *bad*, though they *repine inwardly*, yet *shame* (which is for the most part an effect of *base Vice*,) now goes before the *action*, and commands their *baser hearts* to *silence*. On the  
other

other side, what a *Monster*, what a *Painters Diuell* is *Vice*, either in her *bared skin*, or her owne *ensordid ragg's*: Her own *guilt*, and the *detestation* which she findes from others, set vp two great *Hels*, in her one little, narrow, *heart*; *Horror*, *Shame*; and that which most of all doth *gall* her, is, that she findes their *flames* are *inextinguishable*. Outwardly, sometimes she may *appeare* like *Vertue*: For all the *feuerall Iemmes* in *Vertue*, *Vice* hath counterfeited *stones*, wherewith she guls the *Ignorant*. But there be too maine *reasons* which shall make me *Vertues* Louer: for her *inside*, for her *end*. And for the same *reasons* will I hate *Vice*. If I finde there be a *difference* in their *wayes*; I will yet thinke of them, as of the two *sonnes* in the *Gospell*; whereof *Vertue* said he would not goe to the *Vineyard*, yet *did*. And *Vice*, though he promised to goe, *desisted*.



## V.

## Of Puritans.

I Finde many that are called *Puritans*; yet few, or none that will owne the *name*. Whereof the reason sure is this; that 'tis for the most part held a *name of Infamy*; and is so new, that it hath scarcely yet obtain'd a *definition*: nor is it an *appellation* deriued from one *mans* name, whose *Tenents* we may finde, digested into a *Volume*: whereby wee doe much erre in the *application*. It imports a kinde of *excellency* aboue another; which *man* (being con-

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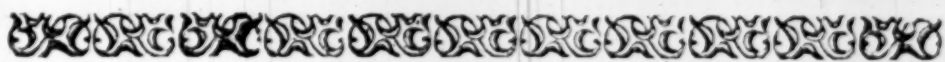
scious of his owne fraile bendings) is ashamed to assume to himselfe. So that I beleue there are men which *would be Puritans*: but indeed not any that *are*. One will haue him one that liues religiously, and will not reuell it in a shorelesse excessse. Another, him that separates from our *Diuine Assemblies*. Another, him that in some *tenents* onely is *peculiar*. Another, him that will not *sweare*. Absolutely to define him, is a worke, I thinke, of *Difficulty*; some I know that reioyce in the *name*; but sure they be such, as least *understand* it. As hee is more generally in these times taken, I suppose we may call him a *Church-Rebell*, or one that would exclude *order*, that his *braine* might rule. To *decline offences*; to be carefull and conscionable in our feuerall *actions*, is a *Purity*, that euery man ought to labour for, which we may well doe, without a fullen *segregation* from all *society*. If there be any *Priviledges*, they are surely granted to the Children of the *King*; which are those that are the Children of *Heauen*. If *mirth* and *recreations* be lawfull, sure such a one may lawfully vse it. If *Wine* were giuen to cheere the *heart*, why should I feare to vse it for that end? Surely, the *merry soule* is freer from intended *mischiefe*, then the *thoughtfull man*. A bounded *mirth*, is a *Pattent* adding time and happinesse to the crazed life of *Man*. Yet if *Laertius* reports him rightly, *Plato* deserues a *Censure*, for allowing *drunkennesse* at *Festiualls*; because, saies he, as then, the *Gods* themselues reach *Wines* to present *Men*. *God* delights in nothing more, then in a *cheerefull heart*, carefull to performe him seruice. What  
Parent



## RESOLVES.

*Parent* is it, that reioyceth not to see his *Childe* pleasant, in the limits of a *filiall duty*? I know, we reade of *Christs weeping*, not of his *laughter*: yet we see, he graceth a *Feast* with his *first Miracle*; and that a *Feast of ioy*: And can we thinke that such a *meeting* could passe without the noise of *laughter*? What a lump of *quicked care* is the *melancholike man*? Change *anger* into *mirth*, and the Precept will hold good still: *Be merry, but sinne not*. As there bee many, that in their life assume too great a *Libertie*; so I beleeue there are some, that abridge themselues of what they might lawfully vse. *Ignorance* is an ill *Steward*, to prouide for either *soule*, or *Body*. A man that submits to reuerent *Order*, that sometimes vnbinds himselfe in a moderate *relaxation*; and in all labours to approue himselfe, in the serenenesse of a healthfull *Conscience*: such a *Puritane* I will loue immutably. But when a man, in things but *ceremoniall*, shall spurne at the graue *Authoritie* of the *Church*, and out of a needlesse *nicetie*, be a Thiefe to himselfe, of those benefits which *G o d* hath allowed him: or out of a blinde and vncharitable *Pride*, censure, and scorne others, as *reprobates*: or out of obstinacy, fill the World with *brawles*, about *undeterminable Tenents*: I shall thinke him one of those, whose *opinion* hath severed his zeale to *madnesse* and *distractiō*. I haue more faith in one *Salomon*, then in a thousand *Dutch Parlours* of such *Opinionists*. Behold then; what I haue seene good! That it is comely to eate, and to drinke, and to take pleasure in all his labour wherein he trauaileth vnder the *Sunne*, the whole  
number

number of the daies of his life, which GOD giueth him. For, this is his *Portion*. Nay, *there is no profit to Man, but that he eate, and drinke, and delight his soule with the profit of his labour*. For, he that saw other things but *vanity*, saw this also, that it was the *hand of God*. Mee thinkes the reading of *Ecclesiastes*, should make a *Puritane* vndresse his braine, and lay off all those *Phanaſique toyes* that gingle about his *understanding*. For my owne part, I thinke the *World* hath not better men, then some, that suffer vnder that name: nor withall, more *Sceleſtique Villanies*. For, when they are once *elated* with that *pride*, they so *contemne* others, that they infringe the *Lawes* of all *humane society*.



## VI.

*Of Arrogancy.*

**I** Neuer yet found *Pride* in a *Noble Nature*: nor *Humility* in an *unworthy minde*. It may seeme strange to an *inconsiderate eye*, that such a poore *violet Vertue*, should euer dwell with *Honour*: and that such an aspiring fume as *Pride* is, should euer sojourn with a *constant Basenes*. 'Tis sure, we seldome find it, but in such, as being conscious of their own *deficiency*, thinke there is no way to get *Honour*, but by a bold assuming it. As if, rather then want *fame*, they would with a rude assault, *deflowre* her: which indeed, is the way to lose it. *Honour*, like a *Noble Virgin*, wil neuer agree to grace the man that *rauiſheth*.

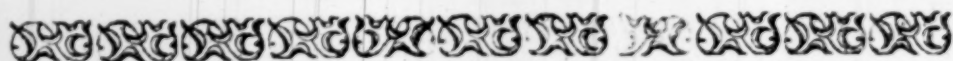


*rauisbeth*. If she be not wonne by *Courtesie*, she will neuer loue *truely*. To offer *violence* to, so choise a *beauty*, is the way to be *contemn'd* and *loose*. 'Tis *he* that hath nothing else to commend him, which would inuade mens *good opinions*, by a *mis-becoming sawsinesse*. If you search for high and strained *Carriages*; you shall for the most part, meete with them, in *low men*. *Arrogance*, is a *weed*, that euer growes in a *dungh ll.* 'Tis from the ranknesse of that soile, that she hath her *height* and *spreadings*: Witnesse *Clownes*, *Fooles*, and *fellowes* that from *nothing*, are lifted some few steps vpon *Fortunes Ladder*: where, seeing the glorious representment of *Honour*, aboue; they are so greedy of *imbracing*, that they strue to leape thither at once: so by ouer-reaching themselues in the way, they faile of the *end*, and fall. And all this happinesse, either for want of *Education*, which should season their *minds* with the generous precepts of *Morality*; or, which is more powerfull; *Example*: or else, for lacke of a discerning *Iudgement*, which will tell them, that the best way thither, is to goe about, by *humility* and *desert*. Otherwise, the Riuer of *Contempt* runs betwixt them and it: and if they goe not by these passages, they must of necessity either *turne backe* with shame, or suffer in the desperate *venture*. Of all *Trees*, I obserue, *God* hath chosen the *Vine*, a low *plant*, that creepes vpon the helpfull *Wall*. Of all *Beasts*, the soft and patient *Lambe*: Of all *Fowles*, the milde and gall-lesse *Doue*. *CHRIST* is the *Rose* of the *Field*, and the *Lilly* of the *Valley*. When *God* appeared to *Moses*; it was not in the  
lofty



lofty *Cedar*, nor the sturdy *Oake*, nor the spreading *Plane*; but in a *Bush*; an humble, slender, abiection *shrub*. As if he would by these *elections*, checke the conceited arrogance of *Man*. Nothing procureth *Love*, like *Humility*: nothing *Hate*, like *Pride*. The proud man walkes among *daggers*, pointed against him: whereas the *humble* and the *affable* haue the *People* for their guard in *dangers*. To be humble to our *Superiors*, is *duty*: to our *Equals*, *courtesie*: to our *Inferiours*, *noblenesse*. Which, for all her *lownesse*, carries such a sway, that she may command their *soules*. But, we must take heed, we expresse it not in vnworthy *Actions*. For then leauing *Vertue*, it falls into *disdained basenesse*: which is the vndoubtable *badge* of one, that will betray *Society*. So farre as a man, both in *words* and *deeds*, may be free from *flattery*, and vnmanly *cowardice*; hee may bee humble with *commendation*. But surely, no *circumstance* can make the expression of *Pride* laudable. If euer it be, 'tis when it meets with *Audacious Pride*, and conquers. Of this good it may then be *author*, that the *affronting man*, by his owne folly, may learne the way to his *duty*, and *wit*. Yet this I cannot so well call *Pride*, as *An emulation of the Diuine Iustice*; which will alwaies vindicate it selfe vpon *presumptuous ones*: and is indeed said to fight against no sinne, but *Pride*.

of



## VII.

*Of Reward and Service.*

**W**Hen it lights vpon a *worthy Nature*, there is nothing procures a more faithfull *Service*; then *The Masters liberality*: nor is there any thing makes *that* appeare more, then a *true fidelity*. They are each of other *alternate Parents*; begetting and begotten. Certainly, if these were practised, *Great men* need not so often change their *Followers*: nor would the *Patrons* be abandoned by their old *Attendants*. *Rewards* are not *giuen*, but *paid*, to *Servants* that be good and wise. Nor ought that *blood* to bee accounted *lost*, which is out-letted for a *Noble Master*. *Worth* will neuer faile to giue *Desert* her *Bayes*. A *liberall Master*, that loues his *Servant* well, is in some sort a *God* vnto him: which may both giue him *blessings*, and protect him from *danger*. And belecue it, on the other side, a *diligent and discreet Servant*, is one of the *best friends* that a man can bee blest withall. Hee can doe whatsoeuer a *Friend* may: and will be commanded with lesser hazzard of losing. Nay, hee may in a kinde, challenge a glory aboue his *Master*: for, though it be harder to play a *Kings part* well, then 'tis to act a *Subiects*; yet *Natures* inclination is much more bent to *rule* then to *obey*: *Service*, being a condition, which is not found in any *Creatures* of one kinde, but *Man*. Now, if the *Question* be, when men meet

in



in these *relations*, who shall the first begin? The *lot* will surely fall vpon the *Servant*: For he is tyed in duty to be *diligent*; and that euer binds without exception. The *Lord* is tyed but by his *Honor*: which is voluntary, and not compulsiue; *Liberality* being a free adjection, and not a *Tye* in his *bargaine*. 'Tis good sometimes for a *Lord* to vse a *Servant* like a *friend*, like a *companion*: but 'tis alwaies fit for a *Servant* to pay him the reuerence due to a *Master*. *Pride* becomes neither the *commander* nor the *commanded*. Euery *Family* is but a feuerall *Plume of Feathers*: the meanest is of the selfesame stuffe: onely he that made the *Plume*, was pleased to set the *Lord* highest. The power of *commanding*, is rather *Politically*, then from equal Nature. The *service of man to man*, followed not the *Creation*, but the *Fall of man*: and till *Noah* curs'd his *Sonne*, the name of *Servant* is not read in *Scripture*. Since, there is no absolute *freedom* to be found below. Euen *Kings* are but more *splendid Servants*, for the *Common body*. There is a mutuality betweene the *Lord* and *Vassalles*. The *Lord* serues them of *necessaries*: and they him, in his *pleasures and conueniences*. *Vertue* is the truest *liberty*: nor is he free, that stoopes to *passions*: nor he in bondage, that serues a *Noble Master*. When *Demonax* saw one cruell in the beating of a *Servant*: *Fie* (saies he) *for beare; lest by the World, your selfe be taken for the servant*. And if we haue any faith in *Claudian*, we may belecue, that

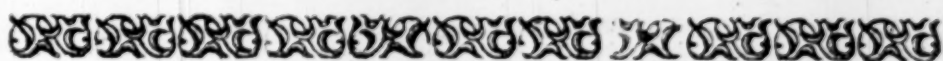
He knows no bondage, who a good *King* swayes:  
For *Freedom* neuer shines with cleerer rayes,  
Than when *braue Princes* raigne.



*Fallitur, egregio quisquīs sub Principe credit  
Seruitium : nunquam libertas gratior extat  
Quam sub Rege pio.*

*Imperiousnesse* turnes that *servant* into a *slave*; which *Moderation* makes as an humble-speaking *friend*. *Seneca* begins an *Epistle*, with reioycing, that his *Friend* liued familiar with his *Servant*. Neither can haue *comfort*, where both are *uncommunicable*. I confesse, the like countenance is not to be shewed to all. *That which makes a wise man modest, makes a Foole vnmannery.* 'Tis the *sawcie servant*, that causes the *Lord* to shrink his descending *fauours*. Of the two, *Pride* is the more tolerable in a *Master*. The other is a *preposterousnesse*, which *Salomon* saw the *Earth* did groane for. *Hadrian* sent his *inferiour servant* a box on the eare, for walking but betweene two *Senators*. As I would not *serue*, to be admitted to nothing, but to *high commands*: So I thinke, who's ere is rudely *malepert*, blemishes the discretion of himselfe, and his *Lord*. As there ought to be *equality*, because *Nature* has made it: so there ought to be a *difference*, because *Fortune* has set it. Yet cannot the *distance* of their *Fortunes* be so much, as their *neerenesse*, in being *Men*. No *Fate* can fright away that likenesse. The other we haue found in *motion*, in *variance*; euen to rare and inuerted *mutations*. Let not the *Lord* abuse his *Servant*; for 'tis possible, *he may* fall below him: Let not the *servant* neglect his *Master*; for *he may* be cast to a meaner condition. Let the *servant* deserue, and the *Master* recompence: and if they would both be *noble*; the best way is, for those

those that be subiect, to forget their seruices; and for those that are *Commanders*, to remember them. So, each louing other, for their *generous worthinesse*; the World shall strew praises in both their *Paths*. If the *seruants* suppose his *lot* be hard, let him think, that *seruice* is nothing but the *free-mans* calling: wherein while he is, he is bound to discharge himselfe, *well*.



## VIII.

## Of Reprehension.

**T**O *Reprehend* well, is both the hardest, and most necessary part of *Friendship*. Who is it, that will either *not merit* a *checke*, or *endure* one? Yet wherein can a *Friend* more vnfold his *loue*, then in preuenting *dangers*, before their birth: or, in reducing a Man to *safety*, which is trauailing in the way to *Ruine*? I grant, the manner of the *Application*, may turne the *benefit* into an *iniury*: and then it both strengtheneth *Error*, and wounds the *Giuer*. *Correction* is neuer in vaine. *Vice* is a *myerie deepe-nesse*: if thou striuest to helpe one out, and dost not; thy stirring him, sinkes him in the further. *Fury* is the madder for his chaine. When thou chidest thy *wandring Friend*, doe it secretly; in season; in loue: Not in the eare of a popular *conuention*: For many times, the presence of a *Multitude*, makes a man take vp an vniust *defence*, rather then fall, in a iust *shame*. Disealed eyes endure not an vnmasked *Sunne*: nor does the *wound* but rankle more,



## RESOLVES.

which is vanned by the publike *ayre*. Nor can I much blame a man, though he shuns to make the *Vulgar* his *Confessor*: for they are the most vncharitable *tell-tales* that the burthened *Earth* doth suffer. They vnderstand nothing, but the *Dreggs* of *Actions*: and with spattering those abroad, they besmeare a deserving *Fame*. A man had better be *convinced* in *private*, then be made *guilty* by a *Proclamation*. *Open Rebukes* are for *Magistrates*, and *Courts of Iustice*: for *Stelled Chambers*, and for *Scarlets*, in the *thronged Hall*. *Private*, are for *friends*; where all the *witnesses* of the *offenders blushes*, are blinde, and deafe, and dumbe. We should doe by them, as *Ioseph* thought to haue done by *Mary*, seeke to couer blemishes, with *secrecy*. *Publike Reproofe*, is like striking of a *Deere* in the *Herd*, it not onely wounds him, to the losse of inabling *blood*: but betrayes him to the *Hound*, his *Enemy*: and makes him, by his *fellows*, be pusht out of *company*. Euen *concealment of a fault*, argues some *charity* to the *Delinquent*: and when wee tell him of it in *secre*t, it shews, we wish he should amend, before the *World* comes to know his amisse. Next, it ought to be in *season*, neither when the *Braine* is misted, with arising *fumes*: nor when the *Minde* is madded, with vn-reined *passions*. Certainly, he is *drunke* himselfe, that *prophanes Reason* so, as to vrge it to a *arunken man*. *Nature* vnloosed in a flying speed, cannot come off with a sudden stop.

*Quis matrem, nisi mentis inops. in funere Nati*

*Flere vetat? non hoc vlla monenda loco est:*

Hee's



Hee's mad, that dries a *Mother's* eyes full tyde  
At her *Sonnes* graue. There 'tis no time to chide:

Was the opinion of the *smoothest Poet*. To admonish a man in the height of his *passion*; is, to call a *Souldier* to *Councell*, in the mid'st, in the heate of a *Battaile*. Let the *Combat* slacke, and then, thou maist expect a hearing. All *Passions* are like *rapid Torrents*: they swell the more, for meeting with a *Damme* in their *violence*. He that will heare nothing in the rage and rore of his *anger*, will, after a pause, inquire of you. Seeme you to *forget him*; and he will the sooner *remember himselfe*. For it often fals out, that the end of *Passion*, is the beginning of *Repentance*. Then will it be easie to draw backe a retiring man: As a *Boat* is rowed with lesse labour, when it hath both a *Wind* and *Tide* to driue it. A word seasonably giuen, like a *Rudder*, sometimes steeres a man quite into another *Course*. When the *Macedonian Philip* was capring in the view of his *Captiues*: Saies *Demades*, — *Since Fortune has made you like Agamemnon, why will you shew your selfe like Therfites?* And this chang'd him to another Man. A blow bestow'd in the striking time, is better then ten, deliuered vnseasonably. There are some nicks in *Time*, which whosoever findes, may promise to himselfe *successe*. As in all things, so in this; especially, if hee doe it as hee ought, *In Loue*. It is not good to bee too *tetricall* and *virulent*. *Kind words* make *rough actions* plausible. The bitterness of *Reprehension*, is insweetned with the pleasingnesse of *Compellations*. If euer *Flattery* might be lawfull,

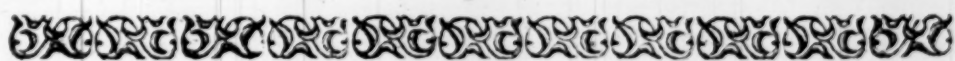
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heere is a *Cause*, that would giue it admission. To be *plaine*, argues *Honesty*: but to be *pleasing*, argues *discretion*. Sores are not to be anguish't with a rusticke pressure; but gently stroaked, with a *Ladies hand*. Physicians fire not their eyes at *Patients*: but calmly minister to their *diseases*. Let it be so done, as the *offender* may see *affection* without *arrogancy*. Who blowes out *Candles* with too strong a breath, does but make them stinke, and blowes them light againe. To auoyd this, it was ordain'd among the *Lacedemonians*, That euery *Transgressor* should be, as it were, his owne *Beadle*: for, his punishment was, to compasse an *Altar*, singing an *Inuective* made against himselfe. It is not consonant, that a member so vn-boned as the *tongue* is, should smart it with an *Iron lash*. Euery man that *aduiseth*, assumes as it were, a *transcendency* ouer the other; which if it be not allayed with *protestations*, and some selfe-including *termes*, growes hatefull: that euē the *Reprehension*, is many times the greater fault of the two. It will be good therefore, not to make the *complaint* our owne, but to lay it vpon some others; that not knowing his grounded *Vertues*, will, according to this, be apt to iudge of all his *actions*. Nor can he be a cōpetent *iudge* of anothers *crime*, that is guilty of the like himselfe. 'Tis vnworthily done, to *condemne* that in others, which we would not haue but *pardoned* in our selues. When *Diogenes* fell in the *Schoole* of the *Stoickes*; He answers his *deriders*, with this *Question*: *Why doe you laugh at me for falling backward, when you your selues doe retrograde your liues?* He is not fit to cure a *dimmed sight*, that looks  
vpon



vpon another with a *beamed eye*. *Freed*, we may free others. And, if we please them with *praising* some of their *vertues*, they will with much more *ease*, be brought to know their *Vices*. *Shame* will not let them be *angry* with them, that so equally *deale* both the *Rod*, and *Laurell*. If he be much our *Superior*; 'tis good to doe it sometimes in *Parables*, as *Nathan* did to *Dauid*: So, let him by *collection*, giue himsele the *Censure*. If he be an *Equall*, let it appeare, *affecti-on*, and the truth of *friendship* vrging it. If it be our *Inferiour*, let it seeme our *care*, and *desire* to benefit him. Towards all, I would be sure to shew *Humi-lity*, and *Loue*. Though I finde a little *bluster* for the *present*, I am *confident*, I shall meet with *Thanks* af-terward. And in my *absence*, his reuerend *report*, following me. If not: The best way to lose a *friend*; is by *seeking*, by my *loue*, to *saue* him. 'Tis best for others, that they *hate* me for *vice*; but if I must be *hated*, 'tis best for my selfe, that they *hate* me for my *goodnesse*. For, then am I mine owne *Antidote*, a- gainst all the *poyson*, they can *spit* vpon me.



IX.

*Of Time's continuall speed.*

**I**N all the *Actions* that a *Man* performes, some part of his *life* passeth. We *dye* with doing that, for which onely, our *sliding life* was granted. Nay, though we doe nothing, *Time* keepes his constant *pace*, and flies as fast in *idlenesse*, as in *employment*.



Whether we *play*, or *labour*, or *sleepe*, or *dance*, or *study*, the *Sunne* posteth, and the *Sand* runnes. An houre of *Vice* is as long as an houre of *Vertue*. But, the *difference* which followes vpon *good actions*, is infinite from that of *ill ones*. The *good*, though it diminisheth our *time* heere, yet it laies vp a *pleasure* for *Eternity*: and will *recompence* what it taketh away, with a *plentifull returne* at last. When we *trade* with *Vertue*, we doe but buy *pleasure* with *expence* of *time*. So it is not so much a *consuming of time*, as an *exchange*. Or as a *man* sowes his *Corne*, he is content to want it a while, that he may, at the *Haruest*, receiue it with *aduantage*. But the *bad deeds* that we doe heere, doe not onely *rob vs* of so much *time*; but also be-speake a *torment* for hereafter: and that in such a *life*, as the greatest *pleasure* we could there be *crown'd* withall, would be the very *act of dying*. The one, *Treasures* vp a *pleasure* in a *lasting life*: The other, *provides vs* *torture* in a *death eternall*. *Man*, as soone as *he* was made, had two great *Suitors*, for his *life* and *soule*: *Vertue*, *Vice*. They both trauail'd the world with *traines*, *harbingers*, and large *attendance*: *Vertue* had before her, *Truth*, running *naked*, *valiant*, but *vnligant*: then *labour*, *cold*, *hunger*, *thirst*, *care*, *vigilance*; and these but poorly *arayed*, and she in plaine, though cleane *attire*. But looking neere, she was of such a *selfe-perfection*; that she might very well *embleme*, whatsoeuer *omnipotency* could make most rare. *Modest* she was: and so *louely*; That whosoever *look't* but stedfastly vpon her, could not, but *in soule* himselfe in her. After her, followed *Content*, full of *Iewels*, *Coyne*,  
*Perfumes*,

*Perfumes*, and all the *massy riches* of the World. Then *Ioy*, with *Masquers*, *Mirth*, *Reuelling*, and all *Essentiall pleasures*. Next *Honour*, with all the ancient *Orders* of *Nobility*, *Scepters*, *Thrones*, and *Crownes Imperiall*. Lastly, *Glory*, shaking such a *brightnesse* from her *Sunny Tresses*, that I haue heard, no man could euer come so neere, as to *describe* her truly. And behind all these, came *Eternity*, casting a *Ring* about them; which like a strong *inchantment*, made them for euer the same. Thus *Vertue*. *Vice* thus: Before her, First went *Lying*, a *smooth, painted huswife*: clad all in *Changeable*, but vnder her *garments*, full of *Scabbes*, and *vgly Vlcers*. Shee spoke *pleasingly*, and promised, whatsoeuer could be *wisht for*, in behalfe of her *Mistris*, *Vice*. Vpon her, *Wit* waited: a conceited *Fellow*, and one that much tooke *Man* with his pretty *Trickes* and *Gambals*. Next *Sloth*, and *Luxury*, so full; that they were after *choaked* with their owne *fat*. Then (because shee could not haue the true ones, for, they follow *Vertue*) she gets *Impostors*, to personate *Content*, *Ioy*, *Honour*, in all their *wealth* and *Royalties*: After these, she comes her selfe, sumptuously *apparell'd*, but a *nasty surfett'd Slut*; whereby, if any *kist* her, they were sure by her *breath* to *perish*. After her, followed on a suddaine, like *enemies* in ambush, *guilt*, *horror*, *shame*, *losse*, *want*, *sorrow*, *torment*. These *charm'd* with *Eternities* Ring, as the other. And thus they wooed *fond Man*; who taken with the *subtill* coozenages of *Vice*, yeelded to lye with her: where he had his *nature* so impoyson'd, that his *seed* was all *contaminated*, and his *corruption*, euen to this day,



day, is still *Conduited* to his vndone *Posterity*. It may be *Virgil* knew of such a Story, when he writ,

*Quisquis enim, duros casus virtutis amore  
Vicerit, ille sibi laudemque, decusque parabit :  
At qui desidiam, luxumque, sequetur inertem ;  
Dum fugit oppositos, incauta mente, labores,  
Turpis inopsque simul, miserabile transiget auum.*

Man that Loue-conquers *Vertues* thorny waies,  
Reares to himselfe a fame-tombe, for his praise.  
But he that *Lust*, and Leaden *Sloth* doth prize,  
While heedlesse he, opposed *Labour* flies ;  
*All*, foule and poore, most miserably, dies.

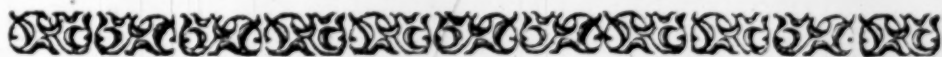
'Tis true, they both spend vs *time* alike : nay many times, *honest industry* spends a man more, then the vngirthed *Solaces*, of a sensuall *Libertine* : vnlesse they be pursued with *inordinatenesse*; then they destroy the *present*, shorten the *future*, and hasten *paine*. Why should I wilth to *pass* away this *life* ill, which to those that are ill, is the *best*? If I must daily *lessen* it, it shall be by that, which shall ioy me with a future *Incomm*. *Time* is like a *Ship* which neuer *Anchors* : while I am *aboord*, I had better doe those things, that may aduantage me at my *Landing*, then *practise* such, as shall cause my *commitment*, when I come to the *Shore*. Whatsoeuer I doe, I would *thinke* what will *become* of it, when it is *done*. If *good*, I will goe on to *finish* it. If *bad*, I will either leaue off, where I am, or not vndertake it at all. *Vice*, like an *vnthrif*, fells away the *Inheritance*,



tance, while 'tis but in *Reuerſion*: But *Vertue*, huf-  
banding all *things* well, is a *Purchaſer*. Heare but  
the witty *Spaniards* Dyſtich;

*Ampliat atatis ſpatium ſibi, vir bonus, hoc eſt  
Viuerẽ bis, vita poſſe priore frui.*

He that his former well-led life inioyes,  
Liues twice: ſo giues addition to his dayes.



## X.

*Of Violence and eagernesse.*

**T**He too eager purſuit of a thing, hinders the in-  
ioyment. For, it makes men take *indirect* waies,  
which, though they *proſper* ſometimes, are *blessed*  
neuer. The *Couetous*, becauſe he is madde vpon *ri-*  
*ches*, practiſeth *iniurious* Courſes, which *God* cur-  
ſing, bring him to a ſpeedy *pouerty*. *Oppreſſion* will  
bring a *Conſumption* vpon thy *gaines*. *Wealth* ſnatch't  
vp by *vniuſt* and *iniurious* waies, like a *rotten ſheepe*,  
will *infect* thy *healthfull flocke*. We thinke by *wrong*  
to hide our ſelues from *want*, when 'tis that onely,  
which *vnauoydeably* *pulſ* it on vs. Like *Theeues*,  
that *Hooking* for *cloathes* in the *darke*, they draw  
the *Owner*, which takes, and then imprifons them.  
He that longs for *Heauen*, with ſuch *impatience*, as  
he will *kill* himſelfe, that hee may bee there the  
ſooner, may by that *act*, bee *exclud*d thence; and  
lye *gnaſhing* of his *teeth*, in *Hell*. Nay, though  
we

we be in the *right way*, our *haste* will make our *stay* the longer; Hee, that rides all vpon the *driving Spurre*, tyres his horse ere his *iourney* ends: so is there the *later*, for making such *vn-wonted speed*. He is like a giddy *messenger*, that runnes away without his *errand*: so dispatches lesse for his *nimblenesse*. When God hath layd out Man a Way, in vaine hee seekes a *neere* one. Wee see the things wee aime at, as Trauellers doe Townes in *hilly Countreys*; we iudge them neere, at the *eyes end*; because, we see not the *valleys*, and the *brooke* in them, that *interpose*. So, thinking to take shorter *courses*, wee are led about, through *Ignorance*, and *incredulity*. Surely, GOD that made disposing Nature, *knowes her better*, then imperfect man. And he that is once *perswaded* of this, will rather stay the *leasure* of the *Deity*, then follow the *chase* of his owne *dilusions*. We goe surest, when we poast *not in a precipitation*. Sudden risings, haue *seldome sound foundations*. Wee might sweate lesse, and *auaile* more. How haue I seene a *Beefe-brain'd-fellow* (that hath onely had *impudence* enough to shew himselfe a *foole*) thrust into *discourses* of *wit*, thinking to get *esteeme*; when, all that he hath *purchased*, hath been onely, the *hisse* of the *wise*, and a *iust derision* from the *abler iudgements*. Nor will it bee lesse *toyle some*, then wee haue already found it, *incommodious*. What *iealous* and *enuious furies*, gnaw the *burning brest* of the *ambitious foole*? What *feares* and *cares* affright the *starting sleepes* of the *couetous*? Of which if any *happen*, they *crush* him, ten times heauier, then they would doe the *minde* of the *well-temper'd-man*. All that affect  
things

things *ouer-violently*, doe *ouer-violently* grieue in the *disappoyntment*. Which is yet *occasioned*, by that, the too-much *earnestnesse*. Whatsoever I wish for, I will pursue *easily*, though I doe it *assiduously*. And if I can, the *hands diligence*, shall goe without the *leaping bounds* of the *heart*. So if it happen well, I shall haue more *content*: as comming lesse expected. Those *ioues* claspe vs with a friendlier *arme*, that *steale* vpon vs, when we *looke* not for them. If it fall out *ill*, my *minde* not being set on't, will teach me *patience*, in the *sadning want*. I will coozen *paine*, with *carelesnesse*; and plumpe my *ioues*, by letting them *surprize* me. As, I would not *neglect* a suddaine good *opportunity*; so I would not *fury* my selfe in the *search*.



## XI.

*Of the triall of Faith and Friendship.*

**F***Aith* and *Friendship*, are seldome truly *tried*, but in *extremes*. To finde *friends*, when wee haue no need of *them*, and to want *them*, when we haue, are both alike *easie*, and *common*. In *Prosperity*, who will not *professe*, to *loue* a man? In *Aduersity*, how few will *shew* that they *doe it*, indeed? When we are *happy*, in the *Spring-tide* of *Abundance*, and the *rising flood* of *Plenty*, then, the *World* will be our *seruant*: then, all men *flocke* about vs, with *bared heads*, with *bended bodies*, and *protesting tongues*. But when these *pleasing waters* fall to *ebbing*; when *weal* but *shifterh*,



*shifteth*, to another *stand*: Then, men looke vpon vs, at a *distance*: and *stiffen* themselves, as if they were in *Armour*; lest, (if they should *comply* vs) they should get a *wound*, in the *cloze*. *Adversity* is like *Penelope's* night; which *undoes* all, that euer the day did *weaue*. 'Tis a *misery*, that the *knowledge* of such a *blessednesse*, as a *friend* is, can hardly be without some *sad mis-fortune*. For we can neuer throughly *try* him, but in the *kick* of malignant *Chance*. And till wee haue *try'd* him, our *knowledge* can be *call'd*, but by the name of *Hope*. What a pittifull *plight* is poore *dust-temper'd-Man* in, when hee can neither bee truly *happy*, without a *friend*; nor yet know him to be a true *friend*, without his being *unhappy*? Our *Fortunes*, and our *selues*, are things so closely *link'd*, that wee know not, which is the *Cause* of the *loue*, that we find. When these *two* shall *part*, we may then *discerne* to which of them *affection* will make *wing*: When they are Coue'd together, we know not, which is in *pursuit*. When they *rise* and *breake*, we shall then see, which is *aymed* at. I confesse he is *happy*, that findes a true *friend* in *extremity*: but hee is *happier*, that findeth not *extremity*, wherein to *try* his *friend*. Thus the *triall* of *friendship*, is by finding, what others will do, for vs. But the *tryall* of *Faith*, is, by finding what we will doe for *God*. To trust him for *estate*, when we haue the *Evidences* in our *Iron Chest*, is *ease*; and not *thanke-worthy*. But to depend vpon him, for what we cannot see; As 'tis more *hard* for *Man* to doe; So 'tis more acceptable to *God*, if it be done. For, in that *act*, wee make *confession* of his *Deity*.  
We

We know not in the *flowes* of our *contentednesse*, what we our selves are; or, how we could *neglect* our selves, to follow *God*, commanding vs. All men will be *Peters*, in their *bragging tongue*: and most men will be *Peters*, in their *base deniall*. But few men will be *Peters*, in their *quicke repentance*. When wee are *well*, we sweare we will not leaue him, in our greatest *sicknesse*: but when our *sicknesse* comes, we forget our *vowes*; and *stay*. When wee meet with *blowes*, that will force vs, either to let goe our hold of *God*, or our selves, Then we see to which, our *soules* will cleaue the fastest. And, of this *tryall*, excellent is the *use*, wee may make. If we finde our *Faith* vpon the *Test*, firme; it will bee vnto vs, a perpetuall *banquet*. If we find it *dastardly starting* aside, knowing the *weaknesse*, we may strue to finew it, with a stronger *nerue*. So that it euer is, either the assurance of our *happinesse*, or the way, whereby we may finde it. Without this *confidence* in a *Power* that is alwayes able to ayde vs, wee *wander*, both in *trouble* and *doubt*. *Infidelitie* is the cause of all our *woes*, the *ground* of all our *sinnes*. Not trusting *God*, we discontent our selves with *feares* and *solicitations*: and to cure these, wee runne into *prohibited paths*. Vnworthy *earthens worne*! that canst thinke *God* of so vn-noble a nature, as that he will suffer such to *want*, as with a *dutifull endeavour* doe depend vpon him. It is not vsuall with *Man*, to be so base. And canst thou beleeeue, that that most *heroical & omnipotent infinitenes* of his, will abridge a *Follower* of such poore *toyes*, as the *accoutrements* of this life are? Can a *Deity* be inhumane?

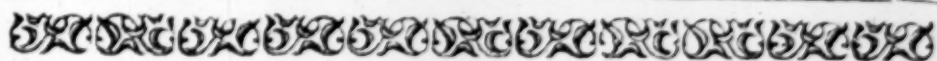
Or



Or can he that graspes the vn-emptied *prouisions* of the *World* in his hand, be a niggard to his *Sonnes*, vnlesse he sees it for their *good* and *benefit*? Nay, could'st thou that readest this (whatsoever thou art) if thou had'st but a *Sareptan Widdowes Cruse of Gold*, could'st thou let a diligent and affectionate *Servant*, that euer waited on thee, want necessities? Could'st thou endure to see him shamed in disgracing raggs; nip't to a benumbing, with the *Icy thumbes of Winter*; complaining, for want of *sustenance*; or neglected in the times of *sicknesse*? I appeale to thy inward and more *noble acknowledgement*; I know, thou could'st not. O *peruerse thought*, of *per-peruerted man*! And wilt thou yet imagine, thou canst want such things as these, from so vnbounded a *bounty* as his is? Serue him, and but *beleue*; and vpon my soule, he will neuer faile thee, for what is most *conuenient*. O my God! My *Refuge*, my *Altar*, and my *soules Anchor*: I begge that I may but *serue* thee, and *depend vpon* thee: I need not begge *supply*: To the other two, thou giuest that without asking. Thou knowest, for my selfe, my *soules* wishes are not for a *vast abundance*. If euer I should wish a *plenty*; it should be for my *friends*, not me. I care not to *abound* in *abounding*: and I am perswaded, I shall neuer *want*; not *necessaries*, not *conueniences*. Let me finde my *heart* dutifull, and my *faith* vpon triall stedfast: and I am sure these will be *ground* enough for sufficient *happinesse*, while I liue heere.

That





## XII.

*That a wise man may gaine by any company.*

**A**S there is no *Booke* so poorely furnished, out of which a man may not gather something, for his *benefit*: so is there no *company* so sauagely *bad*, but a wise man may from it learne something to make himselfe *better*. *Vice* is of such a *toady complexion*, that she cannot chuse but teach the *soule* to hate: So lothsome, when she's seene in her owne vgly *dresse*: that, like a man falne in a pit before vs, she giues vs warning to auoyd the *danger*. So admirably hath *God* disposed of the waies of *Man*; that euen the *sight of vice* in others, is like a warning-Arrow, shot, for vs to take heed. When she thinkes by publishing of her selfe, to procure a *traine*; *God*, by his secret working, makes her turne her *weapons* against her selfe: and strongly pleade for her *Aduersary, Vertue*. Of which take *Balaam* for a type: who intending to *curse* the *Israelites*, had enforced *blesings*, put in his dissenting *tongue*. We are wrought to *good* by contraries. *Foule acts, keepe Vertue from the charms of Vice*. Sayes *Horace*,

—— Thus my best *Father* taught  
Me, to flye *Vice*; by noting those were naught.  
When he would charge me thriue, and sparing be,  
Content, with what he had prepar'd for me:  
See'st not how ill young *Albus* liues? how low  
Poore *Barrus*? Sure, a weighty *Item*, how

D

One

## RESOLVES.

One spent his means. And when he meant to strike  
A hate to *Whores*; To *Sectan* be not like.

——thus me a child  
He with his Precepts fashion'd.——

——*Insueni Pater optimus hoc me,  
Ut fugerem exemplis vitiorum quæque notando.  
Quum me hortaretur parcè, frugaliter, atque  
Viuere uti contentus eo, quod mi, ipse parasset:  
Nonne vides, Albi ut malè viuatur filius? utque  
Barrus inops? Magnum documentum, ne patriam rem  
Perdere quis velit. Aturpi meretricis amore  
Quum deterreret, Sectani dissimilis sis.*

——*Sic me  
Formabat puerum dictis.——*

I confesse, I doe not learne to *correct faults* in my  
*selfe*, by any thing more, then by seeing how vn-  
comely they appeare in *others*. Who can but thinke  
what a *nastie Beast* he is in his *drunkenesse*, that hath  
seene how noysome it hath made another? How  
like a *nated Sop*, *spunged*, euen to the cracking of a  
*skin*? Who will not abhor a *chollericke passion*, and a  
*sawcy pride* in himselfe; that sees how *ridiculous* and  
*contemptible* they tender those, that are infested  
with them? Why should I be so besottedly blinde,  
as to beleue, others should not spy those *vices* in  
*me*, which I can see, when they do disclose in *them*?  
*Vertue* and *Vice*, whensoever they come to *act*, are  
both margin'd with a poynting *finger*; but in the *in-*  
*tent*, the difference is much: when 'tis set against  
*Vertue*, it betokens then *respect* and *worth*: but against  
*Vice*,

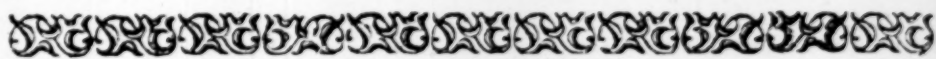
*Vice*, 'tis set in scorne, and for *auersion*. Though the *bad man* be the worse, for hauing *Vice* in his eye: yet the *good man* is the better, for all that he sees, is *ill*. 'Tis certaine, neither *example*, nor *precept*, (vnlesse it be in matters *wholly religious*.) can be the absolute *guides* of the true *wise man*. 'Tis onely a *knowing*, and a *practicall iudgement* of his owne, that can direct him in the *maze of life*: in the *bustle of the world*: in the *twitches* and the *twirles of Fate*. The other may helpe vs something in the *generall*: but cannot be sufficient in *particulars*. *Mans* life is like a *State*, still casuall in the *future*. No man can leaue his *Successor* rules for *seuerals*; because he knowes not how the *times* will be. He that liues alwaies by *Booke-rules*, shall shew himselfe *affected*, and a *Foole*. I will doe that which I see comely, (so it be not dishonest) rather then what a *graue Philosopher* commands me to the contrary. I will *take*, what I see is fitly good, from *any*: but I think there was neuer any one *man*, that liu'd to be a *perfect guide of perfection*. In many things, I shall fall short: in some things, I may goe beyond him. We feede not the *body*, with the foode of one *dish* onely: nor does the *sedulous Bee*, *thyme* all her *thighes* from one *Flowers* single vertues. She takes the best from *many*: and together, she makes them serue: not without working that to *honey*, which the *putrid Spider* would conuert to *poyson*. Thus should the wise man doe. But, euen by this, he may better learne to loue the *good*, then auoyd that which is *offensue*. Those that are throughly arted in *Navigation*, doe as well know the *Coasts*, as the *Ocean*: as well the *Flawes*, the



*Sands, the Shallowes, and the Rockes ; as the secure depths, in the most vnperillous Channell. So, I thinke, those that are perfect men, (I speake of perfection since the fall) must as well know bad, that they may abstrude it ; as the good, that they may embrace. And, this knowledge we can neither haue so cheape, or so certaine, as by seeing it in others, with a pittifull dislike. Surely, we shall know Vertue the better, by seeing that, which is not she. If we could passe the World, without meeting Vice : then, the knowledge of Vertue onely were sufficient. But 'tis not possible to liue, and not encounter her. Vice is as a God in this World: whither can we goe, to fly it ? It hath an vbiqutie, and ruleth too. I wish no man to know it, either by vse, or by intrusion : but being vnwittingly cast vpon it, let him obserue, for his owne more safe direction. Thou art happy, when thou mak'st another mans Vices steps for thee, to climbe to Heauen by. The wise Physician makes the poyson medicinable. Euen the mud of the World, by the industrious Hollander, is turned to an vsefull fuell. If I light on good company, it shall either induce me to a new good, or confirme me in my liked old. If I light on bad, I will, by considering their dull staines, either correct those faults I haue, or shunne those that I might haue. As the Mariner that hath Sea-roome, can make any Wind serue, to set him forward, in his wished Voyage: so a wise mā may take aduantage from any company, to set himselfe forward to Vertues Religion. Vice is subtill, and weauing, for her owne preferment: Why should not Vertue be plotting for hers ? It requires as much policy*

to

to grow *good*, as *great*. There is an *innocent* all *providence*, as well as the *flynesse* of a *vulpine craft*. There are *vices* to be *displac'd*; that would stop vs, in the way of our *Rise*. There are *parties* to be made on our side; *good Mementoes*, to vphold vs when we are declining, through the *private lists* of our *unjust maligners*. There is a *King* to be pleased; that may protect vs against the shooke of the *envious Plebeians*: the reigning *Humours* of the *Time*, that pleade *custome*, and not *reason*. We must haue *Intelligencers* abroad, to learne what practices, *Sinnes* (our *Enemies*) haue on foote against vs: and beware what *Suites* we entertaine, lest we dishonour our selues in their grant. Euery *good man* is a *Leiger* heere for Heauen: and he must be wise and circumspect, to vaine the *fleeke nauations* of those, that would vndoe him. And, as those that are so for the Kingdomes of *Earth*, will gaine something from *all Societies* that they fall vpon: So, those that are for this *higher Empire*, may gather something beneficiall, from all that they shall conuerse with; either for *preuention*, or *confirmation*: either to *strengthen themselves*, or *confound their opposers*.



## XII.

*Of Man's vnwillingnesse to dye.*

**W**Hat should make vs all so vnwilling to *dye*, when yet we know, till *death*, we cannot



be accounted *happy*? Is it the sweetnesse we finde in this *lifes solaces*? Is there pleasure in the *lushuons blood*? Is it the *horrou*, or the *paine*, that doth in *Death* affright vs? Or, is it our *feare*, and doubt of what shall become of vs after? Or, is it the *guilt* of our mis-guided soules, already condemning vs, by the pre-apprehension of a *future punishment*? If I found *Death* terrible alike to all, I should thinke there were something more in *Death*; yea, and in *life* too, then yet we doe imagine. But, I find one man can as willingly *dye*, as another man can bee willing to *dine*. Some, that can as gladly leaue *this World*, as the wise man, being old, can forbear the *Court*. There are, to whom *Death* doth seeme no more then a *blood-letting*: and these, I finde, are of the sort of men, which we generally doe esteeme for *wise*.— Euery man, in the *Play* of this *World*, besides an *Actor*, is a *spectator* too: when 'tis *new begunne* with him, (that is, in his *youth*) it promiseth so much, that he is loth to *leau* it: when it growes to the middle, the *Act* of *virilitie*, then he sees the *Scenes* grow thicke, and fill, hee would gladly vnderstand the *end*: but, when that drawes neere, and he findes what that will be; he is then content to *depart*, and leaue his *Roome* to *succeeders*. Nay, many times, while before this, hee considers, that 'tis all as it were *dilusion*; and a *dreame*, and passeth away, as the *consumed dew*: or as the sound of a *Bell* that is *rung*: He then growes weary with *expectation*, and his *life* is entertain'd with a tedious *dislike of it selfe*. Oh the vnsettled *conceit* of *Man*! that seeking after *quiet*, findes his *vnrest* the more: that  
knowes



knowes neither what *he is*, nor what hee *shall bee*! We are like men benighted in a *Wildernesſe*: wee wander in the tread of ſeueral *paths*: we try one, and preſently find another is more *likely*: we follow that, and meete with more, that *croſſe* it: and while we are diſtracted about theſe various *wayes*, the fierce Beaſt, *Death*, deuoures vs. I find two ſorts of men, that differ much, in their conceptions that they hold of *Death*. One liues in a *full ioy* heere: he *sings*, and *reuels*, and *pleaſants* his *spleene*, as if his *Harueſt* were perpetuall; and the whole *World's* face fashion'd, to a *poſture*, laughing vpon him. And this man would doe any thing, rather then *dye*: whereby he tels vs, (though his tongue expreſſe it not) that *he expects a worſe eſtate hereafter*. Another liues hardly heere, with a heauy *heart*, furrowing of a mournfull *face*: as if, like the *Beaſt*, he were yeaned into the *World*, onely to act a *ſad mans* part, and dye: And this *man* ſeekes *Death*, and miſſes him; intimating, that he expects a *better condition* by *Death*: for 'tis ſure, *Natura ſemper in meliorẽ tendit*: *Nature* cuer aimes at better; nor would ſhe wiſh a change, if ſhe did not thinke it a benefit. Now, what doe theſe two tell vs? but that there is both a *miſery* and a *joy* attending *Man*, when hee is vaniſht hence. The like is ſhewed by the *good man*, and the *bad*: one auoiding what the other would wiſh; at leaſt not *refuſe*, vpon offer. For, the *good man* I muſt reckon with the *wiſe*; as one that equally can *dye*, or *liue*. He knowes, while he is here, *God* will protect him; and when he goes hence, *God* will *receiue* him. I borrow it from the *Father*: *Non ita vixi, vt me*

*vixisse pudeat: nec timeo mori, quia bonum habeo Dominum.* I haue not *so liu'd*, as I should be *ashamed*: nor feare I to *dye*, for *God is mercifull*. Certainly, wee are neuer at *quiet*, in any thing long, till wee haue *conquered the feare of death*. Euery *spectacle of Mortality terrifies*. Euery *casuall danger affrights vs*. Into what a *dumpe*, did the sight of *Cyrus Tombe*, strike the most noble *Alexander*? It comes, like an *arrest of Treason* in a *lollity*: *blasts vs*, like a *Lightning-flash*, and like a *Ring* put into our *Noses*, *checks vs* in the *friskes* and *Lavaltoes*, of our dancing *blood*. Feare of *death*, kils vs often, when *Death* it selfe, can doe it but once. I loue therefore, the saying of the *Dying Emperour Iulian*. *He that would not dye when hee must, and hee that would dye when hee must not, are both of them Cowards alike*. That which we *know* we must doe, *once*; why should we be *afraid* to doe it at any *time*? What wee cannot doe till our *time* comes, why should wee *seeke* to doe it *before*? I like the man that can dye *willingly*, whensoever *God* will haue him dye; and that can *liue* as *willingly*, whensoever *God* would haue him not to dye. To feare *Death* much, argues an *euill* man; at *best* a man that is *weake*. How braue did *Socrates* appeare, when he told the *Athenians*, they could do nothing; but what *Nature* had ordain'd, before them, condemne him to dye? How *unmouedly* did he take his *poyson*? as if he had beene *drinking* of a *Glory* to the *Deity*. Into what a *trepidation* of the *soule*, does feare decline the *Coward*? how it *Drownes* the *head* in the *intrembled bosome*? But the *Spanish Tragicke* tels vs,

He



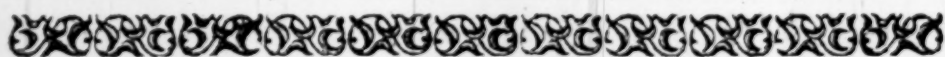
He that smiling can gaze on  
*Styx*, and blacke-wau'd *Acheron*;  
 That dares braue his ruine; he  
 To Kings, to Gods, shall equall be.

*Qui vultus Acherontis atri,  
 Qui Styga tristem, non tristis videt,  
 Audetque vitæ ponere finem,  
 Par ille Regi, par Superis erit.*

'Tis a Fathers Sentence; *Nihil est in Morte quod metuamus, si nihil timendum, vita commisit*: Death hath nothing terrible, but what our life hath made so. He that hath liu'd well, will bee seldome unwilling to dye. Death is much facilitated, by the vertues of a well-led-life. To say the good man feares not God, I thinke may bee good Divinity. Faith approches Heauen with confidence. *Aristippus* told the Sayers, that wondred why hee was not, as well as they, afraid in the storme; that the oddes was much: for, they feared the torments due to a wicked life; and hee expected the rewards of a good one. Vice drawes Death with a horrid looke, with a whip, and flames, and terrours. It was cold comfort *Diogenes* gaue a lewd Liuer: that banisht, complain'd hee should dye in a forraine soyle. Be of good cheere, man, wheresoever thou art, the way to Hell is the same. I confesse, take a man, as Nature has made him, and there is some reason why hee should feare Death: because hee knowes not what it will doe with him. What hee findes heere, he sees, and knowes; what he shall finde after death; hee knoweth not. And no man,



man, but would rather continue in a *moderate delight*, which he knowes : then indure *paine*, to be deliuered to *incertainties*. I would *liue*, till G O D would haue me *dye* : and then, I would *doe it* without either *feare* or *grudging*. It were a shame for me, being a *Christian*, and beleeuing *Heauen*, to be *afraid* of remouing from *Earth*. In *resolving* thus, I shall *triumph* ouer other *casualties*. All things that wee *feare* heere, wee *feare* as *steps*, that descend vs toward our *graues*, towards *infamy*, and *deprivation*. When wee get the *Victorie* ouer this great *terroure* ; all the small ones, are *conquered* in it. Great *Cities* once *expugned*, the *Dorpes*, and *Villages*, will soone come in of *themselves*.



## XIII.

*Of the worship of Admiratiō.*

**W**Hatsoever is *rare*, and *passionate*, carries the *soule* to the thought of *Eternitie*. And, by *contemplation*, giues it some *glympsēs* of more absolute *perfection*, then here 'tis *capable* of. When I see the *Royalte* of a *State-show*, at some vnwonted *solemnity*, my thoughts *present* me something, more *royall* then this. When I see the most *inchanting* beauties, that *Earth* can shew me ; I yet thinke, there is something farre more *glorious* : me thinkes I see a kinde of higher *perfection*, peeping through the *frailty* of a *face*. When I heare the *rauishing* straines of a *sweet-tuned voyce*, married to the *warbles* of the *Artfull*

*Artfull* instrument; I apprehend by this, a higher *Diapason*: and doe almost beleeeue, I heare a little *Deity* whispering, through the *pory substance* of the *tongue*. But, this I can but *grope* after. I can neither *finde*, nor *say*, what it is. When I reade a *rarely sententious man*, I admire him, to my owne *impatieney*. I cannot reade some parts of *Seneca*, aboue two *Leaves* together. Hee raises my *soule* to a *contemplation*, which sets me a *thinking*, on more, then I can *imagine*. So I am forced to cast him by, and *subside* to an *admiration*. Such *effects* workes *Poetry*, when it lookes to towring *Vertues*. It giues vp a man to *raptures*; and *inradiates* the *soule*, with such high *apprehensions*: that all the *Glories*, which this *World* hath, hereby appeare, *contemptible*. Of which the soft-soul'd *Ouid* giues a touch, when hee complains the *want*.

*Impetus ille Sacer, qui vatum Pectora nutrit,  
Qui prius in nobis esse solebat, abest.*

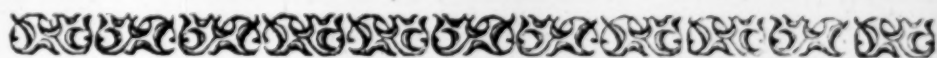
That Sacred vigor, which had wont, alone,  
To flame the *Poets* noble brest, is gone.

But this is, when these *excellencies* incline to *gravity*, and *seriousnesse*. For otherwise, light *aires* turne vs into *sprightfull actions*; which breathe away in a loose *laughter*, not leauing halfe that *impression* behind them, which serious *considerations* doe. As if *Mirth* were the *excellency* for the *body*, and *meditation* for the *soule*. As if one were, for the *contentment* of this *life*; and the other, *oying* to that of the *life*

*life to come*. All *Indeuours* aspire to *Eminency*; All *Eminencies* doe beget an *Admiration*. And, this makes me beleue, that *contemplatiue Admiration*, is a large part of the *worship* of the *Deity*. 'Tis an *adoration*, purely, of the *Spirit*; a more *sublime* bowing of the *soule* to the *Godhead*. And this is it, which that *Homer* of *Philosophers* avowed, could bring a man to *perfect happinesse*, if to his *Contemplation*, he ioyned a constant *Imitation* of *God*, in *Iustice*, *Wisedome*, *Holineesse*. Nothing can carry vs so neere to *God*, and *Heauen*, as this. The *minde* can walke, beyond the *sight* of the *eye*; and (though in a *cloud*) can lift vs into *Heauen*, while wee liue. *Meditation* is the *soules Perspective Glasse*: whereby, in her long *remoue*, shee discerneth *God*, as if hee were neerer hand. I perswade no man to make it his whole *life's* businesse. Wee haue *bodies*, as well as *soules*. And euen this *World*, while we are in it, ought somewhat to be cared for. As those *States* are likely to *flourish*, where *execution* followes sound *advisements*: So is *Man*, when *contemplation* is seconded by *action*. *Contemplation* generates; *Action* propagates. Without the first, the latter is *defectiue*. Without the last, the first is but *abortiue*, and *embrious*. Saint *Bernard* compares *contemplation* to *Rachel*, which was the more *faire*: but *action* to *Leah*, which was the more *fruitfull*. I will neither alwayes be *busie*, and *doing*: nor euer shut vp in nothing but *thoughts*. Yet, that which some would call *Idlenesse*, I will call the *sweetest part* of my *life*: and, that is, my *Thinking*. Surely, *God* made so many *varieties* in his *Creatures*, as well for the *inward soule*,



*soule*, as the *outward senses*; though hee made them *primarily*, for his owne *Free-will*, and *Glory*. He was a *Monke* of an honefter age, that being asked how he could indure that *life*, without the *pleasure* of *bookes*, answered: The *Nature* of the *Creatures* was his *Library*: wherein, when he pleased, he could muse vpon *Gods deepe Oracles*.



## XV.

*Of Fame.*

**I**T may seeme *strange*, that the whole world of *men*, should be carried on with an *earnest desire* of a *noble fame*, and *memory* after their *deathes*: when yet we know it is not *Materiall*, to our *well*, or *ill* being, what *censures* passe vpon vs. The *tongues* of the *liuing*, auaille nothing, to the *good*, or *hurt*, of those that *lye* in their *graves*. They can neither adde to their *pleasure*, nor yet diminish their *torment*, if they finde any. My *account* must passe vpon mine owne *actions*, not vpon the *reports* of others. In vaine men labour'd, to *approue* themselues to *goodnesse*, if the *Palaces* which *Vertue* reares, could be *unbuilt*, by the *taxes* of a *wounding tongue*. *False-witnesses* can neuer finde *admission*, where the *God* of *Heauen* sits *iudging*. There is no *Common Law* in the *New Ierusalem*. There *Truth* will be receiued, though either *Plaintife*, or *Defendant*, speaks it. Heere, we may *article* against a man, by a *common fame*: and by the *frothy buzze* of the *World*, cast away

way the blood of *Innocents*. But *Heaven* proceeds not after such *incertainties*. The *single man* shall bee beleueed in *truth*, before all the *humming* of *successiue Ages*. What will become of many of our *Lawyers*, when not an *Aduocate*, but *Truth*, shall be admitted? *Fame*, shall there be *excluded*, as a lying *witnesse*: though heere, there is nothing which we do *possesse*, which we reckon of an equall *value*. Our *wealth*, our *pleasure*, our *lines*, will not all hold *weight* against it, when this comes in in *competition*. Nay, when wee are *circled* round with *calamities*, our *confidence* in this, like a *Constant friend*, takes vs by the hand, and cheeres vs, against all our *miseries*. When *Philip* ask't *Democritus*, if hee did not feare to lose his *head*, hee answer'd no; for if he did, the *Athenians* would giue him one *immortall*. He should be *Statued*, in the *treasury* of *eternall fame*. See if it were not *Ouids comforter*, in his *banishment*.

—— Nil non mortale tenemus,  
 Pectoris exceptis, ingenijq; bonis.  
 En ego, cum patria, carcam, vobisque, domoq; :  
 Raptaque sint, adimi quæ potuerè mihi.  
 Ingenio tamen ipse meo comitorq; , fruorq; :  
 Caesar, in hoc potuit Iuris habere nihil.  
 Quilibet hanc sauo vitam, mihi finiet ense :  
 Me tamen extincto, fama perennis erit.

—— All that we hold will dye,  
 But our braue thoughts, and Ingenuity.  
 Euen I that want my country, house, and friend:  
 From whom is rauisht, all that Fate can rend;  
 Possesse

Possesse yet my owne *Genius*, and enioy  
 That which is more, then *Cesar* can destroy.  
 Each Groome may kill me: but whenf'ere I dy,  
 My Fame shall liue to mate Eternity.

*Plutarch* tels vs of a poore *Indian*, that would rather endure a *dooming to death*, then shoot before *Alexander*, when he had discontinued; lest by shooting ill, hee should marre the *Fame*, hee had gotten. Doubtlesse, euen in this, *Man* is ordered by a power aboue him; which hath instincted in the minds of all men, an ardent *appetition*, of a lasting *Fame*. Desire of *Glory*, is the last garment, that, euen wise men, lay aside. For this, you may trust *Tacitus*, *E-tiam sapientibus, Cupido gloria, nouissima exiit*. Not, that it betters himselfe, being gone: but that it stirres vp, those that follow him, to an earnest endeavour, of Noble Actions; which is the onely meanes, to winne the fame wee wish for. *Themistocles*, that streamed out his youth, in *Wine*, and *Venery*; and was sodainely changed, to a vertuous, and valiant man, told one, that ask'd what did so strangely change him: that, The *Trophie* of *Miltiades*, would not let him sleepe. *Tamberlaine* made it his practice, to reade often the *Heroike deeds*, of his owne *Progenitors*: not as boasting in them: but as glorious examples propounded, to inflame his Vertues. Surely, nothing awakes our sleeping vertues, like the Noble Acts of our Predecessors. They are flaming Beacons, that *Fame*, and *Time*, haue set on Hills, to call vs to a defence of *Vertue*; whensoever *Vice* inuades the *Common-wealth* of *Man*. Who can indure to skulke away his life in an



an idle *corner*, when he has meanes, and finds, how *Fame* has blowne about *deserving-names*? *Worth* begets in weake and base mindes, *Envy*: but in those that are *magnanimous*, *Emulation*. *Romane* vertue, made *Romane* vertues, *lasting*. Brave men neuer dye; but like the *Phoenix*: From whose *preserved ashes*, one, or other, still doth *spring* vp, like them. How many *valiant Souldiers*, does a generous *Leader* make? *Brutus*, and *Brutus*, bred many constant *Patriots*. *Fame*, I confesse, I finde more eagerly pursued by the *Heathen*, then by the *Christians* of these times. The *Immortality* (as they thought) of their *name*, was to them, as the *Immortality* of the *soule* to vs: A strong *Reason*, to perswade to *worthinesse*. Their knowledge halted in the latter; so they rested in the first. Which often made them *sacrifice* their liues to that, which they *esteem'd* about their liues; their *Fame*. *Christians* know a thing beyond it: And, that *knowledge*, causes them to giue but a *secondary* respect to *Fame*; there being no *reason*, why we should *neglect* that, whereon all our future *happinesse* depends, for that, which is nothing but a *name*, and *empty ayre*. *Vertue* were a kinde of *misery*, if *Fame* only, were all the *Garland*, that did *crowne* her. *Glory* alone were a *reward incompetent*, for the *toyles* of industrious *Man*. This followes him but on *Earth*, in *Heauen* is layd vp, a more *Noble*, more *Essentiall* recompence. Yet, because 'tis a fruit that *springs* from good *Actions*, I must thinke, he that *loves* that, *lovet*h also, that which *causeth* it, *worthines*. In others; I will honour the *Fame*, for the *deserving deeds* which

which caused it. In my selfe, I will *respect* the *Actions*, that may *merit* it. And, though for my owne *benefit*, I will not much *secke* it: yet, I shall bee glad if it may follow me, to *incite* others; that they may goe *beyond* me; I will, if I *can*, tread the *Path* which leades to't. If I finde it, I shall thinke it a *bleſſing*: if not, my endeavour will be enough, for *discharging* my selfe within; though I *miſſe* it. God is not bound to *reward* me any way; if hee *accepts* mee, I may count it a *Mercy*. The other I will not looke for. I like him, that does things that deserue a *Fame*, without either *search*, or *caring* for it. *Chriſt*, after many *miraculous cures*, inioyned his *patients* ſilence; perhaps, to *checke* the world, for the too-too *violent queſt*, of this *vacuum*. For a meane *Man* to *thiſt* for a mighty *fame*, is a kinde of fond *Ambition*. Can wee thinke a *Mouse* can caſt a *shadow*, like an *Elephant*? Can the *Sparrow* looke for a *train*, like the *Eagle*? Great *Fames* are for *Princes*; and ſuch as for their parts, are the *Glories* of *Humanity*. Good ones may *crowne* the *private*. The ſame *fire* may be in the *waxen Taper*, which is in the *ſtaued Torch*, but 'tis not *equall* either in *quantity*, or *advancement*. Let the world ſpeake well of mee, and I will neuer care, though it does not ſpeake much. *Checke* thy ſelfe, thou *Ayremonger*: that with a *madding thought*, thus chaſeſt *fleeing ſhadowes*. Loue *ſubſtances*, and reſt thy ſelfe content, with what *Boetius* tels thee,

*Quicumque ſolam, mente præcipiti, petit  
Summumque credit, Gloriam:*

E

Late

## RESOLVES.

*Latè patentes, ætheris cernat plagas.  
 Arctumque terrarum situm.  
 Breuem replere non valentis ambitum,  
 Pudebit, aucti nominis.*

He that thirsts for Glories prize,  
 Thinking that, the top of all :  
 Let him view th'expanded skies,  
 And the Earth's contracted Ball.  
 Hee'l be ashamed then, that the name he wanne,  
 Fils not the short walke, of one healthfull man.



## XVI.

*Of the choice of Religion.*

**V***ariety, in any thing, distracteth the minde ; and  
 leaues it wauiing in a dubious trouble : and then,  
 how easie is it to sway the minde to either side ?  
 But, among all the diuersities that wee meet with,  
 none trouble vs more, then those that are of Re-  
 ligion. 'Tis rare to finde two Kingdomes one ; as if  
 euery Nation had (if not a God, yet at least) a way to  
 God by it selfe. This stumbles the vnsettled soule ;  
 that not knowing which way to take, without the  
 danger of erring, stickes to none: so dies, ere he does  
 that, for which he was made to liue : the Seruice of  
 the true Almighty. We are borne as Men set downe  
 in the midd'ft of a Wood ; circled round with seue-  
 rall voyces calling vs. At first, we see not, which will  
 lead vs the right way out ; so diuided in our selues,  
 we*



we sit still, and follow none ; remaining *blind* in a flat *Atbeisme*, which strikes deepe at the *foundation*, both of our *owne*, and the whole World's *happinesse*. 'Tis true, if we let our *dimmed understanding* search in these *varieties* ( which yet is the onely *meanes*, that we haue in our selues, to doe it with) we shall certainly lose our selues in their *windings* ; there being in euery of them something to *beleue*, aboue that *reason* which leades vs to the *search*. *Reason* giues vs the *Anatomy* of things, and *illustrates* with a great deale of *plainnesse*, all the *wayes* that she goes: but her *line* is too short, to reach the *depths* of *Religion*. *Religion* carries a *confutation* along with it: and with a high hand of *Soueraignty*, Awes the inquisitiue *tongue* of *Nature* ; and when she would sometimes *murmure* priuately, she will not let her *speake*. *Reason*, like a milde *Prince*, is content to shew his *Subjects* the causes of his *commands*, and *rule*. *Religion*, with a *higher straine* of *Maiesty*, bids doe it, without inquiring further then the *bare command*: which, without *doubt*, is a meanes of procuring mighty *reuerence*. What we know not, we *reuerently admire* ; what wee doe know, is in sort subiect to the triumphs of the *soule*, that hath discovered it. And, this *not knowing*, makes vs not able to iudge. Euery one tels vs, his *owne* is the truest : and there is none, I thinke, but hath been *seal'd* with the blood of some. Nor can I see, how wee may more then *probably*, prooue any : they beeing all set in such *heights*, as they are not *subiect* to the *demonstrations* of *Reason*. And as we may easier say what a *soule* is not, then what it is :

so we may more easily disprove a *Religion*, for *false*, then prove it, for one that is *true*: There being in the *World*, farre more *error*, then *Truth*. Yet is there besides, another *misery*, neere as great as this; and that is, that wee cannot be our owne *Chusers*: but must take it vpon *trust*, from others. Are we not oft, before we can descerne the *true*, brought vp and grounded in the *false*, sucking in *Heresie*, with our milke in *childhood*? Nay, when we come to yeeres of *abler iudgement*, wherein the Minde is growne vp *compleat Man*: wee examine not the soundnesse; but retaine it meere, because our fathers taught it vs. What a lamentable *weaknesse* is this in Man, that hee should build his *Eternall welfare*, on the *approbation*, of perhaps a weake, and ignorant *Parent*? Oh! why is our *neglect* the most, in that, wherein our care should be *greatest*? How few are there which fulfill that *Precept* of trying all *things*, and taking the *best*? Assuredly, though *Faith* be aboue *Reason*, yet is there a *reason* to be giuen of our *Faith*. Hee is a *Foole* that beleeueth hee knowes neither what, nor why. Among all the *Diuersities of Religion*, that the *world* holds, I thinke, it may stand with most safety, to take that, which makes most for *Gods Glory*, and *Mans quiet*. I confesse, in all the Treatises of *Religion* that I euer saw; I find none that I should so soone follow, as that of the *Church of England*. I neuer found so sound a *Foundation*, so sure a *direction* for *Religion*: as the *Song* of the *Angels* at the *Birth of Christ*. *Glory be to God on high*. There is the *Honour*, the *reuerend Obedience*, and the *Admiration*, and the *Adoration*,



*Adoration*, which we ought to giue him. *On earth peace.* This is the *effect* of the former : working in the *hearts of Men*, whereby the *World* appears in his noblest *beauty*, being an entire *chaine of inter-mutuell amity. And goodwill toward men.* This is *Gods mercy*, to *reconcile Man* to himselfe, after his fearefull *differtion* of his *Maker*. Search all *Religions* the world thorow, and you will finde none that ascribes so much to *God*, Nor that *constitutes* so firme a loue among men, as does the *establisht Doctrine* of the *Protestant Church* among vs. All other either *detract* from *God* : Or *infringe* the *Peace of Men*. The *Iewes* in their *Talmud* say, before *God* made this, hee made many other *worlds*, and marr'd them againe : to keepe himselfe from *Idlenesse*. The *Turkes* in their *Alchoran* bring him in, discoursing with the *Angels*, and they telling him, of things which before hee knew not : and after, they make him *swear* by *Mahomets Pen*, and *Lines*; and by *Figges*, and *Oliues*. The *Papists* *poutray* him as an *old Man* : and by this meanes, *disdeifie* him, *derogating* also from his *Royalty*, by their odious *interposing* of *merit*. And for the *Society* of men; what *bloudy Tenents* doe they *all* hold? as, That he *deserues* not the *name* of *Rabbi*, that hates not his *enemie* to the *death*. That 'tis no *sinne* to *revenge iniuries* : That 'tis *meritorious* to kill a *Heretike*, with whom no *Faith* is to be kept : Euen to the *vngluing* of the whole *Worlds Frame*; Contexted onely, by *Commerce*, and *Contracts*. What *abhorred barbarismes* did *Selymus* leaue in *Precept*, to his *Successor Solymán*? which, though I am not



certaine they were ratified, by their *Musties*; I am sure, are practized by the *Inheritors* of his *Empire*. By this *Taste*, learne to *detest* them all.

*Ne putet esse nefas, cognatum haurire cruorem :  
Et nece fraterna, constabilire Domum.  
Iura, Fides, Pietas, regni dum nemo super sit  
Æmulus, haud turbent religione animum.  
Hæc ratio est, quæ sola queat, regale tueri  
Nomen, & expertem te sinis esse melius.*

Thinke not thy kinreds murther ill, 'tis none :  
By thy flaine brothers, to secure thy Throne.  
Law, Faith, Religion, while no Riuals aime,  
Thy ruine, may be practiz'd, else they maime.  
This is the way, how kingly naines may be  
Infaf't, and from distractiue terrors, free

In other *Religions*, of the *Heathen*, what fond *opinions* haue they held of their *Gods*? reuiling with vnseemely *threats*, when their *affaires* haue *thwarted* them. As if allowing them the *name*, they would conserue the *Numen* to themselves. In their *sacrifices*, how *Butcherly* cruell? as if (as 'tis said of them) they thought by *inhumanity*, to appease the *wrath* of an offended *Deity*. The *Religion* which we now professe, establisheth all in another *straine*. What makes more for *Gods Glory*? what makes more for the *mutuall love* of *Man*, then, *The Gospell*? All our *Abilities* of good, we offer to *God*, as the *Fountaine* from whence they *streame*. Can the  
day

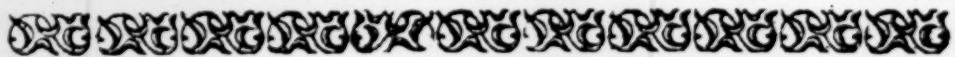
day be *light*, and that *light* not come from the *Sun*? Can a *Clocke* goe, without a *weight* to moue it, or a *Keeper* to set it? As for *Man*: it teaches him to tread on *Cottons*, mild's his wilder *temper*: and learns him in his *patience*, to affect his *enemies*. And for that which doth partake on both: it makes *Iust God*, a friend to *uniust Man*, without being *uniust*, either to himselfe, or *Man*. Sure, it could bee no other, then the *Inuention* of a *Deity*, to find out a *way*, how *Man*, that had *iustly* made himselfe *unhappy*, should, with a full *satisfaction* to exactest *Iustice*, be made againe most *happy*. I would wish no man that is able to try, to take his *Religion* vpon others words: but once resolued in it, 'tis dangerous to *neglect*, where we know we doe owe a *Service*.

*Dij multa neglecta dederunt,  
Hesperia mala Luduosa.*

G O D neglected, plenteously  
Plagued mournfull *Italy*.

And this, before *Horace* his time; when *God* is neglected of *Man*; *Man* shall bee contemned of *God*. When *Man* abridgeth *God* of his *honour*; *God* will shorten *Man* of his *happinesse*. It cannot but be best, to giue all to *him*, of whom whatsoeuer we haue, we hold. I belecue it *safest* to take that *Religion*, which most *magnifies* *God*, and makes most, for the peaceable *Conuersation* of *Men*. For, as wee cannot ascribe too much to *him*, to whom wee owe more

then we can *ascribe* : so I thinke the most splendid *estate* of *Man*, is that, which comes neereſt to his firſt *Creation* : wherein, all things wrought together, in the pleaſant *embracements* of *mutuall loue*, and *concord*.



## XVII.

*Of Petitions and Denials.*

**D***enials* in *Sutes*, are *Reprehensions*, to him that asketh. We ſeeme thereby to tell him, that he craues *That*, which is not *conuenient*; ſo erres from that *ſtation*, he ſhould reſt in. In our *demaunds*, we vncoûer our owne *deſires*; in the anſwers we receiue, we gather how we are *affected*. Beware what thou aſkeſt; and beware what thou *denieſt*. For if *diſcretion* guide thee not, there is a great deale of *danger* in both. We often, by one request, open the *windowes* of our *heart* wider, then all the *indeauours* of our *obſeruers* can. 'Tis like *giuing* of a man our hand in the *darke*; which directs him better where we are, then either our *voyce*, or his owne *ſearch* may. If wee giue *repulſes*, wee are preſently held in *ſuſpition*; and inſearched for the cauſe: which, if it bee found trenching on *diſcourteſie*; *Loue* dyes, and *Reuenge* ſprings from the *aſhes*. To a *friend* therefore, a man neuer ought to giue a rough *deniall*: but alwaies, either to grant him his *requeſt*, or an able *Reaſon* why we *condiſcend* not; by no meanes ſuffering him to goe away *unſatisfied*:  
For



For that, euer leaues *fire*, to kindle a *succeeding iarre*. Deny not a iust sute; nor *prefer* thou one, that is *un-just*. Either, to a wise man, stamps vnkindnesse in the *memory*. I confesse, to a generous spirit, as 'tis hard to *beg*; so 'tis *harsh*, to be *denyed*. To such, let thy grant be free, for they will neither beg *iniuri-ous* fauours; nor bee *importunate*; and when thou beest to receiue of such, grate not too much on a yeelding *Friend*: though thou maist haue thy wish for the present, thou shalt perhaps be a *loser* in the *sequell*. Those that are ready daunted vpon a *repulse*, I would wish first to try by *circumstances*, what may bee the speede of their *suite*. 'Tis easier to beare *collected vnkindnesse*, then that which we meete in *affronts*: the *one* wee may wrap to death in a still *silence*: the *other* we must, for *honours* sake, take notice on. For this cause, 'twill be best, neuer to propound any thing, which carries not with it, a *probability of obtaining*. *Negat sibi ipsi, qui quod fieri non potest, petit*: When we aske what is not likely to be had, before we aske, we giue our selues the *deniall*. *Ill Questions* are the *mints* for *worser Answers*. Our *refusall* is deseruedly, while our *demands* are either *vnfitting*, or beyond the expedience of him that should grant. Nor ought we to be offended with any but our *selues*, when we haue in such *requests*, transgressed the bounds of *modesty*: though in some I haue knowne the deniall of *one fauour*, drowning the memory of *many* fore-performed ones. To thinke ill of any man, for not giuing me that, which he needs not, is *Iniustice*: but for *that*, to blot out *former benefits*, is *Extreme ingratitude*. The  
good

good mans thanks for *old fauours*, liue, euen in the *blowes of iniury*. Why should a *diswonted unkindnesse* make me ingrate for *wonted benefits*? I like not those *dispositions*, that can either *make unkindnesse*s, and *remember them*: or *vnmake fauours*, and *forget them*. For all the *fauours* I receiue, I will be thankfull, though I meete with a stop. The *failing* of one, shall not make mee neglectfull of *many*: no, not though I finde *vpbraiding*: which yet hath this effect, that it makes *that* an *iniury*, which was before a *benefit*. Why should I, for the *abortion* of one *childe*, kill all the *elder issue*? Those *fauours* that I can doe, I will not doe for *thanks*, but for *Noblenesse*, for *Loue*; and that with a free *expression*. *Grumbling* with a *benefit*, like a *hoarse voyce*, marres the *musicke* of the *song*: Yet, as I will doe none for *thanks*; so I will receiue none without *paying* them. For *Petitions* to others, I will neuer put vp *Vndecent ones*; nor will I, if I faile in those, either *vexe* my *selfe*, or *distaste* too much the *denyer*. Why should I thinke he does me an *iniurie*, when he onely but keepes his *owne*? I like *Padaretus* his mirth well, who when hee could not bee admitted for one of the three hundred among the *Spartans*, went away laughing, and said, *He was heartily glad, that the Republique had three hundred better men then himselfe*. I will neither importune too much vpon *unwilling mindes*: nor will I bee slow in yeelding, what I meane to giue. For the first, with *Ouid*,

*Et pudet, & metuo, semperque eademque precari,  
Ne subcant animo tedia iusta tuo.*

I shall

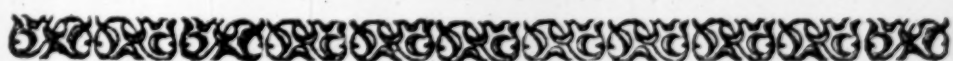


I shall both feare and shame, too oft to pray,  
Lest *urged minds* to *iust disdain* giue way :

For the other, I am confident, *Ausonius* giues  
good *counsell*, with perswading reasons :

*Si bene quid facias, facias citò : nam citò factum,  
Gratum erit ; ingratum, gratia tarda facit :*

Dispatch thy purpos'd good : quicke *courteous deeds*  
Cause *thanks*: slow *fauour*, men vnthankfull breeds.



XVIII.

Of Pouerty.

**T**HE *Pouerty* of the *poore man*, is the least part of  
his *mifery*. In all the stormes of *Fortune*, hee is  
the first that must stand the shooke of *extremitie*.  
*Poore men* are *perpetuall Sentinels*, watching in the  
depth of *night*, against the incessant assaults of  
*want*; while the *rich* lye stoued in *secure repofes*: and  
compass'd with a large *abundance*. If the *Land* be  
ruffeted with a *bloodlesse Famine*; are not the *poore*  
the first that *sacrifice* their liues to *Hunger*? If *Warre*  
thunders in the trembling *Countries* lap, are not the  
*poore* those that are exposed to the *Enemies Sword*  
and *outrage*? If the *Plague*, like a *loaded sponge*, flies,  
sprinkling *poyson* thorow a *populous Kingdome*; the  
*poore* are the *fruite* that are shaken from the bur-  
then'd *Tree*: while the *rich*, furnisht with the helps  
of



of *Fortune*, haue meanes to wind out themselves, and turne these sad indurances on the *poore*, that cannot auoid them. Like salt *marshes*, that lye low; they are sure, whensoever the *Sea* of this World rages, to bee first vnder, and imbarren'd with a *fretting care*. Who like the *poore*, are harrowed with *oppression*, euer subiect to the *imperious taxes*, and the gripes of *mightinesse*? Continuall *care* checks the *spirit*: continuall *labour* checks the *body*: and continuall *insultation* both. He is like one rowled in a Vessell full of Pikes; which way soeuer he turnes, he something findes that prickes him. Yet besides all these, there is another *transcendent miserie*: and this is, that it maketh men *contemptible*.

*Nil habet infelix, &c.*

Vnhappy *want* hath nothing harder in it,  
Then that it makes men *scorn'd*. —

As if the *poore man* were but *Fortunes Dwarf*; made lower then the rest of men, to be *laughed at*. The *Philosopher* (though hee were the *same minde*, and the *same man*) in his *squallid rags*, could not finde admission, when *better robes* procured both an open doore, and *reuerence*. Though outward things can adde nothing to our *essentiall worth*: yet, when wee are iudged on, by the helpe of others *outward senses*, they much conduce to our *value* or *dis-esteem*. A *Diamond* set in *brasse*, would bee taken for a *Christall*, though it be not so, whereas a  
*Christall*

*Christall* set in *gold*, will by many bee thought a *Diamond*. A *poore man wise*, shall be thought a *foole*; though hee haue nothing to condemne him, but his being *poore*: The complaint is as old as *Salomon*: *The wisdom of the poore is despised; and his words not heard*. *Pouerty* is a *gulf*, wherein all good parts are swallowed. *Poore men*, though *wise*, are but like *Sattens* without a *glosse*; which euery man will refuse to looke vpon. *Pouerty* is a *reproach*, which cloudes the lustre of the *purest vertue*. It turnes the *wise man foole*, to humour him that is a *foole*. Good parts in *pouerty*, shew like *beauty* after *sicknesse*; *pallid* and *pulingly deadish*. And if all these calamities be but *attendants*, what may we iudge that she is in *herselfe*? Vndoubtedly, whatsoeuer we preach of *Contentednesse in want*; no precepts can so gaine vpon *Nature*, as to make her a *non-sensitiue*. 'Tis impossible to finde *content* in gnawing *penury*. Lacke of things necessary, like a *heavy load*, and an *ill saddle*, is perpetually wringing of the backe that beares it. Extreme *pouerty* one calls a *Lanthorne*, that lights vs to all *miseries*. And without doubt, when 'tis vrgent and importunate, it is euer chafing, vpon the very *heart of nature*. What pleasure can he haue in *life*, whose whole *life* is griped by some or other *misfortune*? Liuing no time free, but that, wherein he does not liue, his *sleepe*. His *minde* is euer at iarre, either with *desire*, *fear*, *care*, or *sorrow*: his *appetite* vnappeasedly crauing *supply of foode*, for his *body*; which is either nummed with *cold*, in *idleness*; or stew'd in *sweat*, with *labour*: nor can it be, but it will imbase euen the purest *metall* in *Man*:  
it



it will *Alchimy* the gold of *vertue*, and mixe it with more dull *Allay*. It will make a man submit to those *course waies*, which another estate would scorne: nay, it will not suffer the *soule* to exercise that *generous freedome*, which equall *nature* ha's giuen it; but haies it to such low *undecencies*, as pull *disdaine* vpon it. *Counsell* and *discretion*, either quite leaue a man; or else are so limited, by vnresistable *necessity*, as they lose the *brightnesse* that they vse to shine withall.

*Crede mihi, miseros, prudentia prima reliquit,  
Et sensus cum re, consiliumque fugit.*

Beleeue it, *Wisdom*e leaues the man distrest:  
With *wealth*, both *wit* and *Counsell* quits the brest.

Certainely, *extreme pouerty*, is worse then *Abundance*. We may be good in *Plenty*, if we will: in biting *Penury* we cannot, though we would. In one, the danger is *casuall*: in the other, 'tis *necessitating*. The *best* is that which *partakes* of *both*, and *consists* of *neither*. He that hath *too little*, wants *feathers* to *flie* withall: He that hath *too much*, is but combred with too large a *Taile*. If a flood of *Wealth* could profit vs, it would be good to swim in such a *Sea*: but it can neither lengthen our *liues*, nor enrich vs after the *end*. I am pleased with that *Epigram*, which is so like *Diogenes*, that it makes him bite in his *grau*e:

*Effigiem, Rex Cræse, tuam ditissime regum,  
Vidit apud manes, Diogenes Cynicus:*

*Constitit;*



*Constitit; utque procul, solito maiore cachinno  
 Concussus, dixit: Quid tibi diuitia  
 Nunc profunt, Regum Rex ô ditissime, cum sis  
 Sicut ego solus, me quoque pauperior?  
 Nam quaecunque habui, mecum fero, cum nihil ipse  
 Ex tantis tecum, Cræse, fer as opibus:*

When the *Tubb'd Cynicke* went to *Hell*, and there  
 Found the pale *Ghost* of golden *Cræsus* bare,  
 He stops, and geering till he shuggs againe,  
 Sayes; O thou richest *King of Kings*, what gaine  
 Haue all thy large heapes brought thee, since I spy  
 Thee heere alone, and poorer now then I?  
 For, all I had, I with me bring: but thou,  
 Of all thy wealth, hast not one farthing now.

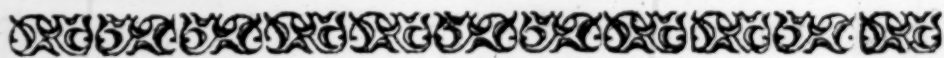
Of what little vse does he make the *mines* of this  
 same opulent man? Surely, *Estates* be then best,  
 when they are likest *mindes* that be worst: I meane,  
 neither *hot*, nor *cold*: neither distended with too  
*much*, nor narrowly pent, with too *little*: yet nee-  
 rer to a *plenty* then *want*. We may be at ease in a  
 Roome *larger* then our selues: in a Roome that is  
*lesse*, we cannot. We neede not vse *more then will*  
*serue*: but wee cannot vse *lesse*. Wee see all things  
 grow *violent*, and *struggle*, when we would impri-  
 son them in any thing *lesse* then themselues. *Fire*,  
 shut vp, is furious. *Exhalations* inclouded, breake  
 out with *Thunder*. *Water*, compressed, spurteth  
 thorow the stretched *strainer*. 'Tis harder to  
 contract *many* graines into *one*, then to cause ma-  
 ny spring out of *one*. Where the *channell* is too  
 little

little for the *floud*, who can wonder at the *overflowing*.

*Quisquis inops peccat, minor est reus.*

He is lesse guilty, that offends for want ;

was the charity of *Petronius Arbitrator*. There is not in the *world*, such another object of *pitty*, as the *pinched State* ; which no man being secured from, I wonder at the *Tyrants braves*, and *contempt*. Questionlesse, I will rather with *charity* helpe him that is *miserable*, as I *may be* ; then despise him that is *poore*, as I *would not be*. They haue flinty and steeled *hearts*, that can adde *calamities* to him, that is already but one intirer *Masse*.



# XIX.

*Of the euill in man from himselfe, and occasions.*

**T**Is not so much *want of good*, as *excesse of ill*, that makes man poss to lewdnesse. I belecue there are *sparkes* enow in the *soule*, to flame a man, to the morall life of *vertue* : but that they are quenched by the *putrid foggs of corruption*. As fruits of *hotter Countries*, transf earth'd in *colder Climates*, haue vigour enough in themselves to be *fructuous*, according to their *nature* : but that they are hindred, by the *chilling nipps* of the *ayre*, and the *soile*, wherein they are *planted*. Surely, the *Soule* hath the *reliqu'd Impressa's*

F

scorning



scorning and weary of the muddy declining weight of the *body*. And when we haue performed any *honourable Action*, how it *cheeres* and *lightens* it selfe, and *man*? As if it had no *true Ioy*, but in such things, as transcending the sence of the *druggie flesh*, tended to the *blaze*, and aspiring flame of *vertue*: nay, then, as if she had dispatched the intent of her *creation*, she rests full, in her owne approouement, without the *weake Worlds* reedy *under-propping*. *Man* has no such *comfort*, as to be conscious to himselfe, of the noble deeds of *Vertue*. They set him almost in the Throne of a *Deitie*; ascend him to an *unmoouednesse*; and take away from him those blacke *feares*, that would speake him still to bee but *fragile man*. 'Tis the sicke and diseased soule, that driues vs into vnlimited *passions*. Take her as shee is in her selfe, not dimm'd and thickned, with the mists of *corporalitie*; then is she a *beauty*, displayed in a full and diuine *sweetnesse*.

*Amat, sapit, recte facit, animo quando obsequitur suo.*

When man obeyes his mind, hee's wife, loues, and  
(does right.

But this is not to be vnderstood at large. For, saies the same *Comedian*, *Dum id modo fiat bono*. Nor does it onely manifest it selfe, in it *selfe*; but euen ouer the *body* too; and that so farre, that it euen conuerts it to a *spiritualitie*: making it indefatigable in *travails*, in *toiles*, in *vigilancies*; insensible in *wounds*, in *death*, in *tortures*.

*Omnia*

*Omnia deficiunt, animus tamen omnia vincit;  
Ille etiam vires corpus habere facit:*

Sayes the grand *Loue-Master*.

(dues,

Though all things want; all things the *minde* sub-  
And can new strength in fainting *Flesh* infuse.

When we find it seconded with the *prevalent incitations* of *Literature* and *sweet Moralitie*: how courageous, how comfortable, how towring is she? *Socrates* calls *Nature*, the *Reason of an honest man*: as if *man*, following *her*, had found a *square*, whereby to direct his *life*. The *soule* that takes a delight in *Lewdnesse*, is gain'd vpon by *Custom*: and after an *undoing*, dulling *practice* takes a ioy in that, which at first did daunt with *terroure*. The first *Acts* of *Sinne*, are for the most part *trembling*, *fearefull*, and full of *the blush*. Tis the *iteration of euill*, that giues *forehead* to the *soule offender*. Tis easie to know a *beginning swearer*: he cannot *mouth it*, like the *practised man*. Hee *oathes it*, as a cowardly *Fencer* playes; who as soone as hee hath offered a *blow*, shrinkes backe: as if his *heart* suffered a kinde of *violence* by his *tongue*: yet had rather take a step in *Vice*, then be left behinde for not being in *fashion*. And, though a man be plunged in *wickednesse*, yet would he be glad to be *thought good*. Which may strongly argue the *Intentions* of the *Soule* to be *good*; though vnable to maturate that *seed* that is in it. Nay, and that like a kinde of *Captiue*, she is carried by *corruption*, through *boggs*, and *Desarts*, that at first shee feares



to tread vpon. *Sinne* at first does a little startle the blood. *Vice* carries *horror* in her considered looke, though we finde a *short plaucibilitie*, in the present *imbraces*. There is no man, but in his *soule* dislikes a *new vice*, before he acts it. And this distaste is so generall, that when *Custome* ha's dull'd the *sence*; yet the *minde* shames to transnit it selfe to the *tongue*; as knowing, hee which holds *Tenents* against *Natures Principles*, shall, by shewing a *quicke wit*, lose his *honest name*. *Goodnesse* is not so quite extinct in *man*, but that he still flashes out a glimmering light, in *mortalitie*. Though *Vice* in some *soules*, haue got the start on her; yet shee makes euery mans *tongue* fight for *Vices extirpation*. Hee that maintaines *Vice* lawfull, shall haue *mankinde* his *enemy*. 'Tis *gaine*, not *loue to Treason*, that makes man fall a *Traitor*. A *noble deede* does beare a *spurre* in it selfe. They are *bad works*, that need *rewards* to crane them vp withall. I belecue, if we examine *Nature*, those things that haue a pleasure in their performance, are *bad* but by mis-vse; not simply so in themselues. *Eating, drinking, mirth*, are *ill*, but in the *manner*, or the *measure*; not at all in the *matter*. *Mans wisdom* consists not in the *not vsing*, but in the *well vsing* of what the world affords him. *How to vse*, is the most waighty lesson of *man*. And of this wee faile, for want of seconding the *seedes* that bee in the *soule*: The *thornes* doe first choke them; and then, they *dwindle*, for lacke of *watering*. Two things I will strongly labour for: *To remooue Annoyance*; and *To cherish the growth of budding Vertue*. Hee spends his time well, that striues to  
reduce



reduce *Nature* to her first perfection. Like a *true friend*, shee wishes well to *man*, but is growne so *poore*, and *false* into such *decay*, as indeed she is not *able*. I will helpe her what I can in the way; though of my selfe, I be not able to set her safe in the end: and if it be in *spirituall things*, not able to beginne. As man ha's not that free power in himselfe, which first hee had: so I am farre from thinking him so dull, to be a *patient* meerely: it was not in the first Fall *slaine*, but irrecoverably *lamed*: *debilitated*, not *annihilated*. But whether this be true or no, I thinke it cannot be ill, of whatsoeuer *good* we doe, to giue our *God* the *glory* on't.



## XX.

*Of Preaching.*

**T**He *excesse* which is in the *defect* of *Preaching*, ha's made the *Pulpit* slighted: I meane, the much bad *Oratory* we finde it guilty of. 'Tis a wonder to me, how men can *Preach* so little, and so long: so long a time, and so little matter: as if they thought to please, by the inculcation of their vaine *Tautologies*. I see no reason, that so high a *Princesse* as *Divinity* is, should be presented to the *People* in the *sordid rags* of the *tongue*: nor that he which speaks from the *Father of Languages*, should deliuer his *Embassage* in an *ill one*. A man can neuer speake too well, where he speaks not too *obscure*. Long and distended *Clauses*, are both tedious to the *eare*, and

difficult for their retaining. A *Sentence* wel couch'd, takes both the *sense* and the *understanding*. I loue not those *Cart-ropes speeches*, that are longer then the memorie of man can fathome. I see not, but that *Diuinity*, put into apt *significants*, might rauish as well as *Poetry*. The waighty *lines* men finde vpon the *Stage*, I am perswaded, haue beene the *lures*, to draw away the *Pulpits followers*. We complaine of drowzinesse at a *Sermon*; when a *Play* of a doubled length, leades vs on still with alacrity. But the fault is not all in our selues. If wee saw *Diuinitie* acted, the *gesture* and *varietie* would as much inuigilate. But it is too high to bee personated by *Humanity*. The *Stage* feeds both the *care* and the *eye*: and through his *latter sense*, the *Soule* drinks deeper draughts. Things acted, possesse vs more, and are too more retaineable, then the *passable tones* of the *tongue*. Besides, heere we meete with more *composed Language*: The *Dulcia sermonis*, moulded into curious *Phrase*; Though 'tis to bee lamented, such *wits* are not set to the right *tune*, and conformed to *Diuinitie*; who without doubt, well deckt, will cast a farre more radiant *lustre*, then those *obscene scurrilities*, that the *Stage* presents vs with, though oe'd and spangled in their *gawdiest tyre*. At a *Sermon* well dress'd, what *understander* can haue a motion to *leepe*? *Diuinitie* well ordered, casts forth a *Baite*, which angles the *Soule* into the *care*: and how can that cloze; when such a guest sits in it? They are *Sermons* but of baser metall, which leadd the eyes to slumber. And should we heare a *continued Oration*, vpon such a Subiect as  
the



the *Stage* treates on, in such words as wee heare some *Sermons*; I am confident, it would not only be farre more tedious, but *nauseous* and *contemptfull*. The most aduantage they haue of other places, is, in their good *Liues* and *Actions*. For 'tis certaine, *Cicero* and *Roscius* are most compleate, when they both make but one Man. He answered well, that after often asking, said still, that *Action* was the chieftest part of an *Orator*. Surely, the *Oration* is most powerfull, where the *Tongue* is diffusiuē and speakes in a *natiue decencie*, euen in euery *limme*. A good *Orator* should pierce the *eare*, allure the *eye*, and inuade the *minde* of his *hearer*. And this is *Seneca's* opinion: *Fit words* are better then *fine ones*: I like not those that are *in-indiciously made*; but such as be *expressiuely significant*: that leade the *minde* to something, beside the naked *terme*. And he that speakes thus, must not looke to speake thus euery day. A *kemb'd Oration* will cost both *sweate*, and the *rubbing of the braine*. And *kemb'd* I wish it, not *frizzled*, nor *curl'd*. *Diuinitie* should not *lasciuiate*. *Vn-wormewooded Iests* I like well; but they are fitter for the *Tauerne*, then the *Maiestie* of a *Temple*. *Christ* taught the *People* with *Authoritie*. *Granitie* becomes the *Pulpit*. *Demosthenes* confest he became an *Orator*, by spending more *Oyle* then *Wine*. This is too fluid an *Element* to beget *substantials*. *Wit*, procur'd by *Wine*, is, for the most part, like the *sparklings* in the *Cup*, when 'tis filling: they *briske* it for a moment, but dye immediately. I admire the *valour* of some men; that before their *Studies*, dare ascend the *Pulpit*; and do there take more



paines, then they haue done in their *Library*. But hauing done this, I wonder not, that they there spend sometimes *three houres*, but to weary the People into *leepe*. And this makes some such *fugitive Diuines*, that like *cowards*, they run away from their *Text*. *Words* are not *all*, nor *matter* is not *all*; nor *gesture*: yet, *together*, they are. 'Tis much moving in an *Orator*, when the *Soule* seemes to speake, as well as the *tongue*. Saint *Augustine*, sayes *Tully*, was admired more for his *tongue*, then his *minde*; *Aristotle* more for his *minde*, then his *tongue*: but *Plato* for both. And surely, nothing deckes an *Oration* more, then a *iudgement* able well to conceiue and vtter. I know, *God* hath chosen by weak things, to confound the wise: yet I see not but in all times, a washed *Language* hath much preuailed. And euen the *Scriptures*, (though I know not the *Hebrew*) yet I beleue they are penn'd in a *tongue* of deepe expression: wherein, almost euery word, hath a *Metaphoricall sense*, which does illustrate by some *allusion*. How *politicall* is *Moses*, in his *Pentateuch*? How *philosophicall* *Iob*? How *masse* and *sententious* is *Salomon* in his *Proverbs*? how *quaint*, and *flamingly-amorous* in the *Canticles*? how *graue* and *solemne* in his *Ecclesiastes*? that in the *world*, there is not such another dissection of the *world* as it. How wete the *Iewes* astonied at *Christs Doctrine*? How eloquent a *pleader* is *Paul* at the *Bar*? in *disputation* how subtile? And he that reades the *Fathers*, shall finde them, as if written with a *crisped pen*. Nor is it such a fault as some would make it, now and then, to let a *Philosopher* or a *Poet*, come in and waite, and giue a

*Trencher*

*Trencher* at this *Banquet*. *Saint Paul* is president for it. I wish no man to be *too darke*, and full of *shadow*. There is a way to be *pleasingly-plaine*, and some haue found it. Nor wish I any man to a totall neglect of his *hearers*. Some *Stomackes* rise at *sweet-meates*. Hee prodigals a *Mine* of *Excellencie*, that lauishes a *terse Oration* to an *Apron'd Auditory*. *Mercury* himselfe may moue his *tongue* in vaine, if hee has none to heare him, but a *Non-intelligent*. They that speake to *Children*, assume a pretty *lissing*. *Birds* are caught by the counterfeite of their owne *shrill notes*. There is a *Magicke* in the *Tongue*, can charme the *wilde mans Motions*. *Eloquence* is a *Bridle*, wherewith a wise man rides the *Monster* of the *World*, the *People*. Hee that heares, ha's onely those *affections* that thy *tongue* will giue him.

Thou maist giue *smiles*, or *teares*, which *ioies* do blot:  
Or *wrath* to *Iudges*, which themselues haue not.

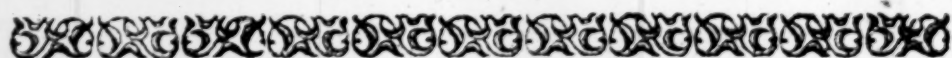
You may see it in *Lucans* words :

*Flet, si flere iubet, gaudet, gaudere coactus :*  
*Et te dante, capit Iudex quum non habet iram.*

I grieve, that any thing so excellent as *Diuinitie* is, should fall into a sluttish handling. Sure, though other interposures doe *eclipse* her; yet this is a principall. I neuer yet knew a *good Tongue*, that wanted *cares* to heare it. I will honour her, in her *plaine trimme*: but I will wish to meete her in her *gracefull Jewels*: not that they giue addition to  
her



her *goodnesse*: but that shee is more perswasive in working on the soule it meetes with. When I meet with *Worth* which I cannot ouer-loue, I can well endure that *Art*, which is a meanes to heighten liking. *Confections* that are *cordiall*, are not the worse, but the better for being guilded.



## XXI.

*Of reconciling Enemies.*

**T**Is much safer to *reconcile* an *Enemie*, then to *conquer* him. *Victorie* depriues him of his *power*; but *Reconciliation*, of his *will*: and there is lesse danger in a *Will* which *will not hurt*, then in a *power*, which *cannot*. The *power* is not so apt to tempt the *will*, as the *Will* is studious to finde out *meanes*. Besides, an *Enemie* is a *perpetuall Spie*, vpon thy *Actions*; a *Watch*, to obserue thy *failes*, and thy *excursions*. All which, in the time of his *Captiuitie*, he treasures vp, against the *day of aduantage*, for the confounding of him that hath beene his *Detainer*. When he is free from thy *power*, his *malice* makes him *nimble-eyed*: apt to note a *fault*, and publish it: and with a *strained Construction*, to deprauē those things, that thy *intents* haue told thy *soule* are *honest*. Like the *Crocodile*, he slimes thy way, to make thee *fall*; and when thou art downe, he insidiates thy *intrapped life*; and with the warmest blood of thy *life*, fattens his insulting *Enmie*. Thy *waies* hee strewes with *Serpents* and *inuenomings*. Thy *vices* he sets, like  
Pauls,



*Pauls*, on high: for the gaze of the *world*, and the scatter'd *City*: Thy *Vertues*, like Saint *Faiths*, he placeth vnder ground, that none may note them. Certainly, tis a miserie to haue any *Enemie*, either very powerfull, or very malicious. If they cannot wound vpon *proofes*, they will doe it yet vpon *likelihoods*: and so by degrees, and sly wayes, corrupt the faire temper of our *Reputations*. In which, this *disadvantage* cannot be helped; that the *Multitude* will sooner belecue them then our selues. For *Affirmations* are apter to win beliefe, then *Negatiues* to vncredit them. It was a *Spawne* of *Machiauell*, that *A slander once raised, will scarce euer dye, or faile of finding some, that will allow it both a harbour, and trust.* The *baggage World* desireth of her selfe to scarre the face, that is fairer then she: and therefore, when she finds occasion, she leapes, and flies the to imbracement of the thing shee wished for: where, with a sharpe-set appetite, she *quarries* on the prey she meets withall. When *Seneca* asked the Question, *Quid est homini inimicissimum?* *Seneca* answers, *Alter Homo.* Our *Enemies studies* are the *plots* of our ruine: nor is any thing left vn-attempted, which may induce our *damage*. And many times, the *danger* is the more, because we see it not. If our *Enemie* be *Noble*, he will beare himselfe *valiantly*, and scorne to giue vs an *advantage* against him: though his owne iudicious *forwardnesse*, may put vs to the worse, let his *worth* perswade thee to an *atonement*. *He that can be a worthy Enemy; will, reconcil'd, be a worthier Friend.* He that in a *iust cause*, can *valiantly* fight against thee; can in a like cause, fight as *valiantly* for thee.

thee. If he be *unworthy*, reconcile him too: though there be nothing else gain'd, but *stilling of a scandalous tongue*; euen that will be worth thy labour. Vse him as a *Friend* in outward *fairenesse*: but beware him, as an *Enemy*, apt to re-assume his *Armes*. He that is a *base foe*, will hardly be but false in *friendship*. *Enemies*, like *Miners*, are euer working, to blow vp our vntainted *names*. They spit a *poyson*, that will *freckle the beauty of a good report*: and that *fame* which is *white and pure*, they spot with the *puddled sprays* of the *tongue*: For, they cannot but sometimes speake as they thinke: and this *S. Gregory* will perswade vs to beleue: That *Humana mens, omnem quem inimicum tolerat, etiam iniquum & impium putat*: *All men thinke their Enemies ill*. If it may be done with *honor*, I shall thinke it a worke of good discretion, to regaine a *violent Aduersary*. But to doe it so, as it puls a *poorenesse* on a mans selfe; though it be *safe*, is worse then to be conquer'd in a *manfull contestation*. *Friendship* is not commendable, when it rises from *dishonourable Treaties*. But he that vpon *good termes*, refuses a *Reconcilement*; may be *stubborne*, but not *valiant*, nor *wise*. Whosoever thou art, that wilfully continuest an *Enemy*, thou teachest him to doe thee a *mischiefe* if he can. I will thinke that endeouour spent to purpose, that either *makes a Friend*, or *vnmakes an Enemy*. In the one, a *Treasure* is wonne; in the other, a *Siege* is raised. When one said, he was a *wise King*, that was *kinde* to his *friends*, and *sharpe* to his *Enemies*: Sayes another, *He is wiser, that can retaine his Friends in their loue; and make his Enemies like them*.

of





## XXII.

*Of our sense of absent Good.*

SVrely, the *Mad worme* hath wilded all *Humanity*; we sweat for what we lose, before we know we haue it. We euer *dote* most on things, when they are *wanting*; Before we *possesse* them, we *chase them* with an eager runne: When we *haue them*, we *sight them*: When they are *gone*, we sinke vnder the wring of *sorrow*, for their *losse*. *Infatuated estate* of *Man*! That the inioyment of a *pleasure*, must diminish it: That perpetuall vse must make it, like a *Piramide*, lessening it selfe by degrees, till it growes at last to a *punctum*, to a *nothing*. With what vndelayable heate, does the *lime-twigg'd Loner* court a *deseruing Beautie*? Which, when hee obtaines, is farre short of that *content* it promised him: Yet, hee againe no sooner *loses it*, but hee *ouer-esteemes* it, to an *hyperbolicall summe*. *Presence* drownes, or mightily cooles *contentment*: and *Absence* seemes to be a *torture*, that afflicts most, when most *stretched*. *Want* teaches vs the *worth* of things more truly. How sweet a thing seemes *liberty*, to one immur'd in a *Case of Walls*? How deare a *lewell* is *health* to him that tumbles in *distempered blood*? Is it so, that *Pleasure*, which is an *ayery constitution*, cannot be grasped by a *reall body*? Or doe we so empty our selues in the *Fruition*, that we doe in it, powre out our *appetites* also? Or is *content* such a slender



flender *title*, that 'tis nothing but the *present now* ;  
 fled sooner then enioy'd? Like the report of a  
*loud-tongu'd Gunne*, ceas'd as soone as heard : with-  
 out any thing to shew it has beene, saue *remem-*  
*brance* onely. We *desire long*, and please our selues  
 with *hope*. Wee *enjoy* and *lose* together : and then  
 we see what wee haue *forgone*, and *griue*. I haue  
 knowne many, that haue lou'd their *dead friends*  
 better, then euer they did in their *life time*. There  
 is (if I haue giuen you the right sence) a like *com-*  
*plaint* in the *sinewie Lyricke*.

They that striue to chase away  
 Slaughters and intestine Warre :  
 That would haue dumbe *Statues* say,  
 These their Cities Fathers are :  
 Let them their owne wilde lusts tame,  
 They shall not liue, till dead. (O Fate !)  
 We enuious, hate safe Vertues name,  
 She dead ; we sigh our widdowed state.

*O quisquis voluit impias,  
 Cedes, & rabiem tollere cynicam :  
 Si querit, Pater urbium  
 Subscribi statuis, indomitam audeat  
 Refrenare licentiam,  
 Clarus postgenitis: quatenus (heu nefas !)  
 Virtutem incolumem odimus,  
 Sublatam ex oculis, quarimus inuidi.*

We adore the *blessings* that we are *depriu'd* of.  
 An *estate* squander'd in a *wanton waste*, shews better  
 in

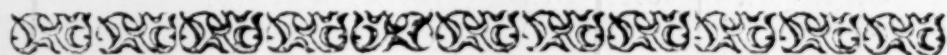
in the *misſe*, then while we had the *uſe* on't. *Poſſeſſion* blunts the *thought* and *apprehenſion*. *Thinking* is propereſt to *that*, which is *abſent*. Wee inioy the *preſent*: but we thinke on *future things*, or paſſed. When *benefits* are loſt, the *minde* has time to recount the ſeuerall *worths*: Which, after a conſiderate *ſearch*; ſhe findes to be many more, then the *un-examining poſſeſſion* told her of. We ſee more, in the *diſcompoſure* of a *Watch*, then we can, when 'tis *ſet together*. 'Tis a true one: *Bleſſings* appeare not, till they be *vanisht*. The *Comedian* was then *ſerious*, when he writ,

*Turn denique homines noſtra intelligimus bona,  
Cum qua in poteſtate habuimus, ea amiſſimus.*

Fond men, till we haue loſt the goods we had,  
We vnderſtand not what their values were.

'Tis *Folly* to neglect the *preſent*; and then, to grieue that we haue *neglected*. Surely, he does beſt, that is *carefull* to preferue the *bleſſings* he has, as long as he can; and when they muſt take their *leaves*, to let them goe without *ſorrowing*, or *ouer-ſumming* them. Vaine are thoſe *lamentations* that haue no better fruit, then the *diſpleaſanting* of the ſoule, that ownes them. I would adde a thirteenth *reall labour*, to the *faigned twelve*: or doe any thing, that lyes in *noble man*, to pleaſure or preferue the *life* of a *friend*. But *dead* once; all that *teares* can doe, is on-ly to ſhew the *world* our weakneſſe. I ſpeake but my ſelfe a *foole*, to doe that which *Reason* tels me is *unreaſonable*.

*unreasonable.* It was the *Philosophers Dictate*, That hee which laments the *death* of a Man, laments, that that Man was a Man, I count it a *deed-royall*, in the kingly *David*, who began to warme his ioyes againe, when the *Infants* blood was cold: As if the *breath* which the *child* lost, had *disclouded his indarkned heart*. I will apply my selfe to the *present*; to *preserve* it; to *injoy* it. But, neuer bee *pastionate* for the losse of *that*, which I cannot *keepe*; nor can *regaine*. When I haue a *blessing*, I will *respect* it, I will *loue* it, as ardently as any *man*. And when 'tis gone, I confesse, I would *griue* as little. And this I thinke I may well doe, yet owe a deare *respect*, to the *memory* of that I *lost*.



## XXIII.

*That no man can bee good to all.*

**I** Neuer yet knew any man so *bad*, but some haue thought him *honest*; and afforded him *loue*. Nor euer any so *good*, but some haue thought him *vile*; and *hated* him. Few are so *stygmaticall*, as that they are not *honest* to some. And few againe are so *iust*, as that they seeme not to some *unequall*: either the *Ignorance*, the *Enuie*, or the *partiality*, of those that *Iudge*, doe constitute a *various man*. Nor, can a man in himselfe, *alwaies appeare alike*, to all. In some, *Nature* hath inuested a disparity. In some, *Report* hath fore-blinded *Iudgement*. And in some, *Accident* is the cause of disposing vs to *loue*, or *hate*.  
Or



Or, if not these, the variation of the *bodies humours*. Or, *perhaps*, not any of these. The *soule* is often led by secret *motions*, and *lones*, shee knowes not why. There are impulsive *privacies*, which vrge vs to a liking, euen against the *Parliamentall Acts* of the two houses, *Reason*, and the *Common Sence*. As if there were some *hidden beauty*, of a more *Magnetique force*, then all that the *eye* can see. And this too, more powerfull at one *time*, then *another*. Vndiscovered influences *please* vs now, with what wee would sometimes *contemne*. I haue come to the same man, that hath now welcomm'd me with a *free expression of loue*, and *courtesies*: and another time hath left me *unsaluted* at all. Yet, knowing him well, I haue beene certaine of his sound *aff-ction*: and haue found this, not an *intended neglect*; but an *indisposednesse*, or, a *minde*, seriously *busied* within. *Occasion* reins the *motions* of the stirring *minde*. Like men that walke in their *sleepes*, we are led about, we neither know *whither* nor *how*. I know there is a *generation*, that doe thus, out of *pride*: and in *strangers*, I confesse, I know not how to *distinguish*. For there is no *disposition*, but hath a *varnisht vizor*, as well as an *unpencill'd face*. Some people coozen the *world*: are bad, and are not thought so. In some, the *world* is coozened: beleeuing them ill, when they are not. Vnlesse it hath beene some few of a *Family*; I haue knowne the whole *Molehill* of *Pismires* (the *World*) in an *errour*. For, though *Report* once vented, like a *stone* cast-into a *Pond*, begets *circle vpon circle*, till it meets with the *ba-ke*, that bounds it: yet *Fame* often playes the *Curre*, and opens, when

the *springs* no game. *Censures* wil not hold out weight,  
 that haue life onely from the *spungie Cels* of the  
*common braine*. Why should I *definitiuely* censure a-  
 ny man, whom I know but *superficially*? as if I were  
 a *God*, to see the *inward soule*. *Nature*, *Art*, *Report*,  
 may all faile: Yea, oftentimes *probabilities*. There  
 is no certainty to discouer *Man* by, but *Time*, and  
*Conuersation*. Euery *Man* may be said in some sort,  
 to haue two *soules*; one, the *internall minde*; the o-  
 ther, euen the outward *ayre* of the *face*, and *bodies*  
*gesture*. And how infinitely in some shall they  
 differ? I haue known a *wise looke*, hide a *foole* within:  
 and a *merry face*, inhold a *discontented soule*. *Cleanthes*  
 might well haue fail'd in his *iudgement*, had not ac-  
 cident haue helped him, to the *obscured Truth*. Hee  
 would vndertake to reade the *minde* in the *bodie*.  
 Some to try his *skill*, brought him a *luxurious fellow*,  
 that in his *youth*, had beene expos'd to *toyle*: seeing  
 his *face* tann'd, and his hands *lether'd* with a  
 hardened skinne, hee was at a *stand*. Whereup-  
 on departing, the man *sneezed*, and *Cleanthes*  
 sayes, Now I know the man, hee is *effeminate*.  
 For great labourers rarely *sneeze*. *Iudgement* is  
 apt to *erre*, when it passeth vpon *things* we know  
 not. Euery man keepes his *minde*, if hee lists,  
 in a *Labyrinth*. The heart of Man, to Man, is  
 a roome *inscrutable*. Into which, *Nature* has  
 made no certaine *window*, but as himselfe shall  
 please to *open*. One man shewes himselfe to mee,  
 to another, hee is shut vp. No man can either *like*  
*all*, or be *liked of all*. *God* doth not please *all*. Nay,  
 I thinke, it may stand with *Diuinity*, as men are, to  
 say,

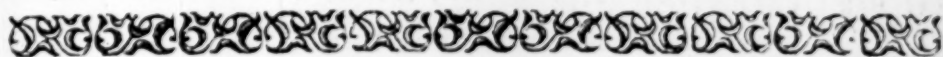


say, hee cannot. Man is infinitely more *impotent*. I will speake of euery man as I finde. If I heare he hath beene *ill* to others, I will *beware him*, but not *condemne* him, till I heare his owne *Apologie*.

*Qui statuit aliquid, parte inaudita altera,  
Æquum licet statuerit, baud æquus est.*

Who iudgement giues, and wil but one side heare,  
Though he iudge right, is no good Iusticer.

The *Nature* of many men is *abstruse*: and not to bee espy'd, at an *Instant*. And without knowing this, I know *nothing*, that may warrant my *Sentence*. As I will not too farre beleue *reports* from others: So I will neuer *cenſure* any man, whom I know not *internally*; nor euer those, but *sparing*, and with *modestie*.



XXIII.

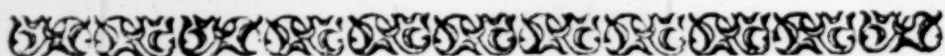
*That Man ought to be extensiuely good.*

I Finde in the *Creation*, the first blessing God gaue *Man*, was, *Be fruitfull, and multiplie*. And this, I find imposed by a *precept*, not a *promise*. It being a thing so necessary, as God would not leaue it, but almost in an *impulsive* qualitie. And withall to shew vs that (euen from the beginning) *mans happinesse* should consist, in obeying Gods *commands*. All men loue to liue in *posteritie*. Barrennesse is a *Curse*; and



makes men vnwilling to dye. *Men*, rather then they will want insuing *memory*, will bee spoken by the *handed Statute* : Or by the *long-lasting* of some *insensate Monument*. When bragging *Cambyfes* would compare himselfe with his father *Cyrus*, and some of his *flatterers* told him, hee did excell him: Stay, sayes *Cræsus*; you are not yet his *equall* for hee left a *sonne* behinde him. As if hee were an *imperfect Prince*, that leaueth an *unhelmed State*. When *Philip* viewed his yong sonne *Alexander*, he said, He could then be content to dye. *Conceit* of a suruiuing name, sweetens *Deaths alloed potion*. Tis for this, we so loue those that are to *preserue* vs in extended *successions*. There was something more in it, then the naked geere, when *Cæsar* (seeing strangers at *Rome*, with *whelpes* and *Monkies* in their indulgent laps) asked, if they were the *children*, that the *women* of those *Lands* brought forth. For hee thought such *respectfull loue*, was due to none, but a selfe-extracted *Of-spring*. Nor, is this onely in the *baser part of Man*, the *body* : but euen in the *Sagacions soule*. The first Act God requires of a *Conuert*, is, *Bee fruitfull*. The good Mans *goodnesse*, lies not hid in himselfe alone : he is still strengthening of his *weaker brother*. How soone would the *World* and *Christianity* faile, if there were not *propagation* both of it and *man*? Good *workes*, and good *instructions*, are the *generatine acts* of the *soule*: Out of which spring new *posterity* to the *Church*, and *Gospel*. And I am perswaded, to be a meanes of bringing more to *heauen*, is an inseparable desire of a *soule*, that is rightly *stated*. Good men, wish all that they *con-*  
*uerse*

uerse withall in *goodnesse*, to be like themselves. How vngratefully hee *slinkes* away, that dyes and does nothing, to reflect a *glory to Heauen*? How *barren a tree* he is, that *lives*, and *spreads*, and *cumbers* the ground, yet leaues not one *seed*, not one good worke to generate another, after him? I know all cannot leaue alike; yet, all may leaue something, answering their *proportion*, their *kindes*. They be *dead*, and *withered graines of Corne*, out of which, there will not one *Eare* spring. The *Physician* that hath a *Soueraigne Recet*, and *dyeth* vnreuealing it, robbes the world of many *blesings*, which might *multiply* after his *death*: Leauing this *Collection*, a truth to all *Suruiuers*: that he did *good* to others, but to doe himselfe a *greater*: Which, how contrary it is to *Christianity*, and the *Nature of explicatiue Loue*; I appeale to those mindes where *Grace* hath sowne more *Charity*. *Vertue* is distributiue, and had rather *pleasure* many with a *selfe-iniury*, then bury *benefits* that might *pleasure a multitude*. I doubt whether euer he will finde the way to *Heauen*, that desires to goe thither alone. They are enuious *Fauorites*, that wish their *Kings* to haue no *loyall Subiects*, but themselves. All *heauenly hearts* are *charitable*. *In-lightned soules* cannot but disperse their *rayes*. I will, if I can, doe something for others, and *heauen*; not to deserue by it; but to expresse my *selfe*, and my *thanks*. Though I cannot doe what I *would*, I will labour to doe what I *can*.



## XXV.

*Of the horroure sinne leaues behind.*

**N**O willing Sinne was euer in the *Act displeasing*. Yet, is it not sooner *past*, thē *distastfull*: though *pleasure* merries the *Sences* for a while: yet *horroure* after vultures the *unconsuming heart*; and those which carry the most *pleasing tastes*, fit vs with the *largest reluctations*. Nothing so soone, can worke so strange a *change*: Now, in the *height of delight*. Now, in the *depth of horroure*. *Damned Sathan!* that with *Orphean ayres*, and *dextrous warbles*, lead't vs to the *Flames of Hell*: and then, with a *contempt* deridest vs. Like a cunning *Curtizan*, that dallies the *Ruffian* to vndoe himselfe; and then payes him with a *fleere*, and *scorne*. Or, as some men will doe to a *desired beauty*, vow, and promise that, in the *heat of passion*, which they neuer mind to stand vnto. Herein onely is the *difference*: *Gratitude*, and good *nature*, may sometimes make them *penitent*, and seeke some way to *satisfie*: whereas, hee that yeelds to the *wooing Deuill*, does but more augment his *tyranny*. For, when wee meete with *ignoble spirits*, the more *obedience*, is a cause of the *worser use*. How often, and how *infinitely* are wee *abused*? with what *Masques* and *Triumphs* are wee led to destruction? *Foolish, besotted, degenerate Man!* that hauing so often experimented his *Juggling*, wilt yet beleeue his *fiCTIONS*, and his turfed *Mines*:



*Mines*: as if hee had not many wayes to one *destroying end*: or could bring thee any *pleasure*, and in it not aime at thine *ouertrow*. Knowest thou not, that hee sowes his *tares by night*; and in his *Baits*, hides all hee knowes may *hurt thee*? Are not all those *delights* he brings vs, like *Trappes* wee set for *Vermine*, *charitable*, but to *kill*? Does hee not first pitch his *Toiles*, and then *traine* vs about to *insnare* vs? He shewes vs nothing but a *tempting face*; where hee hath counterfeited *Natures excellency*, and all the *graces* of a *modest countenance*: while, whatsoeuer is *infectiue*, is veiled ouer with the exactest *dresse* of *comelinesse*. When our *sonles* thirst after *pleasure*, wee are call'd as *Beasts* with *fodder*, to the *slaughter-house*: or as *Boyes* catch *Horses*, with *prouender* in their hands to *ride* them. *Ill actions* are *perpetuall perturbations*: the *punishment* that followes, is farre more *griuous*, then the *performance* was *delightfull*: and the *guilt* is worse then the *punishment*.

*Estq; pati pœnam, quàm meruisse, minus.*

The most smart is, to thinke we haue deseru'd it.

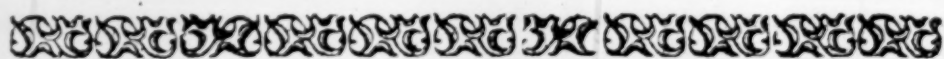
I'll giue you the *Story*: A *Pythagorean* bought a paire of *Shoes* vpon trust: the *Shoemaker* dyes: the *Philosopher* is glad, and thinkes them *gaines*: but a while after, his *conscience* twitches him, & becomes a *perpetuall chider*: hee repaires to the *house* of the *dead*, casts in his *money*, with these words; *There, take thy due, Thou liuest to mee, though dead to all beside.*

Certainly, *ill gotten gaires* are farre worse, then *losses* with preferued *honesty*. These *griue* but once, the other are continually *grating* vpon our quiet. He *diminishes* his own *contentment*, that would adde to it, by *vnlawfulnesse*; looking onely on the *beginning*, hee thinks not to what end, the end *extendeth*. Tis *indiscretion* that is *Hare-sighted*.

*O Demea, istuc est sapere non quod ante pedes modo est  
Videre, sed etiam illa quæ futura sunt prospicere.*

I tell thee, *Demea*, *Wisedome* lookes as well,  
To things to come, as those that present are.

This *difference*th a wise man and a *foole*: The first, *begins* in the *end*; the other *ends* in the *beginning*. I will take a part of both, and fixe one *eye* on the *Act*, another on the *consequence*. So if I spy the *Deuill* be *shrowded* in the *following traine*, I will shut the dore against the *pleasure* it selfe, though it comes like a *Lord*, vnder a *pretence* of honouring mee.



## XXVI.

*Of Man's imperfection.*

**O**F my *selfe*, what can I doe without the hazzard of *erring*? Nay, what can I *thinke*? Nay, what can I *not doe*, or *not thinke*? euen my best *businessse*, and my best *vacancy*, are *workes of offence and errour*. Vncomfortable *constitutio* of *man*; that canst not but be *bad*,

bad, both in *action*, and *forbearance*. *Corruption* mixeth with our purest *devotions* : and not to performe them, is *neglect*. When we thinke not of *God* at all, we are *impious*, and *ungratefull*: when we do, we are not able to thinke *aright*. *Imperfection* swaies in all the *weake dispatches* of the palsied *soule*. If the *Diuell* be absent, our owne *frailties* are his tempting *Deputies*. If those forbear, the *Meretricious world* claps our *cheekes*, and fond's vs to a *coozening faile*. So, which way soeuer we turne, we are sure to be *bitten* with the one, or the other *head* of this *Cerberus*. To what can we intend our selues, wherein there is not a *Diuell* to intrap vs? If we *pray*, how he casts in wandring *thoughts*, or by our *eyes*, steales away our *hearts*, to some other *object* then *God*! If we *heare*, he hath the same *policy*, & *preiudicates* our *opinion* with the *Man*, or part of his *doctrine*. If we *reade*, he perswades vs to let *Reason* iudge, as well as *Faith* : So, measuring by a *false rule*, he would make vs beleeue, *Diuinity* is much *short* of what it shewes for. If we doe *good works*, he would *poyson* them, with *Pharaisisme*, and make vs, by *ouerualuing*, lose them. If we doe *ill*, he encourages vs to a *continuance* : and at last *accuses* vs. If *nothing*, we *neglect* the good wee should doe. If we *sleepe*, he comes in *dreames*, and wantoneth the *ill-inclining soule*. If we *wake*, we mis-spend our *time*; or, at best, doe *good*, not *well*. So, by bad *circumstances*, *poyson* a well intended *principall*. Euen *Actions* of necessity, we dispatch not without a *staine*; we drinke to *excesse*; and the drowning of the *braine*. We eate, not to satisfie *Nature*, but to overcharge *her*; and to *venereate* the vnbridled *spirits*



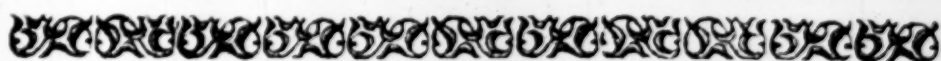
*rits.* As a *Mill wheele* is continually turn'd round, and euer drenched with a new *streame*: so are we alwaies hurried with successions of *various sinnes*. Like *Arrowes* shot in mighty *windes*, wee wander from the *Bow* that sent vs. Sometimes we thinke we doe things well: but when they are past, we are sensible of the *transgression*. We progresse in the waies of *Vice*, and are constant in *nothing*, but *perpetuall offending*. You may see the thoughts of the whipping *Satyrist*, how diuine they are:

*Nobilis, & varia est ferme natura malorum:  
Cum scelus admittunt, superest constantia: quid fas,  
Atque nefas tandem incipiunt sentire, peractis  
Criminibus: tamen ad mores natura recurrit  
Damnatos fixa, & mutari nescia: nam quis  
Peccandi finem posuit sibi? quando recepit  
Eiectum semel attrita de fronte ruborem?  
Quisnam hominum est, quem tu contentum videris uno  
Flagitio? ———*

*Nature* is motiue in the quest of ill:  
Stated in mischief: all our ablest Skill  
Cannot know *right* from *wrong*, till *wrong* be done:  
Fixt *Nature*, will to condemn'd customes runne  
Vnchangedly: Who to his *sinnes* can set  
A certaine end? When hath he euer met  
Blushes once from his hardned forehead throwne?  
Who is it sinnes, and is content with one?

Surely there will not a *man* be found, that is able  
to answer to these *quare's*. Their *soules* haue *ceeled*  
eyes,

eyes, that can see nothing but perfection, in their owne labours. It is not to any man giuen, absolutely to be *absolute*. I will not be too forward in *censuring* the workes of others; nor will I euer doe any, that I will not submit to *iudgement*, and *correction*: yet so, as I will be able to giue a *reason*, why I haue order'd them, as the world sees.



XXVII.

*Of curiositie in knowledge.*

Nothing wraps a Man in such a *myst* of errors, as his owne *curiositie*, in searching things beyond him. How *happily* doe they liue, that know nothing, but what is *necessary*? Our *knowledge* doth but shew vs our *ignorance*. Our most *studious scrutiny*, is but a *discovery* of what we cannot know. We see the *effect*: but cannot guesse at the *cause*. *Learning* is like a *Riuer*, whose *head* being farre in the *Land*, is, at first *rising*, little, and easily viewed: but, still as you go, it *gapeth* with a *wider banke*: not without *pleasure*, and *delightfull winding*; while it is on both sides set with *trees*, and the beauties of various *flowres*. But still the *further* you follow it, the *deeper* and the *broadier* 'tis; till at last, it *inuaues* it selfe in the *unfathom'd Ocean*; There you see more *water*; but no *shore*, no end of that *liquid, fluid vastnesse*. In many things we may sound *Nature*, in the shallowes of her *reuelations*. We may trace her, to her second *causes*; but beyond them, we meete with nothing but



but the *puzzle* of the *soule*, and the *dazle* of the *minds dim eyes*. While we speake of things that are, that we may *disssect*, and haue *power*, and *meanes* to finde the *causes*, there is some *pleasure*, some *certain- tie*. But, when we come to *Metaphisicks*, to long *bur- ried Antiquity*, and vnto *vnreueal'd Diuinity*, we are in a *Sea*, which is *deeper* then the short reach of the *line of Man*. Much may be gained by *studious inqui- sition*; but more will euer rest, which *Man* cannot *discover*. I wonder at those, that will assume a *know- ledge* of all; they are *vnwisely ashamed of an ignorance*, which is not *disgraciu*; 'tis no *shame* for man not to know that, which is not in his *possibility*. We fill the *World* with cruell *brawles*, in the *obstinate defence* of that, whereof we might with more *honour*, con- fesse our selues to be *ignorant*. One will tell vs our *Sauionrs disputations* among the *Doctors*. Another, what became of *Moses body*. A third, in what place *Paradise* stood: and where is *locall Hell*. Some will know *Heauen* as perfectly, as if they had been *hur- ried* about in euery *Spheare*; and I thinke they may. Former Writers would haue the *Zones* inhabi- table; we finde them by *experience*, temperate. Saint *Augustine* would by no meanes indure the *Anti- podes*: we are now of nothing more certaine. Euery *Age* both *confutes* old *errors*, and begets *new*. Yet still are we more *intangled*, and the further we goe, the neerer we approach a *Sunne* that *blindes* vs. He that went furthest in these *things*, we finde ending with a *censure* of their *vanity*, their *vexation*. 'Tis questionable, whether the *progresse of Learning* hath done more hurt, or good, whether the *Schooles* haue

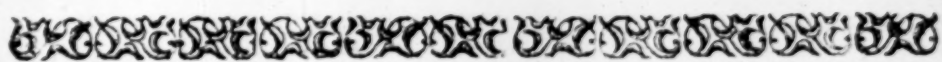


haue not made more Questions then they haue *decided*; where haue we such peaceable, and flourishing *Common-wealths*, as we haue found among those, which haue not so much, as had the *knowledge of Letters*? Surely, these *fruitlesse* and *enigmatique questions*, are *bones* the *Diuell* hath cast among vs, that while we *strive* for a vaine *Conquest*, in these *Toyes* we forget the *Prize* we should run for. The *Husbandman* that looks not beyond the *Plough*, and the *Sythe*, is in much more *quiet*, then the *diuided braine*, of the *Statist*, or the *Scholler*. Who will not approoue the *iudgement* of our *Moderne Epigrammatists*!

*Iudice me, soli semperque perinde beati,  
Sunt, quicunque sciunt omnia, quique nihil.*

If I may iudge, they onely happy show,  
Which doe or nothing, or else all things know.

In *things* whereof I may be certaine, I will *labour* to be *instructed*. But, when I come where *reason* loseth her *selfe*; I will be content with retiring *admiration*. Why should I racke my braines, for vnprofitable *impossibilities*? Though I cannot *know* how much is *hid*; I may soone *iudge* what may be *discovered*.



## XXVIII.

*Of being ouerualued.*

**T**Is an *inconuenience* for a *Man* to be counted *wiser* then *ordinary*. If he be a *Superior*, it keepes him

him from discerning what his *inferiors* are. For, their *opinion* of his piercing *iudgement*, makes them to *dissemble* themselves; and fits them with a *Care*, not onely to hide their *defects*, but to shew him onely, the best of themselves. Like *ill complexion'd Women*, that would faine be mistaken for *faire*; they *paint* most cunningly, where they know a *blemish*, or *skarre*; especially, when they are to *incounter* with those, that be naturally *beautifull*. *Worth* in others, and *defect* in our selves, are two *motiues*, that induce vs to the *gilding* of our owne *imperfections*. When the *Sun-bak'd Peasant* goes to feast it with a *Gentleman*, he *washes*, and *brushes*, and *kerfies* himselfe in his *Holiday cloathes*. When the *Gentleman* comes to him, he does *fine* vp his *homely house*, and *couers* his *clayed floore*, with the freshnesse of a *rushy Carpet*: and all is, that he may appeare as aboue *himselfe*: while he is to meet with one that is so *indeed*. If he be an *equall*, men are *fore-opinion'd* of him for a *politicke* man: and in any matters of *weighty commerce*, they will study how to be more *cautelous* of him, than they would of an *unesteemed Man*. So he shall be sure to *conclude* nothing, but vpon harder *conditions* for himselfe. Generall *Fames* warne vs to aduised *contracts*. He that is to play with a cunning *Fencer*, will heed his *Wardes*, and *aduantage* more; who, were he to meet with one *unskilfull*, he would *neglect*, or not *thinke* of them. Strong *opposition* teaches *opposition* to be so. I haue secne a rising *Fauorite* laid at, to be trod in the *dust*: while the *unnoted man*, hath pass'd with the greater *quiet*, and *gaine*. *Report* both makes *Ielousies* where there  
are



are *none*, and increaseth those that there *are*. If he be an *inferiour*, he is often a man of *unwelcome society*. He is thought one of *too prying an observation*: and that he *lookes* further into our *actions*, then we would haue him search. For there be few, which doe not sometimes doe such *actions*, as they would not haue *discretion* scan. *Integritie* it selfe, would not be awed with a *blabbing Spie*. I know, the *observer* may faile as well as the *other*: but wee all know *natures* to be so composed,

*Aliena melius ut videant, & iudicent, quàm sua.*

That they see more of others then their owne.

We iudge of others, by what they *should be*; of our selues, by what we are. No man ha's *preeminence*, but wishes to preferue it in vnpruned *state*; which while an *inferiour* notes of *imperfection*, he thinkes, doth suffer *detriment*: so he rather seekes to be rid of his *company*, then desires to keepe him, as the *watch of his waies*. Let me haue but so much *wisdom*, as may orderly manage my *selfe*, and my *meanes*; and I shall neuer care to be digited, with a *That is He*. I wish, not to be esteemed wiser then vsuall: They that are so, doe better in *concealing* it, then in telling the *World*. I hold it a greater injury to be *ouer-valued*, then *under*. For, when they both shall come to the *touch*, the one shall *rise* with *praise*, while the *other* shall decline with *shame*. The *first* hath more incertain'd *honour*; but lesse *safety*: The *latter* is *humbly-secure*; and what is wanting in *renowne*, is made vp in a better blessing, *quiet*.  
There



There is no *Detraction* worse then to *ouer-praise* a man: For whilest his *worth* comes short of what *report* doth speake him; his owne *actions* are euer giuing the *lye* to his *honour*.



## XXIX.

*That mis-conceit ha's ruin'd Man.*

O<sup>r</sup> owne *Follies* haue beene the onely cause, to make our liues *uncomfortable*. Our *error* of *opinion*, our cowardly feare of the *Worlds* worthlesse *Censure*, and our *madding* after *vn-necessary* *Gold*, haue brambled the way of *Vertue*, and made it farre more difficult then indeed it is. *Vertue* hath suffered most by those which should yphold her: That now we feigne her to be, not what she *is*, but what our fondnesse makes her, a *Hill* almost vn-ascendable, by the roughnesse of a *craggy* way. Wee force *indurance* on our selues, to waue with the wanton *taile* of the *World*: We dare not doe those things that are *lawfull*, lest the *wandering* *World* misconstrue them: As if wee were to looke more to what wee should bee *thought*, then to what wee should *resolvedly* be. As if the *Poet* writ *vntruth*, when hee tels his *friend*, that,

*Vertue, muddy censures* scorning,  
With *unstained Honour* shines:  
Without *vulgar breath's* suborning,  
Takes the *Throne*, and *Crowne* resignes.

*Virtus*

*Virtus repulsa nescia sordida,  
Intaminatis fulget honoribus :  
Nec sumit aut ponit secures  
Arbitrio popularis Aura.*

Nor does she liue in *penurie*; as some haue ill imagined: though she liues not in *Palaces*, yet she does in *Paradise*: & there is the *Spirit of ioy*, youthfull in *perpetuall life*. *Virtue* is a *competent fruition of a lawfull pleasure*; which we may well vse so farre, as it brings not any euill in the *sequell*. How many haue thought it the *Summum bonum*? *Antisthenes* was of opinion, that it had sufficient in it, to make a man perfectly *bappy*: to the attaining of which, he wanted nothing but a *Socraticque strength*. Shall we thinke *Goodnesse* to be the *height of pleasure* in the other world; and shall we be so mad, as to thinke it heere, the *sufferance of misery*? Surely 'twas none of *Gods* intent, to square man out for *sorrowes*. In our *salutes*, in our *prayers*, we wish & inuoke *heauen* for the *happinesse* of our *friends*: & shall we be so vniust, or so vncharitable, as to withhold it from our *selues*? As if we should make it a *fashion*, to be kinde *abroad*, and discourteous at *home*. I do thinke nothing more lawfull, then *moderately* to satisfie the *pleasing desires* of *Nature*; so as they infringe not *Religion*, hurt not our *selues*, or the *commerce of humane societie*. *Laughing* is a faculty peculiar to *Man*: yet, as if it were giuen vs for *inversion*, no Creature liues so *miserable*, so *disconsolate*. Why should we deny to vse that lawfully, which *Nature* hath made for *pleasure*, in *employment*? *Virtue* hath neither so crabbed a *face*, nor so austere

H

a looke,



a looke, as we make her. Tis the *World*, that choaking vp the way, does *rugged* that which is naturally *smoother*. How happy and how healthfull doe those things liue, that follow harmelesse *Nature*? They weigh not what is *past*, are intent of the *present*, and neuer solicitous of what is to *come*: They are better pleased with *conuenient foode* then *dainty*: and that they eate, not to *distemper*, but to *nourish*, to *satisfie*. They are well arayed with what *Nature* has giuen them: and for *rayment*, they are neuer clad in the *spoiles of others*, but the *Flies*, the *Beasts*, the *Fishes*, may for all them, welcome *Age* in their owne *silkes*, *wools*, and *Scarlets*. They liue like *Children*, innocently sporting with their *Mother*, *Nature*: and with a pretty kinde of *harmelesnesse*, they hang vpon her *nursing brest*. How rarely finde we any *diseased*, but by *ill mans* mis-vsing them? Otherwise, they are *sound* and *uncomplaining*. And this *blessednesse* they haue heere aboute *Man*; that, neuer seeking to be more then *Nature* meant them, they are much neerer to the *happinesse* of their *first estate*; Wherein this, I confesse, may be some reason: *Man* was cur'd for his *owne sinne*: they, but for the *sinne of Man*: and therefore they decline lesse into *worse*, in this the *crazed age* of the *World*: Whereas, *Man* is a daily multiplier of his own *Calamities*: & what at first *undid him*, does constantly increase his *woes*; *Search*, and *selfe-presumption*. Hee hath sought meanes to winde himselfe out of *miserie*, and is thereby implunged to *more*. Hee hath left *vertue*, which the *Stoicks* haue defined to be *honest Nature*; and is lanced into *by-deuices* of his owne *ingiddied braine*:



*braine*: nor doe I see, but that this *definition* may hold with true *Religion*. For that does not abolish *Nature*, but rectifie it, and bound it. And though *Man* at first fell desperately, yet we read not of any *Law* hee had to liue by, more then the *Instinct* of *Nature*, and the remnant of *Gods Image* in him, till *Moses* time: Yet in that time, who was it that did teach *Abel* to doe *Sacrifice*? as if wee should almost belecue, that *Nature* could finde out *Religion*. But when *Man* (once false) was by degrees growne to a height of *preuariance*: Then *God* commanded *Moses*, to giue them *rules*, to checke the madding of their *ranging mindes*. Thus, *God* made *Man* righteous; but he sought out *vaine Inventions*: among all which, none hath more befooled him, then the setting vp of *Gold*: For now, (*riches* swaying all) they that serue *Vertue*, like those of another *Faction*, are pusht at by those that runne with the *generall streame*. Incogitable calamitie of *Man*; that must make that for the hinders of his *life* to turne on, which need not in any thing bee conducent to it. I applaud that in the *Westerne Indies*; where the *Spaniard* hath conquer'd: whose *Inhabitants* esteemed *gold*, but as it was wrought into necessarie *vessell*; and that no more, then they would alike of any *inferiour metall*: esteeming more of the *commodiousnesse*, then they did of the thing it selfe. Is it not miserable, that wee should set vp such an *Idoll*, as should destroy our *happinesse*? And that *Christians* should teach *Heathen* to vndoe themselves by *couetousnesse*! How happily they liu'd in *Spaine*, till fire made some *mountaines* vomit

*Gold*! and what miserable *discords* followed after, *Vines* vpon *Augustine* doth report. If this were put downe, *Vertue* might then be *Queene* againe. Now, wee cannot serue her as wee ought, without the leaue of this *Godling*. Her accessse is more difficult, because wee must goe about to come to her. As when an *Vsurper* hath deposed the *rightfull King*; those that would shew their loue to the *true one*, either *dare not*, or *cannot*, for feare of the *false ones might*. Some things I must doe that I would not; as being one among the rest, that are inuolued in the *generall necessitie*. But in those things wherein I may bee free from impugning the *Lawes of Humantie*, I will neuer deny my selfe an honest *solace*, for feare of an *ayery censure*. Why should another mans *iniustice* breed my *unkindnesse* to my selfe? As for *Gold*, surely the *World* would bee much happier, if there were no such thing in it. But since 'tis now the *Fountaine* whence all things flow, I will care for it, as I would for a *Passe*, to trauell the *World* by, without *begging*. If I haue none, I shall haue so much the more misery; because *custome* hath plaid the *foole*, in making it *materiall*, when it needed not.



XXX.

Of Woman.

Some are so *uncharitable*, as to thinke all *Women* *bad*; and others are so credulous, as they beleue, they



they *all* are good. Sure : though euery man speakes as he findes; there is reason to direct our opinion, without experience of the whole *Sex*; which in a *strict examination*, makes more for their *honour*, then most men haue acknowledged. At first, she was created his *Equall*; onely the difference was in the *Sex* : otherwise, they both were *Man*. If wee argue from the *Text*; that *male* and *female* made *man* : so the *man* being put *first*, was *worthier*. I answer, *So the Euening and the morning was the first day*: yet few will thinke the *night* the *better*. That *Man* is made her *Gouernour*, and so *aboue* her, I belecue rather the punishment of her *sinne*, then the *Prerogative of his worth* : Had they both stood, it may be thought, she had neuer beene in that *subiection* : for then had it beene no *curse*, but a *continuance of her former estate* : which had nothing but *blesse*dnesse in it. *Peter Martyr* indeed is of opinion, that *man* before the *fall*, had *prioritie* : But *Chrysostome*, he sayes does doubt it. All will grant her *body* more *admirable*, more *beautifull* then *Mans* : fuller of *curiosities*, and *Noble Natures wonders* : both for *conception*, and *fostering* the prodaacted *birth*. And can wee thinke *God* would put a *worser soule* into a *better body* ? When *Man* was created, 'tis said, *God made Man* : but when *woman*, 'tis said, *God builded her* : as if hee had then beene about a *frame of rarer Roomes*, and more *exact composition*. And, without doubt, in her *body*, she is much more *wonderfull* : & by this, we may thinke her so in her *minde*. *Philosophie* tels vs, Though the *soule* be not caused by the *body*; yet in the generall it followes the tempera-

ment of it: so the *comeliest out-sides*, are naturally (for the most part) more *vertuous within*. If place can bee any priuiledge; wee shall finde her built in *Paradise*, when *Man* was made *without it*. 'Tis certaine, they are by *constitution* colder then the *boyling Man*: so by this, more *temperate*: 'tis beate that transports *Man* to *immoderation* and *furie*: 'tis that, which hurries him to a *sauage & libidinous violence*. *Women* are naturally the more *modest*: and *modestie* is the *seate and dwelling place* of *Vertue*. Whence proceed the most *abhorrid villanies*, but from a *masculine vnblushing impudence*? What a deale of *sweetnesse* do we finde in a *milde disposition*? When a *Woman* growes bold and daring, we dislike her, & say, *shee is too like a man*: yet in our *selues*, we *magnifie* what we *condemne* in *her*. Is not this *iniustice*? *Eue-ry man* is so much the *better*, by how much hee comes neerer to *God*. *Man* in nothing is more like *Him*, then in being *mercifull*. Yet *Woman* is farre more *mercifull* then *Man*: It being a *Sexe*, wherein *Pitty* and *compassion* haue disperf'd farre brighter *rayes*. *God* is said to be *Loue*; and I am sure, eue-ry where *Woman* is spoken of, for transcending in that *qualitie*. It was neuer found, but in *two men* onely, that their loue exceeded that of the *feminine Sexe*: and if you obserue them, you shall finde, they were both of *melting dispositions*. I know, when they proue *bad*, they are a sort of the *vilest creatures*: Yet still the same reason giues it: for, *Optima corrupta, pessima*: *The best things corrupted, become the worst*. They are things, whose *soules* are of a more *ductible temper*, then the harder metall of *man*: so may be made



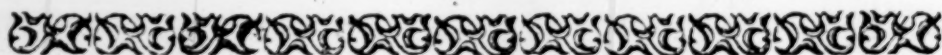
made both *better* and *worse*. The Representations of *Sophocles* and *Euripedes* may be both true : and for the *tongue-vice*, *talkatiuenesse*, I see not, but at *meetings*, *Men* may very well *vie words* with them. 'Tis true, they are not of so tumultuous a *spirit*, so not so fit for *great actions*. *Naturall heat* does more actuate the stirring *Genius* of *Man*. Their easie *Natures* make them somewhat more *unresolute*; whereby *men* haue argued them of *feare* and *inconstancie*. But *men* haue alwayes held the *Parliament*, and haue enacted their owne *wills*, without euer hearing *them* speake : and then, how easie is it to conclude them *guiltie* ? Besides, *Education* makes more difference between *men* and *them*, then *Nature* : and, all their *aspirations* are lesse noble, for that they are onely from their *Enemies*, *Men*. *Dio-genes* snarled bitterly, when walking with another, hee spied two women talking, and said, See, the *Viper* and the *Aspe* are changing *poyson*. The *Poet* was conceited, that said, After they were made ill, that God made them *fearefull*, that *Man* might rule them; otherwise they had beene past dealing with. *Catullus* his *Conclusion* was too generall, to collect a *deceit* in all *Women*, because hee was not confident of his owne.

*Nulli se dicit mulier mea nubere malle  
Quàm mihi: non si se Iupiter ipse petat.  
Dicit: sed mulier Cupido quod dicit amanti,  
In vento, & rapida scribere oportet aqua.*

My *Mistris* sweares, she'd leaue all men for me:  
Yea, though that *Ioue* himselfe should *Suiter* be.

She sayes it: but, what *Women* sweare to kind  
*Loues*, may be writ in *rapid streames*, and *wind*.

I am resolved to honour *Vertue*, in what *Sexe* fo-  
euer I finde it. And I thinke, in the generall, I shall  
finde it more in *Women*, then *Men*; though *weaker*,  
and more *infirmely guarded*. I belecue, they are *better*,  
and may bee wrought to be *worse*. Neither  
shall the *faults* of *many*, make me *uncharitable* to *All*:  
nor the *goodnesse* of *some*, make mee *credulous* of the  
*rest*. Though hitherto, I confesse, I haue not found  
more *sweet* and *constant goodnesse* in *Man*, then I haue  
found in *Woman*: and yet of *these*, I haue not found  
*a number*.



## XXXI.

*Of the losse of things loued.*

**N**O *crosses* do so much affect vs, as those that be-  
fall vs in the things we *loue*. Wee are more  
griued to lose *one child of affection*, then we should  
be for *many* that wee doe not so neerely care for,  
though *euery* of them bee alike to vs, in respect of  
*outward relations*. The *Soule* takes a *freedome*, to in-  
deare what it *liketh*, without discovering the *reason*  
to *Man*: and when that is taken from her, shee  
*mournes*, as hauing lost a *sonne*. When the *choyce* of  
*the Affections* dyes, a *generall lamentation* followes.  
To some things we so dedicate our selues, that in  
their *parting*, they seeme to take away euen the *sub-*  
*stance*



## RESOLVES.

*stance of our soule* along : as if wee had laid vp the  
*treasure of our lines*, in the fraile and moueable hold  
 of another. The *Soule* is fram'd of such an *active na-*  
*ture*, that 'tis impossible but it must assume *something*  
 to it selfe, to delight in : Wee seldome finde any,  
 without a *peculiar delight* in some *peculiar thing*;  
 though *various*, as their *fancies* leade them. *Honour*,  
*Warre*, *Learning*, *Musicke*, doe all finde their seuerall  
*votaries* : who, if they faile in their *soules wishes*,  
 mourne immoderately. *David* had his *Absalon* :  
*Hannah's wish* was *children* : *Hamans thirst* was *Ho-*  
*nour* : *Achitophel* tooke the glory of his counsell.  
 Who would haue thought, that they could, for  
 the misse of these, haue expressed such *excessiue*  
*passions* ? Who would haue beleeued, that one  
 neglectiō of his *Counsell*, would haue truss'd vp  
*Achitophel* in a *voluntary Halter* ? We then begin  
 to be *miserable*, when we are totally bent on some  
 one *temporall obiect*. What one *sublunary Center* is  
 there, which is able to receiue the *circles* of the  
*spreading soule* ? All that wee finde heere, is too  
*narrow*, and too *little*, for the *patent affections* of the  
*minde*. If they could afford vs *happinesse*, in their  
*possession*, it were not then such *fondnesse* to inleague  
 our selues with an *undeniable loue* : but, being they  
 cannot make vs *truely happy* in their *enioying* ; and  
 may make vs *miserable* by their *parting* ; it will be  
 best, not to *concenter* all our *rayes* vpon them.  
 Into how many *ridiculous passages* doe they pre-  
 cipitate themselves, that dore vpon a *rosy face* ?  
 Who looks not vpon *Dido*, with a kinde of  
*smiling pittie*, if *Virgil's Poetry* does not inure her  
 with

with *love* to *Aneas*, rather then tell the truth of her *bate* to *Iarbas*.

*Vritur infelix Dido totaq; vagatur  
Urbe furens : qualis coniecta Cerva sagitta;  
Quam procul incautam nemora inter Cresia fixit  
Pastor agens telis : liquitq; volatile ferrum  
Nescius : illa fuga sylvas saltusq; peragrat  
Dictæos : hæret lateri Lethalis arundo.*

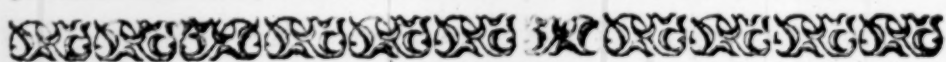
(waies  
Scorch't in fierce flames, through Cities feuerall  
Lost *Dido* wanders: like some *Deere* that strays,  
And vnawares, by some rude *Shepherds Dart*,  
In her owne *Crete*, pierc'd to her fearefull heart,  
Flies tripping through al *Dictæ's* Groves & Plaines;  
Yet still the *deadly Arrow* stickes, and paines.

But for such *high-fed Love* as this, *Crates* triple.re-  
medy is the best that I know: either *Fasting*, or  
*Time*: and, if both these faile, *A Halter*. And surely  
hee deserues it, for robbing himselfe of his *Soule*.  
Certainly, they can neuer liue in *quiet*, that so ve-  
hemently intend a peculiar *quest*. *Feare* and *suspici-*  
*on* startle their *affrighted mindes*; and many times,  
their *ouer-louing* is a cause of their *losse*: *Moderate*  
*care* would make it last the longer. Often hand-  
ling of the *withering Flowre*, 'addes not to the *con-*  
*tinuance*, but is a properation of more swift *decay*.  
Who loues a *Glasse* so well, as hee will still bee  
playing with it, *breakes* that by his *childishnesse*,  
which might haue beene found in the *Cellar* or  
*Cafe*. But, when in this wee shall lay vp all our  
best



*best contentments*; what doe wee, but like *foolish Merchants*, venture all our *estate* in a *bottom*? It is not good to bring our selues into that absolute *necessitie*, that the failing of *one ayme* should *perish* vs. Who, that cannot swimme well, would with one *small thred*, hazzard himselfe in the faithlesse and vnfounded *Sea*? How pleasantly the *wise man* laughs at that, which makes the *Lady weepe*; *The death of her little Dogge*? The *louing part* in her, wanted an obiect: so *play*, and *lapping on it*, made her place it *there*: and that so *deepely*, that shee must bedew *her n'yes* at parting with't. How improuident are we, to make that, *affliction* in the *farewell*, which while we had, wee knew was not alwayes to *stay*? nor could (if wee so pleas'd not) theeue the least *mite* from vs. He is vnwise, that lets his *light spleene* claphis *wanton sides*, which knowes it needes must *dye*, when's ere the *Musicke* ceases. I like him, that can both *play*, and *winne*, and *laugh*: and *lose*, without a *chafe*, or *sighes*. Our *loues* are not alwayes *constant*: their *obiects* are much more *uncertaine*; and *euents* more *casuall* then they. *Something* I must *like* and *loue*: but, *nothing* so violently, as to vndoe my selfe with wanting it. If I should euer be intangled in that *snare*; I will yet cast the *worst*, and prepare as well for a *parting iourney*, as *cohabitation*. And to preuent all, I will bend my *loue* toward that, which can neither be *lost*, nor admit of *excesse*. Nor yet will I euer loue a *Friend* so *little*, as that hee shall not command the *All* of an *honest man*.

of



## XXXII.

*Of the uncertainty of life.*

**M***iserable Breuitie! more miserable uncertainty of Life! we are sure that we cannot live long: and vncertaine that we shall live at all. And euen while I am writing this, I am not sure my Pen shall end the Sentence. Our life is so short, that wee cannot in it, contemplate what our selues are: so vncertaine, as we cannot say, we will resolve to doe it. Silence was a full answer in that Philosopher, that being asked, What hee thought of humane life; said nothing, turn'd him round, and vanisht. Like leaues on Trees, we are the sport of euery puffe that blowes: and with the least gust, may be shaken from our life and nutriment. We trauaile, wee study, wee thinke to dissect the World with continued searches: when, while wee are contriuing but the neereſt way to't, Age, and consumed yeeres or'etake vs; and only Labour payes vs the losses of our ill-expended time. Death whiskes about the vnthought full World, and with a Pegasean speed, flies vpon vnwarie Man; with the kicke of his heele, or the dash of his foote, springing Fountaines of the teares of Friends. Iuuenall does tell vs, how Life wings away:*

—— *Festinat enim decurrere velox  
Flosculus angusta, miseraq; breuissima vita  
Portio: dum bibimus, dum sorta, unguenta, puellas  
Poscimus, obrepit, non intellecta, senectus.*

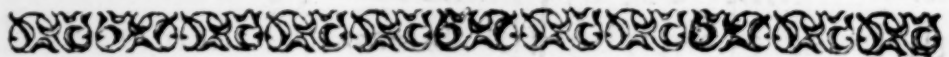
— The



—— The short-lyu'd *Flowre*, and *Portion*  
Of poore, sad *life*, post-hasterh to be gone :  
And while we *drinke*, seeke *women*, *wreaths*, & *earn'd*  
*Applause*, old age steales on vs *vn-discern'd*.

If *Nature* had not made *Man* an *active creature*, that  
hee should bee delighted in *employment*, nothing  
would conuince him of more *folly*, then the du-  
rance of some *enterprizes* that he takes in hand : for  
they are many times of such a future length, as we  
cannot in reason hope to liue till their *conclusion*  
comes. Wee *build*, as if we laid *foundations* for eter-  
*nitie* : and the *expeditions* we take in hand, are many  
times the length of three or foure *Lyues*. How  
many *Warriers* haue expir'd in their *expugnations* ;  
leauing their *breath* in the places where they laid  
their *Siege* ? Certainly, he that thinkes of *lifes ca-*  
*sualties*, can neither bee *carelesse*, nor *couetous*. I con-  
fesse, we *may* liue to the *Spectacle*, and the *bearing-*  
*staffe* : to the *stooping backe*, to the *snow*, or the *sleeke-*  
*nesse* of the *declining crowne* : but, how few are  
there, that can vnfold you a *Dyarie* of so many  
*leaves* ? More doe dye in the *Spring* and *Summer* of  
their yeeres, then liue till *Autumne*, or their *growned*  
*Winter*. When a man shall exhaust his very *vitali-*  
*tie*, for the hilling vp of *fatal Gold* ; and shall then  
thinke, how a *Haire*, or *Fly* may snatch him in a  
moment from it : how it quells his *laborious hope*, &  
puts his posting *minde* into a more safe and quiet  
pace. Vnlesse we were sure to enioy it, why should  
any man straine himfelfe, for more then is *conueni-*  
*ent* ? I will neuer care too much, for that I am not  
sure

sure to *keepe*. Yet, I know, should all men respect but their *owne time*, an *Age* or two would finde the World in *ruine*: so that for such actions, men may pleade their *charity*, that though they liue not to enioy those things themselves, they shall yet be beneficiall to *posterity*. And I rather thinke this an *Instinct* that G O D hath put in *Man*, for the conseruation of things; then an *intended Good* of the *Author* to his *followers*. Thus, as in *propagation*, wee are often more beholding to the *pleasure* of our *Parents*, then their desire of hauing vs: so in matters of the *World*, and *fortune*, the aimes of our *Predecessors* for themselves, haue, by the secret worke of *providence*, cast benefits vpon vs. I will not altogether blame him that I see begins *things lasting*. Though they be *vanities* to him, because hee knowes not who shall enioy them: yet they will bee things well fitted, for some that shall succeed them. They that doe me *good*, and know not of it, are causes of my *benefit*, though I doe not owe the *my thanks*: and I will rather *blesse* them, as *instruments*; then *condemne* them, as not *intenders*.



## XXXIII.

NN

*That good counsell should not be valued by the person.*

**T**O some, there is not a *greater vexation*, then to be aduised by an *Inferiour*. *Directions* are vnwelcome, that come to vs by ascensions: as if *wealth* only were the full accomplishment of a *soule* within;

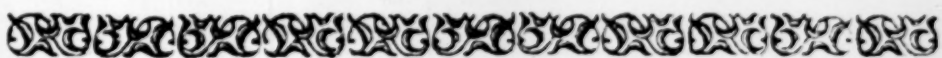


within; & could as well infuse an *inward iudgement*, as procure an *outward respect*. Nay, I haue knowne some, that being aduised by such, haue runne into a *worser contradiction*; because they would not seeme to learne of one below them: or if they see no other way conuenient, they will yet delay the *practice*, till they thinke the *Prompter* has forgot how he counsel'd them. They will rather flye in a perillous height, then seeme to decline at the voice of one *beneath them*. *Pittifull*! that we should rather *mischiefe our selues*, then be content to be *unprided*: For had wee but so much *humilitie*, as to thinke our selues but what wee are, *Men*; wee might easily belecue, another might haue *braine* to equall vs. Hee is sicke to the ruine of himselfe, that refuseth a *Cordiall*, because presented in a *Spoone of wood*. That *Wisdom*e is not *lastingly good*, which stops the *eare* with the *tongue*: that will command and *speake all*, without hearing the voice of another. Euen the *Slau*e may sometimes light on a way to *inlarge* his *Master*; when his own *invention* failes. Nay, there is some reason why we should be best directed by *men below our state*: For, while a *Superior* is *sudden* and *fearelesse*, an *Inferiour* premeditates the *best*; lest being found *weake*, it might displease, by being too light in the *poize*. *Iob* reckons it a part of his *integrity*, that hee had not refused the *iudgement of his seruant*. 'Tis good to *command* and *heare* them. Why should wee shame by any *honest meanes*, to meete with *that* which benefits vs? In things that bee *difficult*, and not of important *secresie*, I thinke it not amisse to consult with

with *Inferiours*. He that lyes vnder the *Tree*, sees more then they that sit o'th top on't. *Nature* hath made the *bodies eye* to looke *upward* with more ease then *downe*: So, the *eye of the soule* sees beter in *ascensions*, and things *meanely raised*. Wee are all with a kinde of *delectation*, carried to the *things aboue vs*: and we haue also better meanes of obseruing them, while wee are admitted their *view*, and yet not thought as *Spies*. In *things beneath vs*, not being so *delighted* with them, we passe them ouer with *neglect*, and *not-obseruing*. *Seruants* are vsually our *best friends*, or our *worst Enemies*: *Neuters* seldome. For, being knowne to be priuie to our *retired actions*, and our more *continuell conuersation*; they haue the aduantage of being *beleened*, before a *remoued friend*. *Friends* haue more of the *tongue*, but *Seruants* of the *hand*: and *Actions* for the most part, speake a *man* more truly then *Words*. *Attendants* are like to the *lockes* that belong to a *house*: while they are *strong* and *close*, they preferue vs in *safety*: but *weake* or *open*, we are left a *prey* to *theeues*. If they be such as a *stranger* may picke, or another open with a *false key*; it is very fit to *change* them instantly. But if they be well *warded*, they are then good *guards* of our *fame* and *welfare*. 'Tis good, I confesse, to consider how they stand *affected*; and to *handle* their *Counsels*, before wee *embrace* them: they may sometimes at once, both *please* and *poyson*. *Aduice* is as well the *wise mans fall*, as the *fooles aduancement*: and is often *most wounding*, when it stroakes vs with a *silken hand*. All *families* are but *diminutives* of a *Court*; where most men respect  
more



more their owne *aduancement*, then the *honour* of their *Throned King*. The same thing, that makes a *lying Chamber-maid* tell a *foule Ladie*, that shee lookes *louely*: makes a *base Lord*, soothe vp his *ill King* in *Mischiefe*. They both counsell, rather to *insinuate themselves*, by floating with a *light-lou'd humour*; then to profit the *aduised*, and imbetter his *fame*. It is good to know the disposition of the *Counsellor*, so shall wee better iudge of his *counsell*; which yet if we finde *good*, we shall doe well to follow, howloeuers his affection stand. I will loue the *good counsell*, euen of a *bad man*. Wee thinke not *Gold* the worse, because 'tis brought vs in a *bagge of leather*: No more ought wee to contemne *good counsell*, because it is presented vs, by a *bad man*, or an *underling*.



## XXXIV.

*Of Custome in aduancing monie.*

**C***ustome* mis-leades vs all: we magnifie the *wealthy man*, though his *parts* be neuer so *poore*; the *poore man* we despise, bee he neuer so well otherwise *qualified*. To bee *rich*, is to bee three parts of the way onward to *perfection*. To be *poore*, is to be made a *panement* for the tread of the *full-minded man*. *Gold* is the onely *Couerlet* of *imperfections*: 'tis the *Fooles Curtaine*, that can hide all his *defects* from the *World*: It can make *knees bow*, and *tongues speake*, against the natiue *Genius* of the *growing heart*: It sup-

ples more then Oyle, or *Fomentations*: and can stiffen beyond the *Summer Sunne*, or the *Winters white-bearded cold*. In this wee differ from the ancient *Heathen*; They made *Iupiter* their *chiefe god*; and wee haue crowned *Pluto*. Hee is *Master of the Muses*, and can buy their *voices*. The *Graces* waite on him: *Mercury* is his *Messenger*: *Mars* comes to him for his *pay*: *Venus* is his *Prostitute*: Hee can make *Vesta* breake her *vow*: Hee can haue *Bacchus* be merry with him; and *Ceres* feast him, when hee lifts: Hee is the *sicke mans Esculapius*: and the *Pallas* of an *emptie braine*: nor can *Cupid* cause *lone*, but by his *golden-headed Arrow*. *Money* is a *generall Man*: and without doubt; excellently parted. *Petronius* describes his *Qualities*:

*Quisquis habet nummos, securo nauiget aura:  
 Fortunamq; suo temperet arbitrio.  
 Vxorem ducat Danaen, ipsumq; licebit  
 Acrisium iubeat credere, quod Danaen:  
 Carmina componat, declamat, concrepat omnes  
 Et peragat causas, fitque Catone prior.  
 Iurisconsultus, paret, non paret: habeto;  
 Atque esto, quicquid Seruius aut Labeo.  
 Multa loquor: quid vis nummis presentib<sup>9</sup> opta,  
 Et veniet: clausum possidet arca louem.*

The *moneyed-man* can safely saile all *Seas*;  
 And make his *Fortune* as himselfe shall please.  
 Hee can wed *Danae*, and command that now  
*Acrisius* selfe that fatall match allow.

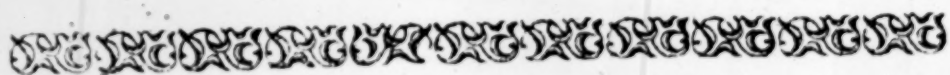
He



He can declaime, chide, censure, *verses* write ;  
And doe *all things*, better then *Cato* might.  
He knowes the *Law*, and rules it: hath and is  
Whole *Servius*, and what *Labeo* could possesse.  
In briebe ; let *rich men* wish whatf'ere they loue,  
'Twill come ; they in a *lockt Chest* keepe a *Ioue*.

The *Time* is come about, whereof *Diogenes* prophesied ; when he gaue the reason why he would bee buried *groueling* ; wee haue made the *Earths* *bottom* powerfull to the *loftie Skies* : *Gold*, that lay buried in the *buttocke* of the *World* ; is now made the *head*, and *Ruler* of the *People* : putting all vnder it, we haue made it extensiuē, as the *Spanish ambition* : and in the meane, haue vnderferuedly put *worth* below it. *Worth* without *wealth*, is like an *able seruant* out of *imploymēt* ; hee is fit for all *businesses*, but wants wherewith to put himselfe into any : hee hath good *Materials*, for a *foundation* : but misseth wherewith to reare the *Walls* of his *fame*. For, though indeed, *riches* cannot make a man *worthy*, they can shew him to the *World*, when he is so : But when we thinke him *wise*, for his *wealth alone*, wee appeare content, to be *mis-led* with the *Multitude*. To the *Rich*, I confesse, we owe something ; but to the *wise man*, most : To *this*, for *himselfe*, and his *innate worthinesse* : to the *other*, as being *casually happy*, in things that of themselues are *blessings* ; but neuer *so much*, as to make *Vertue mercenarie* ; or a *flatterer* of *Vice*. *Worth* without *wealth*, beside the *native Noblenesse*, ha's this in it ; That it may bee a way of getting the *wealth* which

is wanting: But as for *wealth* without *worth*, I count it nothing but a *rich Saddle*, for the *State* to ride an *Asse* withall.



## XXXV.

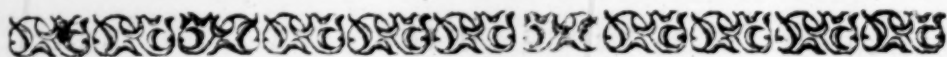
*That Sinne is more craftie then violent.*

**B**Efore wee *sinne*, the *Deuill* shewes his *policie*; when we haue *sinned*; his *basenesse*: hee makes vs first reuile our *Father*: and then steps vp, to *witnessse* how we haue *blasphem'd*. He begs the *rod*, and the *wand*, for *faults* which had not beene, but for his owne *inticement*. Hee was neuer such a *Souldier*, as he is a *Politician*: Hee blowes vp more by *one Mine*, then he can kill by *tenne assaults*: He preuailes most by *Treaty*, and *facetious wayes*. *Presents* and *Parlies* winne him more then the *cruell wound*, or the *dragge* of the *compulsive hand*. All *sinne* is rather *subtill*, then *valiant*. The *Deuill* is a *coward*; and will, with thy *resisting*, fly thee: nor dare hee shew himselfe in a *noted good mans* company: if he does, he comes in *seeming-vertues*; and the garments of *belyed Truth*. *Vice* stands abash't at the glorious *Maiestie* of a good confirmed *Soule*. *Cato's* presence stopt the practices of the *Romans* brutish *Floralia's*. *Satan* beganne first with *hesitations*, and his fly-couch'd *Oratorie*: and euer since, hee continues in *wiles*, in *stratagems*, and the *fetches* of a toyling *braine*; rather perfwading vs to sinne, then vrging vs: and when we haue done it, he seldome lets



lets vs see our *folly*, til we be plunged in some deepe *extremity*: then he writes it in *capitall Letters*, and carries it as a *Pageant* at a *Show*, before vs. What could haue made *Dauid* so heartlesse, when *Absalom* rose against him, but the guilt of his then presented *sinnes*? when he *fled*, and *wept*, and *fled* againe? It appeares a *wonder*, that *Shimei* should raile a *King* to his face; and vn timer, braue him, and his Host of *Souldiers*, casting *stones*, and spitting *taunts*, while he stood incompassed with his *Nobles*. Surely, it had beene impossible, but that *Dauid* was full of the horror of his *sinnes*, and knew he repeated truth; though in that, hee acted but the *Devils* part, ignobly to insult ouer a man in misery. *Calamity*, in the sight of *worthinesse*, prompts the *hand*, and opens the *purse*, to relieue. 'Tis a *Helish disposition*, that watcheth how to giue a *blow* to the man that is already reeling. When wee are in danger, hee galls vs with what we haue done: and on our *sicke beds*, shewes vs all our *sinnes* in *multiplying Glasses*. He first drawes vs into *hated Treason*; and when we are taken, and brought to the *Barre*, he is both our *accuser*, and *condemning witnesse*. His *close policy*, is now turn'd to declared *basenesse*: nor is it a wonder: for *vnworthinesse* is euer the end of *vn honest Deceit*: yet sure this *Coozenage* is the more condemned, for that it is so *ruinous*, and so *ease*. Who is it but may *coozen*, if he minds to be a *Villaine*? How poore and inhumane was the craft of *Cleomines*, that concluding a *League* for seven daies, in the *night* assaulted the secure *enemy*? alledging, The *nights* were not excluded from *slaughter*.

Nothing is so like to *Satan*, as a *Knaue* furnisht with *dishonest fraud*: the best way to auoid him, is to disdaine the *League*. I will rather labour for *valour*; at the first, to resist him; then after *yeelding*, to endeouour a *flight*. Nor can I well tell which I should most hate, the *Deuill*, or his *Machauill*. For though the *Deuill* bee the more secret *Enemie*, yet the base *Politician* is the more familiar: and is indeed but a *Deuill* in *Hose* and *Doublet*, fram'd so, in an acquainted shape, to aduantage his *deceit* the more.



## XXXVI.

*Of Discontents.*

**T**He *discontented man* is a *Watch* ouer-wound, wrested out of tune, and goes false. *Griefe* is like *Inke* powred into *Water*, that fils the whole *Fountaine* full of *blackenesse* and *disuse*. Like *mist*, it spoyles the *burnish* of the *siluer minde*. It casts the *Soule* into the *shade*, and fils it more with consideration of the *vnhappinesse*, then thought of the *remedie*. Nay, it is so busied in the *mischiefe*, as there is neither roome, nor time for the wayes that should giue vs *release*. It does dissociate *Man*, and sends him with *Beasts*, to the lonelinessse of *unpathed Deserts*, which was by *Nature* made a *Creature companiable*. Nor is it the *mind* alone, that is thus mudded; but euen the *body* is disfaired: it thickens the *complexion*, and dyes it into an *vnpleasing swarthinnesse*:



*tbinese*: the eye is dimme, in the *discoloured face*; and the whole man becomes as if statued into *stone* and *earth*. But, aboue all, those *discontents* sting deepest, that are such as may not with safety be communicated: For, then the *Soule* pines away, and starues, for want of *counsell*, that should feede and cherish it. *Concealed sorrowes*, are like the *vapours*, that being shut vp, occasion *Earth-quakes*; as if the *World* were plagued with a fit of the *Collicke*. That man is *truely miserable*, that cannot but keepe his *miseries*; and yet must not *vnfold* them. As in the *body*, whatsoeuer is taken in, that is *distastfull*, and continues there vn-voyded, does dayly *impostume*, and gather, till at last it *kils*, or at least *indangers* to extremity: So is it in the *mind*, *Sorrowes* entertain'd, and smother'd, doe *collect* still, and still *habituate* it so, that all *good disposition* giues way to a *harsh morositie*. *Vexations*, when they daily *billow* vpon the *minde*, they froward euen the sweetest *Soule*, and from a *dainty affabilitie*, turne it into *spleene* and *testinesse*. It is good to doe with these, as *Iocasta* did with *Oedipus*, cast them out in their *infancie*, and lame them in their *feete*: or, for more safety *kill them*, to a not reuiuing. Why should we hug a *poysoned Arrow* so closely in our *wounded bowes*? Neither *griefes*, nor *ioyes*, were euer ordain'd for *secrecie*. It is against *Nature*, that we should so long goe with child with our *conceptions*; especially when they are such, as are euer struiuing, to quit the *electing Wombe*.

## RESOLVES.

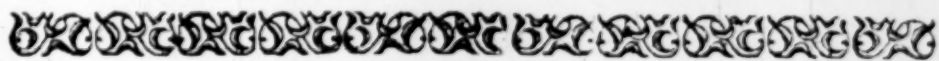
*Strangulat inclusus Dolor, atq; cor aestuat intus,  
Cogitur & vires multiplicare suas.*

*Untold griefes choake, cynder the Heart: and by  
Restraint, their burning forces multiply.*

I thinke, no man but would willingly tell them, if eyther *shame of the cause*, or *distrust of the friend*, did not bridle his *expressions*. Either of these intaile a mans mind to *miserie*. Euery *Sorrow* is a *short convulsion*; but hee that makes it a *close prisoner*, is like a *Papist*; that keepes *Good-Friday* all the yeere; he is euer *whipping*, and inflicting *penance* on himselfe, when he needs not. The *sad man* is an *Hypocrite*: for hee *seemes wise*, and is not. As the eye fixt vpon one *object*, sees other things but by halues and glancings: so, the *soule* intent on this *accident*, cannot discern on other *contingencies*. *Sad objects*, euen for *worldly things*, I know are sometimes profitable: but yet, like *Willowes*, if wee set them deepe, or let them stand too long, they will grow *trees*, and *ouerspread*, when wee intended them but for *staves*, to *uphold*. *Sorrow* is a *dull passion*, and deads the actiuenesse of the *minde*. Mee thinkes *Crates* shew'd a *brauer Spirit*, when hee danc'd and laugh'd in his *threed-bare Cloake*, and his *Wallet* at his backe, which was all his *wealth*: than *Alexander*, when hee wept, that hee had not such a huge *Beast*, as the *Empire of the World*, to gouerne. Hee *contemned*, what this other did *cry* for. If I must haue *sorrow*, I will neuer be so in loue with it, as to keep it to my *selfe* alone: nor will I euer so affect *company*, as to liue where *vexations* shall daily salute me.

of





## XXXVII.

*Of Natures recompencing wrongs.*

**T**Here be few *bodily imperfections*, but the *beautie of the minde* can *couer*, or *counteruaile*, euen to their *not-seeming*. For, that which is *vnſightly* in the *body*, though it bee our *misfortune*, yet it is not our fault. No man had euer power to *order Nature* in his owne *composure*: what we haue there, is such as we could neither giue our *selues*, nor *refuse* when it was *bequeathed vs*: But, what we finde in the *Soule*, is either the *blurre of the Man*, or the *blossome* for which wee praise him: because a *minde well qualified*, is oft beholding to the *industrie* of the *carefull Man*: and that againe which is mudded with a *vi-cious iniquation*, is so, by the vilenesse of a *wilfull selfe-neglect*. Hence, when our *soule* findes a rare-nesse in a *tuned soule*, we fixe so much on that, as we become charitable to the *disproportion'd body*, which wee finde containing it: and many times, the *failes of the one*, are *foiles*, to set off the *other*, with the greater *grace* and *lustre*. The *minds excel-lencie* can salue the *reall blemishes* of the *bodie*. In a man *deformed*, and *rarely qualified*, we vse first to view his *blots*, and then to tell his *vertues*, that transcend them: which be as it were, *things* set of with more *glory*, by the pitty and defect of the *other*. 'Tis fit the *minde* should bee most magnified; which I suppose to be the reason, why *Poets* haue ascribed

## RESOLVES.

ascribed more to *Cupid*, the *Sonne*, than to *Venus*, the *Mother*: because *Cupid* strikes the *minde*, and *Venus* is but for the *body*. *Homer* sayes, *Minerua* cur'd *Vlyses* of his wrinkles and baldnesse; not that she tooke them away by *supplements*, or the *deceiuing fucus*: but that hee was so *applauded*, for the *acute-nesse* of an *ingenuous minde*, that men spared to obiect vnto him his *deformitie*: and if it shall chance to be remembred, it will be allayed with the adiunct of the other's *worth*. It was said of *bald, hooke-nos'd, crooke-footed Galba*, only that his *wit* dwelt ill. *Worth* then does vs the *best seruice*, when it both *hides the faults of Nature*, and brings vs into *estimation*. Wee often see *blemished bodies*, rare in *mentall excellencies*: which is an admirable *instinct of nature*, that being conscious of her owne *defects*, and not able to *absterge* them, she vses *diuersion*, and drawes the consideration of the *beholders*, to those parts, wherein shee is more confident of her *qualifications*. I doe thinke, for *worth* in many men, wee are more beholding to the *defects of Nature*, then their owne *inclinary Loue*. And certainly, for *conuerse* among men, *beautifull persons* haue lesse need of the *mindes commending Qualities*. *Beauty* in it selfe, is such a *silent Orator*, as is euer pleading for *respect* and *liking*: and by the *eyes* of others, is euer sending to their *hearts* for *loue*. Yet, euen *this* hath this *inconuenience* in it: that it makes them oft neglect the furnishing of the *minde* with *Noblenesse*. Nay, it oftentimes is a cause, that the *minde* is ill. The *modest sweetnesse* of a *Lillied face*, makes men perfwade the *heart* vnto *immodesty*: Had not *Dinah* had



had so good a one, she had come home *unrauisht*.  
*Unlously* features haue more liberty to be good with-  
 all, because they are freer from *solicitations*. There  
 is a kinde of *continuell* *Combate*, betweene *Vertue*,  
 and *Proportions* *pleasingnesse*. Though it be not a  
*Curse*; yet 'tis many times an *unhappinesse* to bee  
*faire*.

*Lucretia's* fate warnes vs to wish no *face*  
 Like hers; *Virginia* would bequeath her grace  
 To Lute-backt *Rutila*, in exchange : for still,  
 The fairest Children doe their Parents fill  
 With greatest care; so seldome *modestie*  
 Is found to dwell with *Beautie*.——

—— *Vetat optari faciem Lucretia qualem  
 Ipsa habuit; cuperet Rutila Virginia gibbum  
 Accipere atq; suam Rutila dare. Filius autem  
 Corporis egregij miseros, trepidosq; parentes  
 Semper habet: rara est adeo concordia forma  
 Atque pudicitia.*——

The words be *Iuuenals*. Aboue all therefore, I ap-  
 plaud that man which is *amiable* in both. This is  
 the true *Marriage*, where the *body* and the *soule* are  
 met, in the *similiarie* *Robe* of *Comelinesse*: and he is  
 the more to be affected, because we may beleue,  
 he hath taken vp his *goodnesse*, rather vpon *loue* to it,  
 then vpon *sinister ends*. They are *rightly* *vertuous*,  
 that are so, without *incitation*: nor can it but ar-  
 gue, *vertue* is then strong, when it liues *upright*,  
 in the prease of many *temptations*. And, as these  
 are

are the best in *others eyes*, so are they most composed in *themselves*. For heere *Reason* and the *sences* kisse; *disporting* themselves, with *mutuall speculations*: whereas those men, whose *minde*s and *bodies* differ, are like two that are *married* together, and *loue not*: they haue euer *secret reluctations*, and doe not *part* for any other reason, but because they *cannot*.



## XXXVIII.

*Of Truth, and bitternesse in iests.*

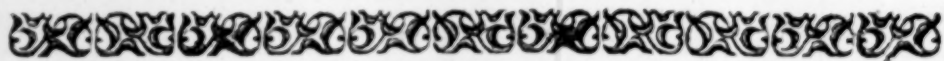
**I**T is not good for a man to be too *tart* in his *iests*. *Bitternesse* is for *serious Potions*; not for *Healths of merriment*, and the *iollities* of a *mirthfull Feast*. An *offensiu*e man is the *Deuils Bellows*, wherewith hee blowes vp *contentions* and *tarres*. But among all passages of this nature, I finde none more galling then an *offensiu*e *Truth*. For thereby we runne into two *great errors*. One is, wee *childe* that in a *loose laughter*, which should be *graue*, and saue both of *loue* and *pitty*. So we rub him with a *poysen'd oyle*, which spreads the more, for being put in such a *fleeting suppleness*. The other is, wee descend to *particulars*, and by that meanes, draw the *whole company* to witnesse his disgrace we breake it on. The *Souldier* is not *noble*, that makes himselfe sport, with the wounds of his owne *companion*. Whosoever will *iest*, should be like him that *flourishes* at a *Show*: hee may turne his *Weapon* any way, but not aime  
more



more at one, then at another. In this case, things like *Truth*, are better then *Truth it selfe*. Nor is it lesse ill then vnsafe, to fling about this *wormewood of the braine*: some *noses* are too tender to endure the strength of the *smell*. And though there be many, like *tyled houses*, that can admit a falling sparke, vnwarm'd: yet some againe, are couer'd with such light, dry *Straw*, that with the least touch they will kindle, and flame about your *troubled eares*: and when the *house* is on fire, it is no disputing with how small a matter it came: it will quickly proceede to mischief. *Exitus Ira, furor*: *Anger* is but a step from *Rage*; and that is wilde *fire*, which will not be extinguished. I know, *wise men* are not too nimble at an *iniury*. For, as with *fire*, the *light stuffe*, and *rubbish*, kindles sooner then the *solid*, and more *compact*: so *Anger* sooner inflames a *Foole*, then a man compos'd in his *resolutions*. But we are not sure alwaies to meete *discreet ones*: nor can we hope it, while wee our selues are otherwise in giuing the *occasion*. *Fooles* are the greater number: *Wise men* are like *Timber-trees* in a *Wood*, heere and there one: and though they bee most acceptable, to *men wise*, like themselves, yet haue they neuer more need of *Wisedome*, then when they conuerse with the *ringing elboes*: who, like *corrupt Ayre*, require many *Antidotes*, to keepe vs from being infected: But when wee grow *bitter* to a *wise man*, wee are then *worst*: For, hee fees further into the *disgrace*, and is able to harme vs more. *Laughter* should *dimple* the *cheeke*, not *furrow* the *brow* into ruggednesse. The *birth* is then *prodigious*, when

*Mischiese*

*Mischiefe* is the *childe* of *Mirth*. All should haue libertie to laugh at a *jest*: but if it throwes a disgrace vpon one, like the cracke of a *string*, it makes a *stop* in the *Musicke*. *Flouts* we may see proceed from an *inward contempt*; and there is nothing cuts deeper in a *generous mind* then *scorne*. *Nature* at first makes vs all *equall*: wee are differenc'd but by *accident*, and *outwards*. And I thinke 'tis a *lealousie*, that shee hath infus'd in *Man*, for the maintaining of her owne *Honour* against externall *causes*. And though all haue not wit to reiect the *Arrow*: yet most haue memorie to retaine the *offence*; which they will be content to owe a while, that they may repay it, both with more *aduantage*, and *ease*. 'Tis but an *unhappy wit*, that stirs vp *Enemies* against the owner. A man may spit out his *friend* from his *tongue*; or laugh him into an *Enemie*. *Gall* in *mirth* is an *ill mixture*; and sometimes *truth* is *bitternesse*. I would wish any man to bee *pleasingly merry*: but let him beware, he bring not *Truth* on the *Stage*, like a *Wanton* with an edged *Weapon*.



## XXXIX.

*Of apprehension in wrongs.*

**V**VE make our selues more *iniuries* then are offered vs: they many times passe for *wrongs* in our owne *thoughts*, that were neuer meant so, by the *heart* of him that speaketh. The *apprehension of wrong*, hurts more, then the sharpest part  
of



of the *wrong* done. So, by falsly making of our selues *patients* of *wrong*, wee become the true and first *Actors*. It is not good, in matters of *discourtesie*, to diue into a mans *minde*, beyond his owne *Comment* : nor to stir vpon a doubtfull *indignitie*, without it : vnlesse wee haue *proofes*, that carry *weight* and *conuiction* with them. *Words* doe sometimes fly from the *tongue*, that the *heart* did neither *hatch* nor *harbour*. While we thinke to *revenge* an *iniurie*, we many times *beginne one* : and after that, repent our *misconceptions*. In things that may haue a *double sence*, 'tis good to thinke, the *better* was intended : so shall wee still both keepe our *friends*, and *quietnesse*. If it be a *wrong* that is *apparent* ; yet is it sometimes better to *dissemble* it, then play the *Wasse*, and strue to returne a *sting*. A wise mans *glory is*, in passing by an *offence* : and this was *Salomons Philosophie*. A *Foole* strooke *Cato* in the *Bath* ; and when he was sorry for it, *Cato* had forgot it : For, sayes *Seneca*, *Melius putauit non agnoscere, quam ignoscere*. Hee would not come so neere *Revenge*, as to acknowledge that he had beene *wronged*. *Light iniuries* are made *none*, by a not regarding ; which, with a *pursuing revenge*, grow both to height, and burthen. It stands not with the discretion of a *generous spirit*, to returne a *punishment* for euery *abuse*. Some are such, as they require nothing but *contempt* to kill them. The *cudgell* is not of vse, when the *beast* but onely *barkes*. Though *much sufferance* be a *stupiditie*, yet a little is of good esteeme. Wee heare of many that are disturbed with a *light offence*, and wee commend them for it :  
because,

because, that which we call *remedy*, slides into *disease*; and makes *that* liue to *mischiefe* vs, which else would *dye*, with giuing life to *safety*. Yet, I know not what *selfe-partialitie*, makes vs thinke our selues behind-hand, if wee offer not repayment in the *same coine* wee receiued it. Of which, if they may stand for *reasons*, I thinke, I may giue you two. One is the *sudden apprehension of the minde*, which will endure any thing with more patience, then a *disgrace*; as if by the secret *spirits* of the *ayre*, it conueyed a *stab* to the *atheriall soule*. Another is, because liuing among *many*, wee would iustifie our selues, to auoyd their *contempt*; and these being most such, as are not able to *iudge*; wee rather satisfie them by *externall actions*, then relye vpon a *iudicious verdict*, which giues vs in for *nobler*, by *contemning it*. Howsoeuer we may prize the reuengefull man for *spirit*; yet without doubt, 'tis *Princely* to *disdaine a wrong*: who, when *Embassadours* haue offered *undecencies*, vse not to *chide*, but to deny them *audience*: as if *silence* were the way *Royall*, to reiect a *wrong*. He enioyes a *braue composednesse*, that seates himselfe, aboue the flight of the *iniurious claw*. Nor does he by this shew his *weakenesse*, but his *wisedome*. For, *Qui leuiter sauiunt, sapiunt magis: The wisest rage the least*. I loue the man that is *modestly valiant*: that stirres not till hee must needs; and then *to purpose*. A *continued patience* I commend not; 'tis different from what is *goodnesse*. For though *God* beares *much*, yet he will not beare *alwaies*.

When





## XL.

*When Vice is most dangerous.*

**W**hen *Vice* is got to the *midst*, it is hard to stay her, till she comes to the *end*. Giue a hot *Horse* his head at first, and he will surely runne away with you. Who can stop a man in the *thunder* of his *wrath*, till he hath a little discharg'd his *passion*, eyther by *intemperate speech*, or *blowes*? in vaine wee preach a *patience*, presently after the sence of the *losse*. What a stir it askes, to get a man from the *Tauerne*, when he is but *halfe drunke*! *Desire* is dispersed into euery *veine*; that the *Body* is in all his parts *concupiscible*. And this dies not in the way; but by *discharge*, or *recesse*. The *middle* of *extremes* is worst. In the *beginning*, he may forbear: in the *end*, he will leaue alone: in the *middest*, he cannot but go on to worse; nor will he, in that heate, admit of any thing, that may teach him to desist. *Rage* is no *friend* to any man. There is a time, when 'tis not safe to offer even the *best aduice*. Bee counfeld by the *Romane Ouid*:

*Dum furor in cursu est, currenti cede furori;  
Difficiles additus impetus omnis habet.  
Stultus, ab obliquo qui cum discedere possit,  
Pugnat, in aduersas ire natator aquas.*

When rage runnes swiftly, step aside and see  
How hard th'approaches of fierce *Fury* bee.

K

When

When *danger* may be shun'd, I reckon him  
Unwise, that yet against the streame will swim.

We are so blinded in the *heate of the Chase*, that we beate backe all *preservatives*: or make them meanes to make our *vices* more. That I may keepe my selfe from the *end*, I will euer leaue off in the *beginning*. Whatsoever *Precepts* strict *Stoicisme* would giue vs, for the claiming of *untemper'd passion*, 'tis certaine, there is none like *running away*. *Prevention* is the *best bridle*. I commend the *policie* of *Satyrus*, of whom *Aristotle* hath this Story; That being a *Pleader*, and knowing himselfe *chollericke*, and in that *whirre* of the *minde*, apt to rush vpon foule *transgression*; he vsed to stop his eares with *waxe*, lest the sense of ill *Language*, should cause his *fierce blood* seethe in his *distended skinne*. It is in *Man* to auoyd the *occasion*; but not the *inconuenience*, when hee hath admitted it. Who can retire in the *impetuous girds* of the *Soule*? Let a *Giant* knocke, while the doore is shut, hee may with ease be still kept out; but if it once open, that he gets in but a *limme* of himselfe: then is there no course left, to keepe out the intirer *bulke*.



## XLI.

*That all things are restrained.*

I Cannot thinke of any *thing*, that hath not some  
*enemy*, or some *Antagonist*, to restraine it, when  
it

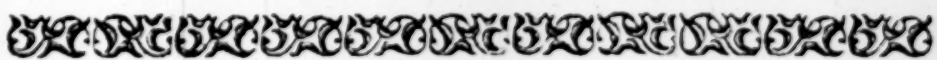


it growes to *excesse*. The whole *world* is kept in order by *discord*; and euery part of it, is but a more particular *composed iarre*. Not a *Man*, not a *beast*, not a *creature*, but haue something to ballast their *lightnesse*. One *scale* is not alwaies in *depression*, nor the other lifted euer *high*, but the alternate waue of the *beame*, keepes it euer in the *play* of motion. From the *Pismire* on the *tufted hill*, to the *Monarch* in the *raised Throne*, nothing but hath somewhat to *awe* it. Wee are all heere like *birds* that *Boyes* let flye in strings: when we *mount* too *high*, we haue that which pulvs vs *downe* againe. What man is it which liues so *happily*, which feares not something, that would sadden his *soule* if it fell? nor is there any whom *Calamitie* doth so much *tristitiate*, as that he neuer sees the *flashes* of some warming *ioy*. *Beasts* with *beasts* are *terrified* and *delighted*. *Man* with *Man* is *awed* and *defended*. *States* with *States* are *bounded* and *upholded*. And in all these, it makes greatly for the *Makers glory*, that such an admirable *Harmony* should bee produced out of such an *infinite discord*. The *world* is both a perpetuall *warre*, and a *wedding*. *Heraclitus* call'd *Discord* and *Concord* the vniuersall *Parents*. And to raile on *Discord* (sayes the Father of the *Poets*) is to speake ill of *Nature*. As in *Musicke* sometimes one string is lowder, sometimes another; yet neuer one *long*, nor neuer all at *once*: So sometimes one *State* gets a *Monarchy*, sometimes another; sometimes one *Element* is violent, now another; yet neuer was the whole *world* vnder one long, nor were all the *Elements* raging together. Euery

string has his *use*, and his *tune*, & his *turne*. When the *Assyrians* fell, the *Persians* rose. When the *Persians* fell, the *Grecians* rose. The losse of one *Man*, is the gaine of *another*. 'Tis *vicissitude* that main-  
taines the *world*. As in infinite *circles* about one *Center*, there is the same *Method*, though not the same *measure*: So, in the smallest *creature* that is, there is an *Epitome* of a *Monarchy*, of a *World*, which hath in it selfe *Conuulsions*, *Arescations*, *Enlargements*, *Erections*: which, like props keepe it *upright*, which way soeuer it *leanes*. Surely God hath put these lower things into the hands of *Nature*, which yet he doth not *relinquish*; but *dispose*. The *world* is composed of foure *Elements*, & those bee contraries. The yeere is quartered into different *seasons*. The body both consists, and is nourished by *contraries*. How diuers, euen in effect, are the *birds* and the *bests* that *feed vs*? and how diuers againe are those things that *feed them*? how many seuerall qualities haue the *plants* that they *browse* vpon? which all mingled together, what a well-temper'd *Sallad* doe they make? The *minde* too is a *mixture* of *disparities*: *loy*, *sorrow*, *hope*, *feare*, *hate*, and the like. Neither are those things *pleasing*, which flow to vs, in the *smoothnesse* of a free *prostitution*. A gentle *resistance* heightens the desires of the *seeker*. A friendly *warre*, doth indulciate the insuing *cloze*. 'Tis *variety* that hits the *humours* of both sides. 'Tis the *imbecillity* of declining *Age*, that *commits* man prisoner to a *sedentary* settlednesse. That which is the vigor of his *life*, is *ranging*. *Heate* and *cold*, *drinesse* and *moysture*, *quarrell* and agree within



within him. In all which, he is but the great *worlds Breviary*. Why may wee not thinke the *world* like a *Masquing Battell*, which *God* commanded to be made for his own content in viewing it? Wherein, euen a *dying Fly* may lecture out the *worlds Mortality*. Surely, wee deceiue our selues, to thinke on *earth*, continued *ioyes* would please. 'Tis a way that crosses that which *Nature* goes. Nothing would be more tedious, then to be gluttied with perpetuall *Iollities*: were the *body* tyed to one *dish* alwayes, (though of the most exquisite *delicate*, that it could make choise of) yet after a small time, it would complaine of *loathing* and *satiety*. And so would the *soule*, if it did euer *epicure* it selfe in *ioy*. *Discontents* are sometimes the better part of our *life*. I know not well which is the more *usefull*; *ioy* I may chuse for *pleasure*, but *aduersities* are the best for *profit*. And sometimes these doe so farre helpe me, as I should without them, want much of the *ioy* I haue.



## XLII.

*Of Dissimulation.*

**D***issimulation in Vice*, is like the *braine in Man*. All the *Sences* haue recourse to *that*, yet is it much *controuerted*, whether that at all be *sensitiue*, or no: So, all *vices* fall into *dissimulation*, yet is it in a *dispute*, whether that in it selfe be a *vice*, or no. Sure, mé would neuer act *Vice* so freely, if they thought not they could escape the *shame* on't by *dissembling*.

*Vice* hath such a *loathed* looke with her, that shee desires to be euer *masqued*. Deceit is a *dresse* that shee does continually weare. And howsoever the *Worlds* corrupted *course* may make vs sometimes vse it; euen this will *condemne* it, that it is not of vse, but eithet when we doe ill our *selues*; or meet with ill from others. Men are *diuided* about the question; some disclaime *all*, some admit too *much*, and some haue hit the Meane. And surely, as the *World* is, it is not all *condemnable*. There is an *honest policy*. The *heart* is not so farre from the *tongue*, but that there may be a *reseruation*; though not a *contradiction* betweene them. All *policy* is but circumstantiall *dissembling*; *pretending* one thing, *intending* another. Some will so farre allow it, as they admit of an absolute *recesse* from a *word* already *passed*, and say, that *Faith* is but a *Merchants*, or *Mechanike vertue*. And so they make it higher, by making it a regall *vice*. There is an order that out-goeth *Machiauell*: or else he is honefter then his wont, where he confesses, *Vsus fraudis in ceteris actionibus detestabilis: in bello gerendo laudabilis*. That fraud which in warre is commendable, is, in other actions, detestable. 'Tis certaine there is a *prerogative* in *Princes*, which may *legitimate* something in their *Negotiations*, which is not allowable in a *private person*. But euen the grant of this *liberty*, hath encouraged them to too great an *inlargement*. *State* is become an *irreligious Riddle*. *Lewis* the eleuenth of *France*, would wish his sonne to learne no more *Latine*, then what should teach him to be a *dissembling Ruler*. The plaine *heart* in *Court*, is but growne



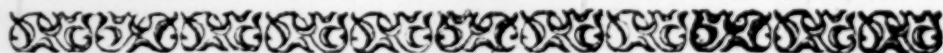
growne a better word for a *Foole*. Great Men haue occasions both more, and of more *weight*, and such as require contriuings, that goe not the *ordinary* way; lest being *traced*, they be *countermined*, and fall to *ruine*. The ancient *Romans* did (I thinke) *miscall* it, *Industry*. And when it was against an *enemy*, or a bad *man*, they needs would haue it *commendable*. And yet the prisoner that got from *Hanibal*, by eluding his *oath*, was by the *Senate* (as *Linie* tels vs) *apprehended* and *sent* backe againe. They *practiz'd* more then some of them *taught*; though in this deed, there was a greater *cause* of performance, because there was a *voluntary* trust reposed. Contrary to the *opinion* of *Plato*, that allowed a lye lawfull, either to saue a *Citizen*, or deceiue an *enemy*. There is a *sort*, that the *Poet* bids vs *coozen*.

*Fallite fallentes, ex magna parte profanum  
Sunt genus: in laqueos quos posuere, cadent.*

Coozen the Coozeners, commonly they be  
Profane: let their owne snare their ruine be.

But sure we goe too farre, when our *coozenage* breeds their *mischiefe*. I know not well whether I may goe along with *Lipsius*; *Fraus triplex: prima lenis, ut dissimulatio, & diffidentia; hanc suadeo. Secunda media, ut conciliatio, & deceptio: illam tollero. Tertia magna, ut perfidia, & iniustitia: istam damno.* I had rather take *Peter Martyrs* distinction of good and bad: Good, as the *Nurse* with the *child*, or the

*Physician* with his *Patient*, for his *health's* sake : *bad*, when 'tis any way author of *harme*. Certainly, the *use* of it any way is as great a *fault*, as an *imperfection* : and carries a kinde of *diffidence* of *God* along with it. I beleue if *Man* had not *false*, hee should neuer neede haue vs'd it : and as hee is now, I thinke no *Man* can liue without it. The best way to *auoid* it, is to *auoid* much *businessse* and *vice*. For, if *men* defend not in some sort, as others *offend* ; while you maintaine one *breach*, you leaue another *unmann'd* : and for *Vice*, shee euer thinks in this *darke*, to hide her abhorred *foulnesse*. If I must *use* it, it shall be onely so, as I will neither by it, *dishonour Religion*, nor bee a *cause* of *hurt* to my *neighbour*.



## XLIII.

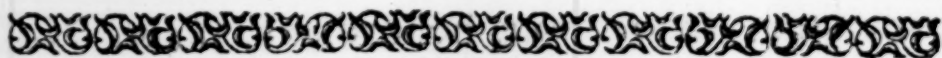
## Of Censure.

**T**Is the *easiest* part to *censure*, or to *contradict* a *truth*. For *truth* is but *one*, and seeming *truthes* are *many* : and few *workes* are performed without *errours*. No man can *write* fixe lines, but there may be something, one may *carpe* at, if he be disposed to *cauill*. *Opinions* are as *various*, as *false*. *Iudgement* is from euery *tongue*, a *seuerall*. *Men* thinke by *censuring* to be *accounted wise* ; but in my *conceit*, there is nothing layes forth more of the *Foole*. For this you may euer *observe* ; they that *know* least, *censure* most. And this I beleue to be a *reason*, why  
men



men of *precise* lines, are often *rash* in this *extravagance*. Their *retyrednesse* keeps them *ignorant*, in the *coarse* of *businesse*; if they weighed the *imperfections* of *humanity*, they would breathe lesse *condemnation*. *Ignorance* giues *disparagement*, a lowder tongue then *Knowledge* does. *Wise men* had rather *know*, then *tell*. Frequent *dispraises* are at best, but the *faults* of *uncharitable* wit. Any *Clowne* may see the *Furrow* is but *crooked*, but where is the *Man* that can *plow* me a *streight* one? The best *workes* are but a kind of *Miscellany*; the cleanest *Corne* will not be without some *soile*. No, not after often *winnowing*. There is a *tincture* of *corruption*, that dyes euen all *Mortalitie*. I would wish men in *workes* of others, to *examine* two things before they *iudge*. Whether it be more *good*, then *ill*: And whether they themselves could at first haue perform'd it *better*. If it be most *good*, wee doe *amisse*, for some *errours* to condemne the *whole*. Who will cast away the whole *body* of the *Beast*, because it inheld both *guts* and *ordure*? As man is not iudged *good*, or *bad*, for one *action*, or the fewest *number*; but as he is most in *generall*: So, in *workes*, we should weigh the *generality*, and according to that, *censure*. If it bee rather *good* then *ill*, I thinke he deserues some *praise*, for raising *Nature* aboue her ordinary *flight*. Nothing in this *World* can be framed so entirely *perfect*, but that it shall haue in it, some *delinquencies*, to argue more were in the *comprisor*. If it were not so, it were not from *Nature*, but the immediate *Deity*. The next, if wee had neuer scene that *frame*, whether or no, wee thinke we could haue *mended* it.

it. To *espy* the *inconueniences* of a house built, is *easy*, but to lay the *plot* at first, well; is matter of more *pate*, and speaks the *praise* of a good *Contriuer*. The *crooked lines* helpe better to shew the *streight*. *Iudgement* is more certaine by the *eye*, then in the *fancy*, surer in things *done*, then in those that are but in *cogitation*. If wee finde our selues able to correct a *Coppy*, and not to produce an *Originall*, yet dare to *deprau*; wee shew more *Criticisme*, then *Ability*. Seeing wee should rather magnifie him, that hath *gone* beyond vs; then *condemne* his *worth* for a few *failes*. *Selfe examination* will make our *iudgements* charitable. 'Tis from where there is no *iudgement*, that the heauiest *iudgement* comes. If we must needs *censure*, 'tis good to doe it as *Suetonius* writes of the twelue *Casars*; tell both their *vertues*, and their *vices* vnpartially: and leaue the vpsot to *collection* of the priuate *minde*. So shall we learne by hearing of the *faults*, to auoid them: and by knowing the *vertues*, practize the like. Otherwise, we should rather *praise* a man for a little *good*, then brand him for his more of *ill*. Wee are full of *faults* by *Nature*, we are *good*, not without our *care* and *industry*.



## XLIV.

*Of Wisedome and Science.*

**S**cience by much is short of *Wisedome*. Nay; so farre, as I thinke you shall scarce finde a more  
Foole,



*Foole*, then sometimes a meere *Scholler*. Hee will speake *Greeke* to an *Ostler*, and *Latine* familiarly, to women that vnderstand it not. *Knowledge* is the treasure of the minde; But *Discretion* is the key: without which, it lyes dead, in the dulnesse of a fruitlesse rest. The *practique* part of *Wisedome*, is the best. A native *ingenuity*, is beyond the watchings of industrious study. *Wisedome* is no *Inheritance*, no not to the greatest *Clerkes*. Men write, commonly more formally, then they *practize*: and they *conuersing* onely among *bookes*, are put into *affectation*, and *pedantisme*. He that is built of the *Presse*, and the *Pen*, shall bee sure to make himselfe *ridiculous*. *Company* and *Conuersation* are the best *Instructors* for a *Noble* behauiour. And this is not found in a *melancholy* study alone. What is written, is most from *Imagination*, and *Fancy*. And how ayery must they needs be, that are *congeriated* wholly, on the fumes, perhaps, of *distempered braines*? For if they haue not *iudgement*, by their *Learning*, to amend their *conuersations*; they may well want *iudgement* to chuse the worthiest *Authors*. I grant they *know much*: and I thinke any man may *doe so*, that hath but *memory*, and bestowes some time in a *Library*. There is a *flowing noblenesse*, that some men bee graced with, which farre out-shines the *notions* of a *timed Student*. And without the vaine *purles* of *Rhetorique*; some men speake more *excellently*, euen from *Natures owne iudiciousnesse*, then can the *Scholler* by his *quiddit* of *Art*. How *fond* and *untunable* are a *Fresh-mans* *brawles*, when wee meete them out of their *Golledge*? with many times a long *recited Sentence*,

tence, quite out of the way. *Arguments* about nothing; or at best, *niceties*. As one would bee of *Martins Religion*, another of *Luthers*, and so quarrell about their *Faith*. How easie an *invention* may put false matter into true *Syllogismes*? So, I see how *Seneca* laught at them. *O pueriles ineptias! in hoc supercilia subduximus? in hoc barbam dimissimus? Disputationes istae, utinam tantum non prodescent, nocent.* O most churlish follies! is it for this wee knit our browes, and stroke our beards? would God these *Disputations* onely did not profit us; but they are hurtfull. In discourse, giue me a *Man* that speaks *reason*, rather than *Authors*: rather *Sence*, than a *Syllogisme*: rather his owne, than *anothers*. Hee that continually *quotes* others, *argues* a barrennesse in *himselfe*, which forces him, to be euer a *borrowing*. In the one, a man bewrayes *Iudgement*; in the other, *Reading*. And in my *opinion*, 'tis a greater commendation to say, hee is *wise*, then well *read*. So farre I will honour *Knowledge*, as to thinke, this *art* of the *braine*, when it meetes with able *Nature* in the *minde*, then onely makes a *man* compleat. Any *man* shall speake the better, where hee *knowes*, what others haue said. And sometimes the *conscioufnesse* of his inward *knowledge*, giues a *confidence* to his outward *behaviour*: which of all other is the best thing to grace a man in his *carriage*.

That



## RESOLVES.



### XLV.

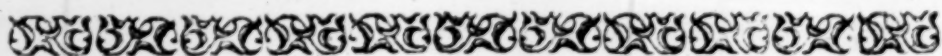
*That misapplication makes Passion ill.*

**I** Reade it but of *one*, that 'tis said, He was a *Man* after Gods owne heart. And *Him*, among all others, I finde extremely *passionate*, and very *valiant*. Who euer read such bitter *Curses*, as he *prayer* may light vpon his *Enemies*? Let *Death* come *hastily* vpon them: and let them goe *quicke* to *Hell*. Let them fall from one *wickednesse* to another. Let them bee *wiped out* of the *Booke of Life*. Let their *prayer* bee turned into *sinne*. Certainly, should such *imprecations* fall from a *Moderne tongue*, we should *censure* them for want of *charity*: and I thinke we might doe it *iustly*. For God hath not giuen vs *Commission* to *curse* his *enemies*, as he did to *Dauid*. The *Gospell* hath set *Religion* to a sweeter *Tune*. The *Law* was giuen with *Thunder*, striking *Terror* in the *Hearers*. The *Gospell* with *Musicke*, *Voyces*, and *Angellike apparitions*. The *Law* came in like *Warre*, threatening *ruine* to the *Land of Man*. The *Gospel* like *Peace*, in the soft *pleasures of uniting Weddings*. And this may satisfie for his *rigour*: But if we *looke* vpon him, in another *trimme* of the *minde*: how *smooth* hee is, and *mollifying*? how does his *soule* melt it selfe into his *eyes*, and his *bowels* flow, with the *full streames of compassion*? how fixt hee was to *Ionathan*? how like a weake and tender *woman*, hee laments his *Rebell Absalom*, and *weepes* oftner, then I thinke we  
reade

reade of any through the whole *Story* of the *Bible*? His *valour*, we cannot doubt: it is so *eminent* in his *killing* of the *Beare* and *Lyon*: in his *Duell* with that huge *Polypheme* of the *Philistims*, and his many other *Martiall Acts* against them. So that there seemes to be in him, the highest pitch of *contrary-ing passions*: and yet the man from *Gods owne Mouth*, hath a testimony of a true *aprouement*. When *passions* are directed to their right *end*, they may faile in their *manner*, but not in their *measure*. When the *subiect* of our *hatred* is *Sinne*, it cannot bee too *deepe*: When the *object* of our *Loue* is *God*, it cannot be too *high*. *Moderation* may become a *fault*. To be but *warme*, when *God* commands vs to be *hot*, is *sinfull*. We belye *Vertue* into the constant dulnesse of a *Mediocrity*. I shall neuer condemne the *nature* of those *men*, that are sometimes *violent*: but those that know not, when 'tis *fit* to be so. *Valour* is then best temper'd, when it can turne out of a sterne *Fortitude*, into the milde straines of *Pitty*. 'Tis written to the *honour* of *Tamberlaine*, that conquering the *Muscovites* with expression of a *Princely valour*, hee falls from the *ioy* of the *victory*, to a *lamentation* of the many *casuall Miseries* they endure, that are tyed to follow the *leading* of *Ambitions Generals*. And all this, from the sight of the *field*, couered with the *soulelesse men*. Some report of *Cesar*, that hee *wept* when hee heard how *Pompey* dy'd. Though *Pitty* be a downy *vertue*, yet shee neuer shines more *brightly*, then when she is clad in *steele*. A *Martiall man compassionate*, shall conquer both in *Peace* and *Warre*: and by a two-  
fold



fold way, get *Victorie*, with *honour*. *Temperate men* haue their *passions* so ballanced within them, as they haue none of either side in their *height* and *purity*. Therefore, as they seldome fall into *soule acts*: so they very rarely cast a lustre, in the excellling *deedes of Noblenesse*. I obserue in the generall, the most *famed men of the world*, haue had in them both *Courage* and *Compassion*: and oftentimes *wet eyes*, as well as *wounding hands*. I would not rob *Temperance* of her *royaltie*. *Fabius* may conquer by *delaying*, as well as *Caesar*, by *expedition*. As the *casualties* of the world are, *Temperance* is a *vertue* of singular *worth*: But without doubt, *high spirits* directed *right*, will beare away the *Bayes* for more *glorious actions*. These, are best to raise *Common-wealths*: but the other, are best to *rule them after*. This, best keepes in *order*, when the other hath stood the *shocke* of an *innouation*; of either, there is excellent *use*. As I will not *ouer-value* the *moderate*: So I will not too much *dis-esteeme* the *violent*. An *Arrow aimed right*, is not the worse for beeing *drawne home*. That *action* is best done, which being *good*, is done with the *vigour* of the *spirits*. What makes *zeale* so *commendable*, but the *feruency* that it *carrieth* with it?



## XLVI.

*Of the waste and change of Time.*

**I** Looke vpon the lauish *Expences* of former *Ages*, with *Pitty* and *Admiration*, That those things men built for the *honour* of their name, (as they thought) are either eaten vp by the *steely teeth* of *Time*: or else, rest as *monuments*, but of their *Pride*, and *Luxurie*. Great *workes* vndertaken for *ostentation*, misse of their *end*, and turne to the Authors *shame*: if not, the *transitions* of *Time*, weare out their ingraued *names*, and they last not much longer then *Caligulaes Bridge* ouer the *Baia*. What is become of the *Mausoleum*, or the *Ship bestriding Colossus*? where is *Marcus Scaurus Theater*, the *Bituminated Wals* of *Babylon*? and how little *rests* of the *Egyptian Pyramides*? and of these, how diuers does *report* giue in their *Builders*? some ascribing them to *one*, some to *another*. Who would not pitty the *toyles* of *Vertue*, when hee shall find greater *honour* inscribed to loose *Phryne*, then to victorious *Alexander*? who when hee had razed the *Wals* of *Thebes*, shee offer'd to *re-edifie* them, with *condition* this *Sentence* might but on them bee *inlitter'd*: *Alexander* pull'd them downe; but *Phryne* did *rebuild* them. From whence, some haue *iested* it into a *quarrell* for *fame*, betwixt a *Whore* and a *Thiefe*: Doubtlesse, no *Fortifications* can hold, against the cruell *deuastations* of *Time*.



I could neuer yet finde any *estate*, exempted from this *Mutabilitie*. Nay, those which we would haue thought had been held vp with the strongest *pillars of continuance*, haue yet suffered the extremest *changes*. The *houses* of the *dead*, and the *urned bones*, haue sometimes met with *rude hands*, that haue scattered them. Who would haue thought when *Scanderbeg* was laid in his *tombe*, that the *Turkes* should after *rifle* it, and weare his *bones* for *iewels*? *Change* is the great *Lord* of the *World*; *Time* is his *Agent*, that brings in all things, to suffer his *unstaied Dominion*.

—— Ille tot Regum parens,  
Caret Sepulchro Priamus, & flamma indiget,  
Ardente Troia ——

—— He that had a *Prince* each sonne,  
Now finds no *grau*e, and *Troy* inflames,  
He wants his *Funerall* one.

We are so farre from *leauing* any thing certaine to *posterity*, that we cannot be sure to *inioy* what we *haue*, while wee *liue*. Wee *liue* sometimes to see more *changes* in our selues, then wee could *expect* could *happen* to our *lasting off-spring*. As if none were *ignorant* of the *Fate* the *Poet* askes.

*Diuitis audita est cui non opulentia Cræsi?*  
*Nempe tamen vitam, captus ab hoste tulit.*  
*Ille, Syracusia modo formidatus in vrbe,*  
*Vix humili duram repulit arte famem.*

L

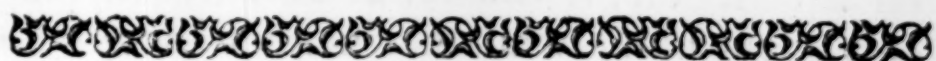
Who

Who has not heard of *Cræsus* heapes of Gold,  
 Yet knowes his Foe did him a pris'ner hold?  
 He that once aw'd *Sycilia's* proud extent,  
 By a poore *Art*, could *Famine* scarce preuent.

We all put into the *World*, as men put *Money* into a *Lottery*. Some lose all, and get nothing: Some with nothing, get infinite prize; which perhaps ventring againe, with hope of increase, they lose with griefe, that they did not rest contented. There is nothing that we can confidently call our owne: or that we can surely say, wee shall either doe, or avoid. We haue not power ouer the present: Much lesse ouer the future, when we shall be absent, or dissolved. And indeed, if wee consider the *World* right, we shall finde some reason, for these continuall *Mutations*. If euery one had power, to transmit the certaine possession of all his acquisitions, to his owne *Succeeders*, there would be nothing left, for the *Noble deeds* of new aspirers to purchase: Which would quickly betray the world, to an incommunicable dulnesse: and vtterly discourage the generous designs of the stirring, and more elementary spirit. As things now are, euery man thinkes something may fall to his share: and since it must crowne some indeauours, he imagines, why not his? Thus by the various treads of Men, euery action comes to be done, which is requisite for the *Worlds* maintaining. But since nothing heere below is certaine, I will neuer purchase any thing, with too-great a hazzard. 'Tis Ambition, not Wisedome, that makes Princes hazzard their whole estates for an honour meere-



meerely *titular*. If I finde that *lost*, which I thought to have kept; I will comfort my selfe with this, that I knew the *World* was changeable; and that as *God* can take away a *lesse good*: so he can, if he please, conferre me a *greater*.



## XLVII.

## Of Death.

There is no *Spectacle* more profitable, or more terrible, then the sight of a *dying man*, whē he lyes expiring his *soule* on his *death-bed*: to see how the ancient society of the *body* and the *soule* is diuelled; and yet to see, how they struggle at the *parting*: being in some doubt what shal become of them after. The *spirits* shrink inward, and retire to the anguisht *heart*: as if, like *Sons* prest from an *indulgent Father*, they would come for a sad *Vale*, from that which was their *lifes maintainer*: while that in the meane time pants with *afrighting pangs*; and the *hands* and *feet*, being the most remote from it, are by degrees encoldned to a *fashionable clay*: as if *Death* crept in at the *nailes*, and by an *insensible surprize*, suffocated the *inuiro'd heart*. To see how the *mind* would faine utter it selfe, when the *Organes of the voyce* are so debilitated, that it cannot. To see how the *eye* settles to a fixed *dimnesse*, which a little before, was swift as the *shootes of Lightning*, nimbler then the *thought*, and bright as the *polisht Diamond*: and in which, this *Miracle* was more eminent then in any of the other

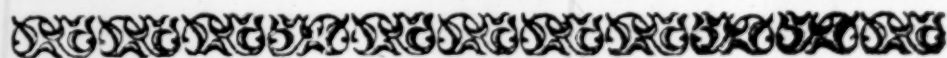
parts, That it, being a *materiall earthly body*, should yet be conueyed with *quicker motion*, then the revolutions of an *indefinite Soule*. So suddenly bringing the *object to conceits*, that one would thinke, the *apprehension of the heart* were seated in the *eye* it selfe. To see all his *friends*, like *Conduts*, dropping *teares* about him; while hee neither knowes his *wants*, nor they his *cure*. Nay, euen the *Physician*, whose whole *life* is nothing but a *study* and *practice* to continue the *lives* of *others*: and who is the *Anatomist* of generall *Nature*, is now as one that gazes at a *Comet*, which he can reach with nothing, but his *eye* alone. To see the *Countenance*, (through which perhaps there shin'd a *louely Maiesty*, euen to the captiuing of *admiring soules*) now altered to a frightfull *palenesse*, and the terroures of a *gastly looke*. To thinke, how that which commanded a *Family*, nay perhaps a *Kingdome*; and kept all in awe, with the mouing of a *spongie tongue*, is now become a thing so full of *horour*, that *children* feare to see it: and must now therefore bee transmitted from all these *enchanting blandishments*, to the darke and hideous *grau*e: Where, in stead of shaking of the *golden Scepter*, it now lyes imprison'd but in five foot of *Lead*: and is become a *nest of wormes*, a *lump*e of *filth*, a *box* of *pallid putrefaction*. There is euen the difference of two seuerall *VVorlds*, betwixt a King enameld with his *Robes* and *lewels*, sitting in his *Chaire* of adored *State*, and his condition in his *bed* of *Earth*, which hath made him but a *Case* of *Crawlers*: and yet all this change, without the losse of any *visible substantiall*:

Since



Since all the *limbes* remaine as they were, without the least signe, either of *dislocation*, or *diminution*. From hence 'tis, I thinke, *Scaliger* defines *Death* to bee the *Cessation of the Soules functions*: as if it were rather a *restraint*, then a *missive ill*. And if any thing at all bee wanting, 'tis onely colour, *motion*, *heate*, and *emptie ayre*. Though indeed, if wee consider this *dissolution*, *man* by *death* is absolutely diuided and disman'd. That grosse object which is left to the spectators eyes, is now onely a composure but of the two *baser Elements*, *Water*, and *Earth*: that now it is these two only, that seeme to make the *body*, while the two purer, *Fire* and *Ayre*, are wing'd away, as being more fit for the compact of an *elementall* and *ascentiue Soule*. When thou shalt see all these things happen to one whose *conuersation* had indeared him to thee; when thou shalt see the *body* put on *Deaths* sad and ashy *countenance*, in the dead age of *night*, when *silent darknesse* does incompassse the dimme light of thy *glimmering Taper*, and thou hearest a *solemne Bell* toled, to tell the *World* of it; which now, as it were, with this sound, is struck into a *dumbe attention*: Tell me if thou canst then find a thought of thine, deuoting thee to *pleasure*, and the fugitable *toyes of life*? O what a *bubble*, what a *puffe*, what but a *winke of life* is *man*! And with what a generall swallow, *Death* still gapes vpon the *generall World*! When *Hadrian* askt *Secundus*, What *Death* was: Hee answered in these seuerall truths: *It is a sleepe eternall; the Bodies dissolution; the rich mans feare; the poore mans wish; an euent ineuitable; an vncertaine*

*Journey ; a Thiefe that steales away man ; Sleepes farther ; Lifes flight ; the departure of the liuing ; and the resolution of all. Who may not from such sights and thoughts as these, learne, if he will, both humility and loftinesse ? the one, to vilifie the body, which must once perish in a stenchfull nastinesse ; The other to aduance the Soule, which liues heere but for a higher, and more heauenly ascension ? As I would not care for too much indulgiating of the flesh, which I must one day yeeld to the wormes : So I would euer bee studious for such actions, as may appeare the issues of a noble and diuiner Soule.*



## XLVIII.

*Of Idlenesse.*

**T**He *Idle man* is the *barrenest piece of Earth* in the *Orbe*. There is no *Creature* that hath *life*, but is busied in some *action* for the benefit of the *restlesse world*. Euen the most *venemous* and most *rauenous* things that are, haue their *commodities* as well as their *annoyances* : and they are euer ingaged in some *action*, which both profiteth the *World*, and continues them in their *Natures* courses. Euen the *Vegitables*, wherein *calme Nature* dwels, haue their turnes and times in *fructifying* : they *leafe*, they *flowre*, they *seede*. Nay, *Creatures* quite in-animate, are (some) the most laborious in their *motion*. With what a cheerly face the *Golden Sunne* chariots through the *rounding Skie* ? How perpetuall  
is



is the *Maiden Moone*, in her iust and horn'd *mutations*? The *Fire*, how restlesse in his quicke and catching *flames*? In the *Ayre*, what *transitions*? and how fluctuous are the *salted waues*? Nor is the *teeming Earth* wearie, after so many thousand yeeres *productions*? All which may tutor the *conch-stretched man*, and raise the *modest red* to shewing thorow his *un-washt face*. *Idleneffe* is the most *corrupting Fly*, that can blow in any *humane minde*. That *Ignorance* is the most miserable, which knowes not *what to doe*. The *Idle man* is like the *dumbe lacke* in a *Virginall*: while all the other dance out a *winning Musicke*, this, like a *member out of ioynt*, fullens the whole *Body*, with an ill disturbing *lazinesse*. I doe not wonder to see some of our *Gentrie* growne (well-neere) the *lewdest men* of our *Land*: since they are, most of them, so muffled in a *non-employment*. 'Tis *action* that does keepe the *Soule* both *sweet and sound*: while *lying still* does rot it to an *ordur'd noysomenesse*. *Augustine* imputes *Esau's* losse of the *blesing*, partly to his *slothfulnesse*, that had rather receiue *meate*, then seeke it. Surely, *exercise* is the fat'ning foode of the *Soule*, without which, she growes lanke, and thinly-parted. That the Followers of *Great men* are so much debauched, I beleeue to be want of *employment*: For the *Soule*, impatient of an *absolute recesso*, for want of the wholesome foode of *businesse*, preyes vpon the *lewder actions*. 'Tis true, *Men* learne to do ill, by doing what is next it, *nothing*. I beleeue, *Salomon* meant the *Field of the Sluggard*, as well for the *Embleme of his minde*, as the certaine *Index of his outward state*. As

the one is ouer-growne with *Thornes* and *Bryers*; so is the other with *vices* and *enormities*. If any wonder how *Egistus* grew adulterate, the exit of the Verse will tell him, — *Desidiosus erat*. When one would bragge the *bleſſings* of the *Romane State*, that ſince *Carthage* was raz'd, and *Greece* ſubieſted, they might now be *happy*, as haueing nothing to feare: Sayes the beſt *Scipio*, *We now are moſt in danger: for while wee want buſineſſe, and haue no Foe to awe vs, wee are ready to drowne in the mud of Vice and ſlothfulneſſe*. How bright does the *Soule* grow with *uſe* and *negotiation*! With what proportioned *ſweetneſſe* does that *Familie* flouriſh, where but one *laborious Guide* ſteereth in an order'd *Course*! When *Cleanthes* had laboured, and gotten ſome *coine*, he ſhewes it his *Companions*, and tels them, that *he now, if he will, can nourish another Cleanthes*. Beleeue it, *Induſtrie* is neuer wholly vnfruitfull. If it bring not *ioy* with the *incomming profit*, it will yet baniſh *miſchiefe* from thy *buſied gates*. There is a kinde of good *Angell* waiting vpon *diligence*, that euer carries a *Laurell* in his hand, to crowne her. *Fortune*, they ſaid of old, ſhould not be pray'd vnto, but with the hands in *motion*. The *boſom'd fiſt* beckens the *approach of pouertie*, and leaues beſide, the *noble head* vngarded: but the *lifted arme* does frighten *want*, and is euer a *ſhield* to that *noble director*. How vnworthy was that *man of the world*, that ne'r did ought, but onely *liu'd*, and *dy'd*? Though *Epaminondas* was ſeuere, hee was yet exemplary, when hee found a *Souldier* ſleeping in his *Watch*, and ranne him thorow with his *Sword*;



*Sword*; as if hee would bring the two Brothers, *Death* and *Sleepe*, to a meeting: And when he was blam'd for that, as *cruelty*, he sayes, hee did but leaue him as he found him, *dead*. It is none of the meanest happinesse, to haue a *minde* that loues a *vertuous exercise*: 'Tis daily rising to *blestnesse* and *contentation*. They are *idle Diuines*, that are not *heau'ned* in their *lines*, aboue the vn-studious man. Euery one shall smell of that he is busied in: as those that stirre among *perfumes* and *spices*, shall, when they are gone, haue still a gratefull *odour* with them: so, they that turne the *leaves* of the *worthy Writer*, cannot but retaine a *smacke* of their *long-lyu'd Author*. They conuerse with *Vertues Soule*, which he that writ, did spread vpon his *lasting Paper*. Euery *good line* addes sinew to the *vertuous minde*: and withall, hells that *vice*, which would be springing in it. That I haue liberty to doe any thing, I account it from the fauouring *Heauens*. That I haue a minde sometimes inclining to vse that *libertie* well; I thinke, I may, without *ostentation*, bee thankfull for it, as a *bountie of the Deitie*. Sure, I should be *miserable*, if I did not loue this *businesse* in my *vacancie*. I am glad of that *leasure*, which giues mee leasure to *employ my selfe*. If I should not grow better for it; yet this benefit, I am sure, would accrue mee, I should both keepe my selfe from *worse*, and not haue time to entertaine the *Deuill* in.

That



## XLIX.

*That all things haue a like progresſion and fall.*

There is the ſame *method* thorow all the *World* in generall. All things come to their height by *degrees*; there they ſtay the leaſt of time; then they *decline* as they *roſe*: onely *miſchiefe* beeing more importunate, ruines at once, what *Nature* hath beene long a rearing. Thus the *Poet* ſung the *fall*:

*Omnia ſunt hominum tenui pendentia filo,  
Et ſubito caſu, quæ valère, ruunt.*

All thāt *Man* holds, hangs but by ſlender twine,  
By ſudden chance the ſtrongest things decline.

*Man* may be kil'd in an inſtant; he cannot be made to *live*, but by ſpace of time in *conception*. Wee are curdled to the faſhion of a life, by *time*, and ſet *ſucceſſions*; when all againe is *loſt*, and in the moment of a minute, *gone*. *Plants*, *fiſhes*, *beaſts*, *birds*, *men*, all grow vp by *leaſurely progresſions*: ſo *Families*, *Prouinces*, *States*, *Kingdomes*, *Empires*, haue the ſame way of riſe by ſteps. About the *height* they muſt ſtay a while, becauſe there is a neere neſſe to the middle on both ſides, as they *riſe*, and as they *fall*: otherwiſe, their continuance in that *top*, is but the very *point* of *time*, the preſent *now*, which *now* again  
is

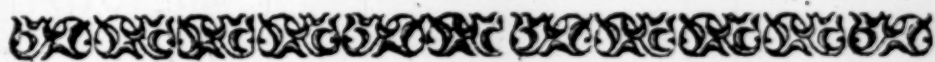


is gone. Then they at best *descend*, but for the most part *tumble*. And that which is true in the *smallest particulars*, is, by taking a *larger view*, the same in the *distended Bulke*. There were first, *Men*, then *Families*, then *Tribes*, then *Common-wealths*, then *Kingdomes*, *Monarchies*, *Empires*: which we finde, haue beene the height of all *worldly dignities*: And as we finde those *Monarchies* did *rise* by degrees; so we finde they haue slid againe to *decay*. There was the *Assyrian*, the *Persian*, the *Grecian*, the *Romane*. And sure, the height of the *Worlds glory*, was in the dayes of the *Romane Empire*; and the height of that *Empire*, in the dayes of *Augustus*. *Peace* then gently breathed thorow the *Vniuersall*: *Learning* was then in her *fullest flourish*: no *Age*, either before or since, could present vs with so many *towring Ingenuities*. And then, when the *whole World* was most like vnto *God*, in the sway of one *Monarch*; when they saluted him by the *Title* of *Augustus*; and they then, like *God*, began in rule to be called *Imperatores*: This, I take it, was the *fulnesse of time*, wherein *G O D*, the *Sauour of the World*, vouchsafed by taking *Humane nature* vpon him, to descend in the *World*. And surely, the consideration of such things as these, are not vnworthy our *thoughts*: Though our *Faith* bee not *bred*, yet is it much *confirmed*, by obseruing such *like circumstances*. But then may wee thinke, how small a time this *Empire* continued in this *flourish*. Euen the next *Emperour*, *Tiberius*, beganne to degenerate; *Caligula* more; *Nero* yet more then he; till it grew to be embroyled and dismembred, to  
an

an *absolute diuision*. Since, how has the *Turke* seized one in the *East*; and the other in the *West*? how much is it subdiuided, by the deduction of *France*, *Britaine*, *Spaine*? Some haue also obserued the *Site* of these *Empires*, how the first was neereſt the *East*, the next, a *Degree* further off; and ſo on in diſtant *remouals*, following the courſe of the *Sunne*: as if beginning in the *morning* of the *World*, they would make a larger *day*, by declining toward the *West*, where the *Sunne* goes downe, after his riſing in the *East*. This may ſtand to the *Southerne* and *Weſterne Inhabitants* of the *World*; but I know not how to the *Northerne*: for elſe how can that bee ſaid to *riſe any where*, which reſteth *no where*, but is perpetually in the ſpeed of a *circular motion*? For the *time*, it was when the *World* was within a very little, aged 4000. *yeeres*; which, I beleue, was much about the *middle Age* of the *World*: though ſeeing there are *promiſes* that the *latter dayes* ſhall bee *ſhortned*, wee cannot expect the like *extent of time* after it, which we finde did goe before it. Nor can we thinke, but that *Decay*, which haſtens in the *ruine* of all leſſer things, will likewise be more ſpeedy in this. If all things in the *World* decline faſter by farre, then they do *aſcend*; why ſhould we not beleue the *World* to doe ſo too? I know not what certaine *grounds* they haue, that dare aſſume to foretell the *particular time* of the *Worlds conflagration*. But ſurely in *reaſon*, and *Nature*, the *end* cannot be mightily diſtant. We haue ſeene the *Infancie*, the *Youth*, the *Virility*, all paſt: Nay, wee haue ſeene it well ſtept in-  
to



to yeeres, and *declination*, the most infallible *premonitors* of a *dissolution*. Some could beleue it within lesse then this nine and twenty yeers, because as the *Flood* destroyed the *former World*, one thousand sixe hundred fifty and sixe yeeres after the *first destroying Adam*; so the *latter World* shall be consumed by *fire*, one thousand sixe hundred fifty and sixe yeeres after the *second sauing Adam*; which is *Christ*. But I dare not fixe a *certainty*, where *God* hath left the *World* in *ignorance*. The exact *knowledge* of all things is in *God* only. But surely, by *collections* from *Nature* and *Reason*, *Man* may much helpe himselfe, in *likelihoode* and *probabilities*. Why hath *Man* an *arguing* and *premeditating Soule*, if not to thinke on the *course* and *causes* of *things*, thereby to magnifie his *Creator* in them? I will often muse in such like *Theames*: for, besides the *pleasure* I shall meete, in *knowing further*; I shall finde my *Soule*, by *admiration* of these *wonders*, to loue both *Reason*, and the *Deitie* better. As our *admiring of things euill*, guides vs to a *secret hate* and *decession*: so, whatsoever we *applaud* for *goodnesse*, cannot but cause some *raise* in our *affections*.



L.

*Of Detraction.*

**I**N some *unluckie dispositions*, there is such an enuious kinde of *Pride*, that they cannot endure that any but themselves should bee set foorth for  
*excellent:*

*excellent* : so when they heare one *iustly praised*, they will either seeke to dismount his *Vertues* ; or if they be like a *cleere light*, eminent ; they will stab him with a *But* of *detraction*: as if there were something yet so *foule*, as did *obnubilate* euen his *brightest glorie*. Thus when their *tongue* cannot *iustly condemne* him, they will leaue him in suspected ill, by *silence*. Surely if wee considered *detraction*, to be bred of *enuie*, *nestled* onely in *deficient mindes* ; we should finde, that the applauding of *vertue*, would winne vs farre more *honour*, then the *seeking* slyly to *disparage* it. That would shew wee *lou'd* what we *commended*, while this tels the *World*, wee grudge at what wee want in our selues. Why may we not thinke the *Poet* meant them for *Detractors*, which sprung of the *teeth of Cadmus* *poysoned Serpent* ? I am sure their *ends* may paralell ; for they vsually murder one another in their *fame* : and where they finde not *spots*, they deuise them. It is the *basest Office* Man can fall into, to make his *tongue* the *Whipper* of the *Worthy man*. If wee doe know *vices* in men, I thinke wee can scarce shew our selues in a *nobler vertue*, then in the *charity* of concealing them : so it bee not a *flattery*, perswading to *continuance*. And if it bee in *absence*, euen sometime that which is *true*, is most vnbecoming the report of a *Man*. Who will not condemne him as a *Traitor* to *reputation* and *societie*, that tels the *private fault* of his *friend*, to the *publike & deprauing World* ? When *two friends* part, they should locke vp one anothers *secrets*, and interchange their *keyes*. The *honest man* will rather be a *grau* to his *neighbours failes*,



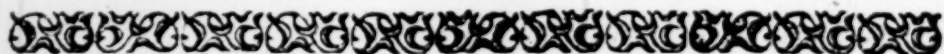
*failes*, then any way *uncertaine* them. I care not for his *humour*, that loves to clippe the wings of a *lostie fame*. The Counsell in the *Satyre* I doe well approue of.

— *Absentem qui rodit amicum,  
Qui non defendet alio culpante, solutos  
Qui capiat risus hominum, famamq; dicacis,  
Fingere qui non visa potest, commissa tacere  
Qui nequit, hic niger est, hunc tu Romane caueo.*

— Who bites his absent Friend,  
Or not defends him blam'd, but holds along  
With mens loose laughter, and each *prater* tongue,  
That feines what was not, and discloaks a *soule*;  
Beware him, *Noble Romane*, hee is foule.

And for the most part, hee is as *dangerous*, in another *vice* as this. Hee that can *detract unworthily*, when thou canst not answer him, can *flatter* thee as *unworthily*, when thou canst not chuse but *heare* him. 'Tis vsuall with him to *smooth* it in the *Chamber*, that keeps a *railing tongue* for the *Hall*. And besides all this, it implies a kinde of *cowardice*: for who will iudge him otherwise, that but then vnbuttons his tumour'd *breast*, when hee findes none to oppose the bignesse of his *lookes* and *tongue*? The *valiant mans tongue*, though it neuer boasteth vainely, yet is euer the greatest *Coward* in *absence*: but the *Coward* is neuer *valiant* but then: and then too, tis without his *heart*, or *spirit*. There is nothing argues *Nature* more *degenerate*, then her se-

cret repining at anothers *transcendencie*. And this, besides the ill, plunges her into this *folly*, that by this *act*, shee is able lesse to *discerne*. Hee that *pretending vertue*, is busie in the *staines* of men, is like to him that seekes *lost gold* in *ashes*, and blowing them about, hides that more, which hee better might haue found with *stilnesse*. To *ouer-commend* a man, I know is not good: but the *DetraCTOR* wounds *three*, with the *one Arrow* of his *viperous tongue*. Indeed tis hard to speake a *man* true, as he is: but howsoeuer, I would not depraue the fame of the *absent*: 'Tis then a time for *praises*, rather then for *reprehension*. Let *praise* be voiced to the *spreading Ayre*; but *chidings* whisper'd in the *kissed eare*: Which action teaches vs, euen while wee *chide*, to *loue*. If there be *Vertues*, and I am call'd to speake of him that ownes them, I will tell them forth *unpartially*. If there bee *vices* mixt with those, I will be content the *World* shall know them by some *other tongue* then *mine*.



## LI.

*Against Compulsion.*

**A**S nothing preuailes more then *Courtesie*: so *compulsion* often is the way to *lose*. Too much *importunity*, does but teach men how to *deny*. The more wee desire to *gaine*, the more doe others desire that they may not *lose*. *Nature* is euer iealous of her owne *supremacie*: and when shee sees that others



thers would *under-tread* it, she calls in all her powers, for *resistance*. Certainly, they worke by a wrong *Engine*, that seeke to gaine their ends by *constraint*. Crosse two *Louers*, and you knit but their *affection* stronger. You may *stroake* the *Lyon* into a *bondage*: but you shall sooner *hew him to pieces*, then *beate* him into a *chaine*. The *Foxe* may *praise* the *Crowes* meate from her *Bill*: but cannot with his *swiftnesse* ouertake her *wing*. *Easie Nature*, and *free libertie*, will steale a man into a *winy excessse*: when *urged healths* doe but shew him the way to *refuse*. The *noblest Weapon* wherewith *Man* can conquer, is *loue*, and *gentlest courtesie*. How many haue lost their *hopes*, while they haue sought to *rauish* with too rude a hand? *Nature* is more apt to bee led by the soft motions of the *musicall tongue*, then the rusticke threshings of a *striking arme*. *Loue of life*, and *Iollities*, will draw a man to more, then the feare of *death*, and *torments*. No doubt, *Nature* meant *Cesar* for a *Conquerour*, when shee gaue him both such *courage*, and such *courtesie*; both which put *Marius* into a *muz*. They which durst speake to him, (hee said) were *ignorant of his greatnesse*; and they which durst not, were so of his *goodnesse*. They are men the *best composed*, that can bee *resolute*, and *remisse*. For, as *fearefull Natures* are wrought vpon, by the sternenesse of a *rough comportment*: so the *valiant* are not gain'd on, but by *gentle affabilitie*, and a shew of *pleasing libertie*. *Little Fishes* are twitched vp with the violence of a *sudden pull*; when the like action cracks the *line*, whereon a *great one* hangs.

M

I haue

I haue knowne *denyals*, that had neuer beene giuen,  
 but for the *earnestnesse* of the *requester*. They teach  
 the *petitioned* to be *suspicious*; and *suspicion* teaches  
 him to *hold* and *fortifie*. Hee that comes with *You*  
*must haue mee*, is like to proue but a *fruitlesse Wooer*.  
 Vrge a *grant* to some men, and they are *inexorable*;  
*seeme carelesse*, and they will force the thing vpon  
 you. *Augustus* got a friend of *Cinna*, by giuing  
 him a *second life*, whereas his *death* could at best  
 but haue remou'd an *Enemy*. Heare but his *exiled*  
*Poet*.

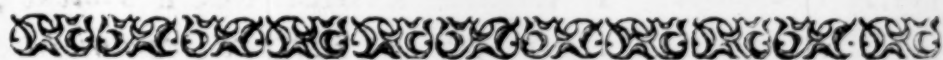
*Flectitur obsequio curuatus ab arbore ramus :*  
*Franges, si vires experiere tuas.*  
*Obsequio tranantur aquae, nec vincere possis*  
*Flumina, si contra quam rapit unda nates.*  
*Obsequium Tygres domat, tumidosq; Leones :*  
*Rustica paulatim taurus aratra subit.*

The *Trees* crookt branches, gently bent, grow right,  
 When as the hands full vigor breakes them quite.  
 Hee safely swimmes, that waues along the Flood,  
 While crossing streames is neither safe nor good.  
*Tygers* and *Lyons*, mildnesse keeps in awe:  
 And, gently vs'd *Buls* yoakt, in *Ploughs* will draw.

Certainely, the *faire way* is the best, though it bee  
 something the further *about*. 'Tis lesse ill for a  
*journey* to be *long*, then *dangerous*. To vex other  
 men, I will thinke, is but to tutor them, how they  
 should again vex me. I will neuer wish to purchase  
 ought vnequally: What is got against *reason*, is for  
 the



the most part wonne, by the meeting of a *Foole* and *Knaue*. If ought be fought with *reason*, that may come with *kindnesse*; for then *Reason* in their owne *bosomes*, will become a *pleader* for mee: but I will bee content to lose a little, rather then bee drawne to obtaine by *violence*. The *trouble* and the *hazzard* wee auoid, may very well sweeten, or out-weigh a *slender losse*. *Constraint* is for *extremities*, when all wayes else shall faile. But in the *generall*, *Fairenesse* ha's preferment. If you grant, the other may supply the *desire*; yet this does the like, and purchaseth *loue*; when that, onely leaues a *lothsome hate* behind it.



## LII.

*Of Dreames.*

**D***Reames* are notable *meanes* of discovering our owne *inclinations*. The *wise man* learns to know himselfe as well by the *nights blacke mantle*, as the *searching beames* of day. In *sleepe*, wee haue the naked and naturall thoughts of our *soules*: *outward objects* interpose not, either to shuffle in *occasional cogitations*, or hale out the *included fancy*. The *minde* is then shut vp in the *Burrough* of the *body*; none of the *Cinqueportes* of the *Isle of Man*, are then open, to in-let any strange *disturbers*. Surely, how we fall to *vice*, or rise to *vertue*, we may by obseruation find in our *dreames*. It was the wise *Zeno*, that said, he could collect a man by his *dreames*.

For then, the *soule* stated in a deepe *repose*, bewrayed her true *affections*: which in the busie day, shee would eyther *not shew*, or *not note*. It was a custome among the *Indians*, when their *Kings* went to their *sleepe*, to pray with *piping acclamations*, that they might haue *happy dreames*; and withall consult well for their *Subiects* benefit: as if the *night* had beene a time, wherein they might grow *good*, and *wise*. And certainly, the *wise man* is the wiser for his *sleeping*, if hee can *order well* in the day, vvhhat the *eye-lesse night* presenteth him. Euery *dream* is not to bee counted of: nor yet are *all* to bee cast away with *contempt*. I would neither bee a *Stoicke*, *superstitious* in all; nor yet an *Epicure*, *considerate* of none. If the *Physician* may by them iudge of the *disease* of the *bodie*, I see not, but the *Diuine* may doe so, concerning the *soule*. I doubt not but the *Genius* of the *soule* is *waking*, and *motiue* euen in the fastest *losures*, of the *imprisoning eye-lids*. But to *presage* from these thoughts of *sleepe*, is a *wisedome* that I would not reach to. The best *use* wee can make of *dreames*, is *observation*: and by that, our owne *correction*, or *incouragement*. For 'tis not *doubtable*, but that the *minde* is working, in the *dullest depth* of *sleepe*. I am confirmed by *Claudian*,

*Omnia quæ sensu voluntur vota diurno,  
Tempore nocturno, reddit amica quies.  
Venator, defessatoro cùm membra reponit,  
Mens tamen ad siluas, & sua lustrare dedit.*

*Iudicibus*



*Iudicibus lites, aurigæ somnia currus,  
 Vanaque nocturnis meta cauetur equis.  
 Furto gaudet amans; permutat nauita Merces:  
 Et vigil elapsas querit auarus opes.  
 Blandaue largitur frustra sitientibus agris,  
 Irriguus gelido pocula fonte sopor.  
 Me quoque Musarum studium, sub nocte silenti,  
 Artibus assiduus, sollicitare solet.*

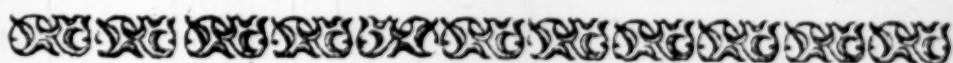
Day thoughts, transwinged frō th' industrious brest,  
 All seeme re-acted in the nights dumbe rest.  
 When the tyr'd Huntsman, his repose begins,  
 Then flies his minde to woods, and wild beast dens.  
 Iudges dreame cases: Champions seeme to run,  
 With their night Coursers, the vain bounds to shun.  
 Loue hugs his rapes, the Merchant traffique minds.  
 The Miser thinks hee some lost treasure findes.  
 And to the thirstie sicke, some potion cold,  
 Stiffe flattering sleepe, inanely seemes to hold,  
 Yea, and in th' age of silent rest, euen I  
 Troubled with *Arts* deepe musings, nightly lye.

*Dreames* doe sometimes call vs to a recognition  
 of our *inclinations*, which *print* the deeper in so *un-*  
*disturbed times*. I could *wish* men to *giue* them their  
*consideration*, but not to *allow* them their *trust*,  
 though sometimes 'tis easie to picke out a *profita-*  
*ble Morall*. *Antiquitie* had them in much more *rene-*  
*rence*, and did oft account them *prophecies*, as is ea-  
 sily found in the *sacred volume*: and among the  
*Heathen*, nothing was more *frequent*. *Astyages* had  
 two, of his daughter *Mandana*, the *Vine*, and her

urine. *Calphurnia* of her *Cesar*; *Hecuba* of *Paris*; and almost euery *Prince* among them, had his *Fate* shewed in *interpreted dreames*. *Galen* tels of one, that dream'd his *thigh* was turn'd to *stone*, when soone after it was strooke with a *dead Palsie*. The aptnesse of the *humours* to the like *effects*, might suggest something to the *minde*, then apt to receiue. So that I doubt not but either to *preserue health*, or amend the *life*, *dreames* may, to a *wise obseruer*, be of *speciall benefit*. I would neither depend vpon any, to incurre a *preiudice*, nor yet cast them all away, in a *prodigall neglect* and *scorne*. I finde it of one that hauing long beene *troubled* with the *paining spleene*: that he dream't, if he opened a certaine *veine*, betweene two of his *fingers*, he should be *cured*: which he *awaked*, did, and *mended*. But, indeed I would rather *belceue* this, then be drawne to *practize* after it. These *plaine predictions* are more rare *Foretellings*, vsed to be lapp'd in more *obscured foldes*: and now that *art* lost, *Christianity* hath settled vs to lesse *inquisition*; 'tis for a *Roman Soothsayer* to reade those *darker spirits* of the night, and tell that still *Dictator*, his *dreame* of *copulation* with his *mother*, signified his *subiecting* of the *world* to *himselfe*. 'Tis now so out of vse, that I thinke it not to be *recovered*. And were it not for the *power* of the *Gospel*, in *crying* downe the *vaines* of men, it would appeare a wonder, how a *Science* so pleasing to *humanity*, should fall so quite to *ruine*.

of





## LIII.

*Of Bounty.*

There is such a *Royalty* in the *minde*, as betrayes a man to *basenesse*, and to *pouerty*. Excesses, for the most part, haue but ill *conclusions*. There is a *dunghill mischiese*, that awaites euen the *man of the bounteous soule*: and they that had store of a *native goodnesse*, grow at last to the *practice* of the *soulest villanies*. They are free as the *descending raine*, and power a plenty on the *generall world*. This *Munificence* consumes them, and brings them to the *miseries* of an *emptyed Mine*. Yet in this *fall* of their *melted demeanes*, they grow *ashamed* to be *publikely seene* come short of their wonted *reuelling*. So, rather then the *world* shall see an *alteration*, they leaue no *lewdnesse* priuately *vnpractized*. 'Tis a noted truth of *Tacitus*, *Treasure spent ambitiously, will be supply'd by wickednesse*. *Erarium ambitione exhaustum, per scelera supplendum erit*. 'Tis pittie, that which beares the name of *Noble*, should be *parent* of such hated *vilenesse*. What is it *Ambition* will not *practize*, rather then let her port decline? *Vaine-glory* ends in *lewdnesse*, and *contempt*. The *laush minde* loues any *indirection* better then to *flag in state*. A fond *popularity* bewitches the *soule*, to *strow* about the *wealth*, and *meanes*: and to *feed* that *dispersive humour*, all wayes shall bee trodden, though they neuer so much *vnworthy* the man.

Surely, wee nickname this same *floudding man*, when we call *him* by the name of *Braue*. His striving to be like a *God in bounty*, throwes him to the *lowest estate of man*. 'Tis for none but him that has *all*, to giue to *all abundantly*. Where the carrying *streame* is greater, then the bringing *one*, the *bottom* will be quickly *waterlesse*; and then what *commendation* is it, to say there is a *plenty* wasted? Hee has the best *Fame*, that keepes his *estate* vnniggardly: The others *fluxe*, is meerely out of *weakenesse*. Hee ouervalues the *drunken* and *reeling* loue of the *vulgar*, that buyes it with the *ruine* of *himselfe*, and his *family*. Hee feares he is not *lou'd*, vnlesse that hee bee loose and *scattering*. They are *fooles* that thinke their *minde*s ill wouen, vnlesse they haue *allowance* from the *popular stampe*. The *wise man* is his owne both *world* and *Iudge*; he giues what he knowes is fit for his *estate*, and him, without euer caring how the *wauing Tumult* takes it. To *weake minde*s, the *People* are the greatest *Parasites*: they *worship* and *knee* them to the spending of a faire *inheritance*: and then they crush them with the *heavy load of pitty*. 'Tis the *inconsiderate Man*, that *rauels* out a *spacious Fortune*. Hee neuer thinketh how the *heape* will *lessen*, because hee looses, but by *graines*, and *parcels*. They are ill *Stewards*, that so *showre* away a *large State*. Sayes *Democritus*, when hee saw one giuing to *all*, and that would want *Nothing* which his *Minde* did *craue*; Mayest thou *perish unpittied*, for making of the *Virgin Graces*, *Harlots*. Hee made his *liberalitie*, like a *Whore*, to court the *Publique*; when



when indeed shee ought to *winne* by *modestie*. For, as the *Harlots* offers, but procure the *goodmans hate*: So when *bounty* proves a *Curtezan*, and offers too vndecently, it failes of gaining *love*, and gets but the *dislike* of the *wife*. He does *bounty* injury, that shewes her so much, as he makes her but be *laugh'd* at. Who giues or spends too much, must *fall*, or else desist, with *shame*. To liue well of a *little*, is a great deale more *honour*, then to spend a great deale *vainely*. To know both when, and what to part withall, is a *knowledge* that befits a *Prince*. The best *object* of *bounty*, is either *necessity*, or *desert*. The best *motiue*, thy owne *goodnesse*: And the limit, is the safety of thy *state*. For this I will constantly thinke; The best *bounty* of man, is not to be too *bountifull*. It is not good to make our *kindnesse* to others, to bee *cruelty* to our *selues* and *ours*.



LIIII.

*Of Man's inconstancy.*

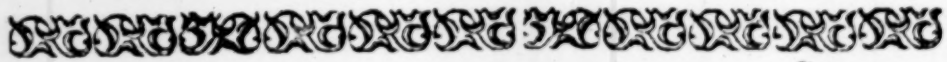
**N**O *Weathercocke* vnder *Heauen*, is so *variable* as *inconstant Man*. Euery breath of *wind*, fannes him to a *various shape*: As if his *minde* were so neere a kinne to *Ayre*, as it must with euery *motion*, be in a *perpetuall change*. Like an *instrument* cunningly *plaid on*, it does *rise*, and *fall*, and *alter*, and all on a *sudden*. Wee are *Feathers* blowne in the *bluster* of our owne loose *passions*, and are meerely the

the dalliance of the flying winds. How many in an instant haue murdered the men they haue lou'd? as if accident were the Fate of things, and the Epicure had balked truth. How ardently can wee affect some, euen beyond the desire of dying for them, when immediately one sudden Ebullition of Choller, shall tender them extremely offensive? nay, steepe them in our hate, and curses? Behold the hold which Man doth take of Man! 'tis lost in a moment, with but the clacking of the tongue, a nod, or frowne, or any such like nothing. Wee cancell leagues with friends, make new ones with our enemies, and breake them ere concluded. Our Favorites with the places alter. And our hate hath wings to alight, and depart. In our dyet, how infinitely does the variation of humours disrellish the ill tasting pallate? what to day we rauen on, is the rise of the next dayes stomacke. In our recreations how inconstantly louing? sometimes affecting the noisefull hound; sometimes the stiller sport of the wing; though euer engaged to a giddy variety. In our apparell how mutable? as if fashion were a god, that needes would be ador'd in changes. Our whole life is but a greater, and longer child-hood. What man liuing would not die with anguish, were he bound to follow another, in all his vnstedfast motions, which though they bee euer turning, yet are neuer pleasing, but when they proceed from the native freedome of the soule? which argues her change not more out of object, then her selfe, and the humors wherewith shee is composed. They first flowing to incite Desire, then poured out vpon an object, dye in their  
their



their *birth*, while more succeed them. Like *Souldiers* in a running *skirmish*, *come up*, *discharge*, *fall off*, *flye*, and *reinforce* themselves. Onely *order* is in their *proceedings*, while *confusion* doth distract the *man*. Surely, there is nothing argues his *imperfection* more. For though the Nobler *Elements* be most *Motive*, and the *Earth* least of all, which is yet *basest*: yet are they neuer mutable, but as the *object* that they fix on makes them, nor doe they euer wander from that *qualitie*, wherewith *Nature* did at first *inuest* them. But *man*, had he no *object*, hee would *change* alone; and euen to such things, as *Nature* did not once intend him. *Mindes* thus temper'd, wee vse to call *too light*, as if they were *unequally* mixt, and the two *nimbler Elements* had gotten the *predominance*. Certainly, the best is a noble *constancy*. For, *perfection* is immutable. But for things *imperfect*, *change* is the way to *perfect* them. It gets the name of *wilfulnesse*, when it will not admit of a lawfull *change*, to the better. Therefore *Constancy* without *Knowledge*, cannot bee alwayes good. In things ill, 'tis not *vertue*, but an absolute *Vice*. In all *changes*, I will haue regard to these three things: *Gods approbation*, my *owne benefit*, and the *not-harming of my Neighbour*. Where the *change* is not a *fault*, I will neuer thinke it a *disgrace*; though the great *Exchange*, the *World*, should iudge it so. Where it is a *fault*, I would bee *constant*, though outward things should wish my *turning*. Hee hath but a weake *warrant* for what hee does, that hath onely the *fortune* to finde his bad *actions* plausible.

Of



## LV.

*Of Logicke.*

Nothing hath spoyl'd *Truth* more then the *Invention of Logicke*. It hath found out so many *distinctions*, that it inwraps *Reason* in a *mist of doubts*. 'Tis *Reason* drawne into too fine a *threed*; tying vp *Truth* in a twist of words, which being hard to *unloose*, carry her away as a *prisoner*. 'Tis a *net* to *intangle* her, or an art *instructing* you, how to tell a reasonable *lye*. When *Diogenes* heard *Zeno*, with subtle *Arguments*, proving that there was no *Motion*: he suddenly *starts up*, and *walkes*. *Zeno* asks the *cause*? Sayes he againe, *I but confute your reasons*. Like an ouercurious *workeman*, it hath sought to make *Truth* so *excellent*, that it hath marr'd it. *Vines* sayes, Hee doubts not but the *Deuill* did inuent it; it teaches to *oppose* the *Truth*, and to be falsely *obstinate*, so cunningly *delighting*, to put her to the worse, by *deceit*. As a *Conceitist*, it hath laide on so many *colours*, that the *counterfeit* is more *various* then the *patterne*. It giues vs so many *likes*, that we know not which is the *same*. *Truth* in *Logicall arguments*, is like a *Prince* in a *Masque*, where are so many other *presented* in the same *attire*, that we know not which is *hee*. And as wee know there is but one *Prince*, so wee know there is but one *Truth*; yet by reason of the *Masque*, *Iudgement* is *distracted*, and *deceiued*. There might be a double reason, why  
the



the *Areopagite* banish't *Stilpo*, for prouing by his *Sophistry*, *Minerva* was no *Goddesse*. One, to shew their dislike to the *Art*: another, that it was not fit, to suffer one to *wanton* with the *Gods*. Sure, howsoever men might first *inuent* it, for the helpe of *truth*, it hath *provd* but a helpe to *wrangle*: and a thing to set the *minde* at *iarre* in it selfe: and doing nothing but confound *conceit*, it growes a *toy* to *laugh* at. Let me giue you but one of our *owne*.

*Nascitur in tenebras animal, puer, inscius, infans,  
Conferat Oxonium se, cito fiet homo.*

A thing borne blinde, a child, and foolish too,  
Shall be made man, if it to *Oxford* goe.

*Aristarchus* his *Quip*, may fall vpon our *Times*: Heretofore (sayes he) there were but *seuen wise men*; and now it is hard to find the number of *fooles*. For euery *man* will be a *Sophister*, and then hee thinkes hee's *wise*; though, I doubt, some will neuer be so, but by the helpe of *Logicke*. *Nature* her selfe makes euery man a *Logician*: they that brought in the *Art*, haue *presented* vs with one that hath *ouer-acted* her: and something *strain'd* her beyond her *genuine plainenesse*. But I speake this of *Logicke* at large, for the pure *Art* is an *excellency*. Since all is in *vse*, 'tis good to retaine it, that we may make it defend vs, against it selfe. There is no way to secure a *Mine*, but to *countermine*. Otherwise, like the *Art of Memory*, I thinke it spoyles the *Naturall*. How can it bee otherwise, when the *Inuention of Man*, shall  
strive

strive with the *investigation of supreme Nature*? In matters of *Religion*, I will make *Faith* my meanes to *ascertaine*, though not *comprehend* them: For other matters, I will thinke *simple Nature* the best *Reason*, and *naked reason* the best *Logicke*. It may helpe me to *strip off doubts*, but I would not haue it helpe to *make* them.



## LVI.

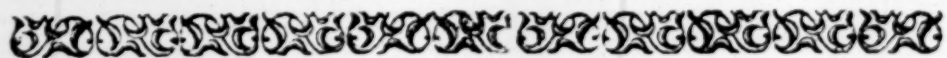
*Of thoughtfulness in misery.*

THE *unfortunate mans wisdom*, is one of his greatest *miseries*. Vnlesse it be as well able to *coquer*, as *discerne*, it onely shewes him but the *blacker face of mourning*. 'Tis no *commendation*, to haue an *insight* deepe in *Calamity*. It can shew him *mischiefe* which a *Foole* sees not; so helpe him to *vexation*, which he cannot tell how to *cure*. In *Temporall* things, 'tis one great *happinesse* to be free from *miseries*: A next to that, is not to be *sensible* of them. There is a *comfort*, in seeing but the *shell of sorrow*. And in my *opinion*, he does *wisely*, that when *griefe* presents her selfe, lets her weare a *vizor*, fairer, then her *naked skinne*. Certainly, 'tis a *felicity* to be an *honest foole*, when the *piercing eye* of his *spirit*, shall not see into the *bowels* of his *attendant trouble*. I beleeue our *eyes* would be euer *winterly*, if wee gaue them the *flowe* but for euery iust *occasion*. I like of *Solon's course*, in *comforting* his constant *friend*: when taking him vp to the top of a *Turret*, ouer-looking  
all



all the *piled buildings*, he bids him thinke, how many *Discontents* there had beene in those *houses* since their *framing*, how many *are*, and how many *will be*. Then, if he can, to leaue the *worlds calamities*, and *mourne* but for his *owne*. To *mourne* for none else, were *hardnesse*, and *iniustice*. To *mourne* for *all*, were *endlesse*. The best way is, to *uncontract* the brow, and let the *worlds* mad *spleene* fret, for that wee smile in *woes*. *Sorrowes* are like *putri'd graues*, the deeper you digge, the *fuller* both of *stench*, and *horroure*. Though *consideration* and a *foole* be *contraries*, yet nothing increaseth *misery* like it. Who euer knew a *Foole* dye of a discontenting *melancholy*? So poore a *condition* is *Man* *false* to, that euen his *glory* is become his *punishment*: and the *rayes* of his *wisedome*, light him but to see those *anguishes*, which the darknesse of his *mind* would couer. *Sorrows* are not to bee entertain'd with *hugges*, and lengthned *complements*; but the cast of the *eye*, and the put-by of the turning *hand*. Search not a *wound* too deep, lest you make a *new one*. It was not spoken without some *reason*, That *fortunate*, is better then *wise*; since who soeuer is *that*, shall be thought to be *this*. For *vulgar eyes* iudge rather, by the *euent*, then the *intentio*. And he that is *unfortunate*, though he be *wise*, shall find many, that will dew him, with at least supposed *folly*. This only is the *wise mā's benefit*; as he sees more *mischiefs*: So he can curbe more *passions*: and by this *meanes* hath *wit* enough, to endure his *paines* in *secrecy*. I would looke so farre into *crosses*, as to cure the *present*, and preuent the *future*: But will neuer care for *searching* further,

ther, or indearing cares by thoughtfulness. They are like *Charons Caue* in *Italy*, where you may enter a little way, without danger, and further perhaps with benefit, but going to the end, it stifles you. No ship but may be cast away, by putting too farre into tempestuous Seas.



## LVII.

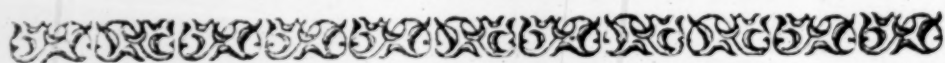
*Of ill Company.*

WE haue no *emie* like *base Companie* : it kills both our *fame*, and our *soules*. It giues vs wounds, which neuer will admit of *healing* : and is not onely *disgracefull*, but *mischieuous*. Wer't thou a *King*, it would rob thee of thy *Royall Maiesty*; who would reuerence thy *sway*, when, like *Nero*, thou should'st *Tauerne* out thy time with *Wantons*, triumph with *Minstrels* in thy *Chariot*, and present thy selfe vpon a *Common Stage*, with the buskin'd *Tragedian*, and the *Pantomime* ? 'Tis like a ship new trimmed, wheresoeuer you but touch, it soyles you : and though you be *cleane*, when you enter, euen a little motion will fill you with *defiled badges*. And then the whiter the *Swan* is, the more is the *black* apparent. How many haue died *ignominiously*, and haue vsed their last *breath*, onely to *complaine* of this ; as the *Witch* that had *enchanted* them, to the *euils* that they now must *smart* for ? 'tis an *Engine* wherewith the *Devill* is euer *practizing*, to lift *Man* out of *Vertues seat*. 'tis the *spirituall Whore*, which toyes the



the good *man* to his *soules undoing*. Certainly, if there be any *Dalilah* vnder *Heauen*, it is in bad *Societie*. This will *binde vs*, *betray vs*, *blinde vs*, *undoe vs*. Many a man had beene good that is not, if hee had but kept *good company*. When the *Achates* of thy *life* shall be *ill*, who will not *imagine* thy *life* to bee so too? euen *waters* change their *vertues*, by running thorow a *changed veine*. No *man* but hath both *good* and *bad* in his *nature*, either of which, *fortifie*, as they meet with their *like*; or *decline*, as they finde a *contrary*. When *Vice* runnes in a single *streame*, 'tis then a *passable shallow*: but when many of these shall fall into *one*, they swell a deeper *channell* to be *drown'd* in. *Good* and *wise associates*, are like *Princes* in *defensive Leagues*; one defends the other against *deuices* of the common *Foe*. *Lewd ones* are like the *mistaken Lanthorne* in 88. which vnder *pretence* of guiding, will draw vs vnto *hazzard*, and losse among our *Enemies*. Nor was the *fiction* of the *Syrens* any other in the *Morall*, then pleasant wits, vitiated in *accustom'd lewdnesse*, who for that, were feigned to be *Monsters* of a parted *Nature*, and with sweet tunes, intice men to *destruction*. Could my name be *safe*, yet my *soule* were in danger; could my *soule* be *free*, yet my *fame* would suffer; were my *body* and *estate* secure, yet those other two (which are the purest *excellencies* of *Man*) are euer laid at the *stake*. I know, *Physicians* may conuerse with *sicke ones*, *uninfected*: but then, they must haue *stronger Antidotes*, then their *nature* giues them: else they themselves shall soone *stand in need*, of what themselves *once were*, *Physicians*.

One rotted Apple, will infect the floore. The putri'd Grape, corrupts the whole sound Cluster. Though I be no *Hermite*, to sit away my dayes in a dull Cell; yet will I chuse rather to haue no *Companion*, then a bad one. If I haue found any good, I will cherriſh them, as the *choyce of men*: or as *Angels*, that are ſent for *Guardians*. If I haue any bad ones, I will ſtudy to loſe them: leſt by keeping them, I loſe my ſelfe in the end.



## LVIII.

*That no man alwaies ſinnes unpuniſht.*

WHEN *David* ſaw the delights of the wicked, he is forced to flie to the ſtop, with a, *Fret not thy ſelfe, O my ſoule!* The *Iollities* of the villanous man, ſtagger the religious minde. They liue, as if they were paſſing thorow the world in ſtate: and the ſtreame of *proſperitie* turning it ſelfe, to rowle with their applauded wayes: When if we doe but looke to deſpiſed *vertue*, how *miferable*, and how *ſtormy* is her *Sea*? Certainly, for the *preſent*, the good man ſeemes to be in the diſgrace of *Heauen*; He ſmarts, and pines, and ſadneth his incumbred ſoule, and lyes as it were, in the frowne, and the nod of the traducing world. When the *Epicure* conſidered this, it made him to exclude the *Providence*. And ſurely to view the *vertuous*, with but *Natures* eyes, a man would thinke, they were things that *Nature* enuied; or that the whole world were deluded, with a *poypoſonous* lye,  
in



in making onely the *vertuous* happy. 'Tis onely the *daring* soule, that *digesting* vice in grosse, climbs to the seat of *Honour*. *Innocence* is become a *staire* to let others rise to our *abuse*, and not to raise our *selues* to *greatnesse*. How rare is it to finde one raised for his *sober* worth and *vertue*? What was it but *Iosephs* goodnesse, that brought him to the *stockes*, and *Irons*? Whereas if he had coap'd with his *Inticer*, 'tis like he might haue *swamme* in *Gold*, and liu'd a *lapling* to the *silke*, and *dainties*. The world is so much *Knaue*, that 'tis growne a *vice* to be *honest*. Men haue remooued the *Temple* of *honour*, and haue now set it, like an *arbour* in a *Wildernesse*, where, vnlesse we trace those *deuious* waies, there is no *hope* of finding it. Into what a *sad* complaint, did these thoughts driue the weighty *Tragedian*?

*Res humanas ordine nullo  
Fortuna regit, spargitque manu  
Munera caca, peiora fouens.  
Vincit sanctos dira libido;  
Fraus sublimi regnat in aula;  
Tradere turpi fasces populus  
Gaudet: eosdem colit, atque odit.  
Tristis virtus peruersa tulit  
Præmia recti: Castos sequitur  
Malapaupertas, vitioque potens,  
Regnat Adulter.*

Bent to worse, all humane waies  
Quite at randome, *Fortune* swaies,  
Her loose *fauours* blindly throwing.

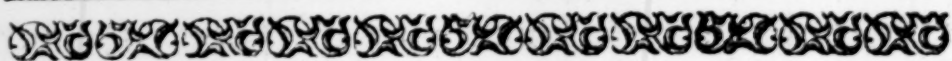
## RESOLVES.

Cruell *lust* the *good man* kills :  
*Fraud* the *Court* triumphant filis ;  
 People *honours* ill bestowing.  
 Then they hate, euen those they kisse.  
 Sad worth ill rewarded is ;  
 And the *chaste* are poore, while *Vice*  
 Lords it by *Adulteries*.

Were these *Ages* chain'd to *ours* ? Or why com-  
 plaine wee that the *world* is *worse*, when fiftene  
 hundred yeeres space cannot (for ought I see) al-  
 ter the *condition* ? But, what is past, we *forget* ; what  
 is to come we *know not* : so we onely take a spleene  
 at the *present*. 'Tis true, *Vice* braues with a *boldned*  
*face*, and would make one thinke, it were onely she  
 that the *doting world* had chose, to make a *Favourite*  
 on. But, if we haue time for *obseruation*, we shall  
 see her *halting* with a *Crutch*, and *shame*. Haue we  
 not seene the *vices* of the *aged Father*, punisht in  
 the *Sonne* when he hath been *aged* too ? I am per-  
 swaded there be few *notorious vices*, but euen in this  
*world*, haue a certaine *punishment*, although we can-  
 not know it. *God* (for the most part) doth neither  
*punish*, nor *blesse* at once, but by *degrees*, and *warnings*.  
 The *world* is so full of *changings*, that 'tis *rare* for  
 one *man*, to see the *compleated race* of another. We  
 liue not long enough to obserue how the *Iudge-*  
*ments* of the *Iustest God*, doe walke their rounds in  
*striking*. Neither alwaies are wee able. Some of  
*Gods corrections* are in the *night*, and *closetted*. Euery  
*offence* meets not with a *Market lash*. Priuate *pu-*  
*nishments* sometimes gripe a *man* within, while  
 men



men looking on the outer *face* of *things*, see not how they smart in *secret*. And sometimes those are deepe *wounds* to one *man*, that would bee *balme* and *Physicke* to another. There are no *Temporall blessings*, but are sometimes had in the *nature* of *perverted curses*. And surely all those *creatures* that God hath put *subordinate* to Man, as they (like inferiour seruants) obey him while he is a *true Steward*: so when he growes to iniure his great *Master*, they send vp *complaints* against him, and forsake him; chusing rather to be true to their *Maker, God*; then assisting to the *vilenesse* of his *falsest steward, Man*. So that though men by *lewd waies*, may start into a short *preferment*, yet sure there is a *secret chaine* in *Nature*, which drawes the *Vniuersall* to reuenge a *vice*. Examples might be infinite; euery *Story* is a *Chronicle* of this *Truth*, and the whole *World* but the *practice*. How many *Families* doe we daily see, wherein a *whipping hand* scourgeth the streame of all their *lineall blood*? As if there were *curses hereditary* with the *Lands* their *Fathers* left them. I confesse, they haue a *valour* beyond mine, that dare forrage in the wilde of *vice*. Howfoeuer I might for a while, in my selfe, *sleep* with a *dumbe conscience*; yet I cannot thinke, the *All of Creatures* would so much crosse the *current* of their *natures*, as to let me goe unpunished. And, which is more then this, I finde a *soule* within my *soule*, which tels me, that I doe *vnnobly*, while I loue *Sinne* more for the *pleasure* of it, then I doe *Vertue*, for the *animall sweetnesse* that she yeelds in her selfe.



## LIX.

*Of Opinion.*

**N**Ot any *Earthly pleasure* is so essentially full in it selfe, but that euen *bare conceit* may returne it much *distastfull*. The *World* is wholly set vpon the *Gad* and *mauing*: meere *Opinion* is the *Genius*, and as it were, the *foundation* of all *temporall happinesse*. How often doe wee see men pleased with *Contraries*? As if they parted the *fights* and *frayes* of *Nature*; euery one maintaining the *Faction* which he liketh. One delighteth in *Mirth*, and the *friskings* of an *Ayery soule*: another findeth *something amiable* in the saddest looke of *Melancholy*. This man loues the *free* and *open-banded*; that, the *grasped fist*, and *frugall sparing*. I go to the *Market*, and see one *buying*, another *selling*, both are exercised in things *different*, yet either pleas'd with his *owne*; when I standing by, thinke it my *happinesse*, that I doe not either of these. And in all these, nothing frames *Content* so much as *Imagination*. *Opinion* is the *shop* of *pleasures*, where all *humane felicities* are forged, and receiue their *birth*. Nor is their *end* vnlike their *beginning*: for, as they are begot out of an *ayerie phantasme*; so they dye in a *fume*, and disperse into *nothing*. Euen those things which in them carry a shew of *reason*, and wherein (if *Truth* bee Iudge) wee may discern *solidity*, are made *placide* or *disgustfull*, as *fond Opinion* catches them. *Opinion* guides all our *passions* and *affections*, or at least,

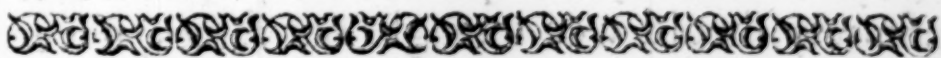


least, begets them. It makes vs *love*, and *hate*, and *hope*, and *feare*, and *vary*: for, euery thing wee light vpon, is as we apprehend it. And though we know it bee nothing, but *An uncertaine preiudgement of the Minde*, mis-informed by the *outward senses*; yet wee see it can worke *wonders*. It hath *untongued* some on the sudden; and from some hath snatcht their *naturall abilities*. Like *Lightening*, it can strike the *childe* in the *wombe*, and kill it ere 'tis worlded; when the *Mother* shall remaine vnhurt. It can cast a man into *speedy diseases*, and can as soone *recure* him. I haue knowne some, but *conceiting* they haue taken a *Potion*, haue *found* the *operation*, as if they had taken it *indeed*. If we belecue *Plinie*, it can change the *Sex*: who reports himselfe to haue seene it; and the *running Montaigne* speakes of such another. Nor is it onely thus powerfull, when the *object* of the *minde* is at *home* in our *selues*; but also when it lights on things *abroad*, and *apart*. *Opinion* makes *Women faire*, and *Men louely*: *Opinion* makes *Men wise*, *valiant*, *rich*, nay, *any thing*. And whatsoeuer it can doe on one side to *please*, and *flatter* vs; it can doe the same on the other side, to *molest* and *griue* vs. As if euery man had a *seuerall seeming truth* in his *soule*, which if hee followes, can for a time render him, either *happy*, or *miserable*. Heere lies all the *difference*; If wee light on things but *seeming*, our *felicities* fades; if on things *certaine* and *eternall*, it *continues*. 'Tis sure, we should bring all *opinions* to *Reason*, and *true Iudgement*, there to receiue their *doome of admittance or eiection*: but euen that, by

the former is often *seduced*, and the grounds that wee follow, are *erronious*, and *false*. I will neuer therefore wonder much at any man, that I see swayed with *particular affections*, to things *sublunary*. There are not more *objects* of the *minde*, then *dispositions*. Many things I may *loue*, that I can yeeld no *reason* for : or if I doe, perhaps *Opinion* makes me coine that for a *reason*, which another will not assent vnto. How vaine then are those, that assuming a *liberty* to themselves, would yet tie all men to their *Tenents*? Coniuring all men to the trace of their *steps*; when it may be, what is *Truth* to them, is *error* to another as wise. I like not men that will be *Gods*, and haue their *Iudgements* absolute. If I haue liberty to hold things as my *minde* informes me, let me neuer desire to take away the like from *another*. If *faire arguments* may perswade, I shall with quiet shew what *grounds* doe leade me. If those cannot satisfie, I thinke I may wish any man to satisfie his *owne conscience*. For that, I suppose, will beare him out, in the things that it iustly approoues. Why should any man be *violent* for *that*, which is more diuerse, then the *wandering iudgements* of the *hurrying Vulgar*, more changing then the *loue of inconstant women*: more *multinarious* then the *sports and playes of Nature*, which are euery minute *fluctuous*, and returning in their *new varieties*? The best guide that I would chuse, is the *reason of an honest man*: which I take to be a *right-informed Conscience*: and as for *Bookes*, which many rely on, they shall be to me, as *discourses* but of *private men*, that must bee iudged



ged by *Religion*, and *Reason*; so not to tie me; vn-  
lesse these and my *conscience* ioyne, in the *consent*  
with them.



## LX.

*That we are govern'd by a power aboue vs.*

**T**Hat which we either *desire* or *feare*, I obserue,  
doth *seldome* happen: but something that wee  
thinke not on, doth for the most part *interuene*, and  
*conclude*: or if it doe fall out as wee expect, it is  
not till wee haue giuen ouer the *search*, and are al-  
most out of thought of *finding* it. *Fortunes* befall  
vs *vnawares*, and *mischiefes* when wee thinke them  
*scaped*. Thus *Cambyses*, when *Cyrus* had beene *King*  
of the *Boyes*, hee thought the *predictions* of his *rule*  
fulfilled, and that he now might sit and *sleepe* in his  
*Throne*; when suddenly hee was awaked to *ruine*.  
So, *Sarah* was *fruitfull*, when shee could not *beleue*  
it: and *Zacharie* had a *Sonne*, when he was stooped  
into *yeeres*, and had left *hoping* it. When *Dioclesian*  
thought himselfe *diluded* by the *Prophecy*, hauing  
kil'd many *wilde Bores*, at last he lights on the right  
*Asper*, after whose *death* hee obtained the *Empire*.  
As if *God*, in the *generall* would teach, that we are  
not wise enough to chuse for our *selues*, and there-  
fore would leade vs to a *dependencie* on *him*.  
Wherein hee does like *wise Princes*, who feede not  
the *expectations* of *Fauourites* that are apt to *presume*;  
but often *rosse* them in their *hopes* and *feares*: there-  
by

by to tye them faster in their *dutie* and *reuerence*, to the *hand* that giueth. And certainly, wee shall finde this *infallible*: Though *God* giues not our *desires*, yet hee alwayes imparts to our *profits*. How infinitely should wee intangle our selues, if wee could *sit downe*, and obtaine our *wishes*? Doe wee not often wish that, which we after see would be our *confusion*? and is not this, because wee ignorantly follow the *flesh*, the *body*, and the *blinded appetite*, which looke to nothing, but the *shell* and *out-side*? Whereas *God* respecteth the *Soule*, and distributeth his *fauour*, for the good of *that*, and his *glorie*. *God* sees and knowes our *hearts*, and things to come in *certainty*: Wee, but onely by our *weake collections*, which doe often faile of finding *truth*, in the *Cloud* of the *Worlds occasions*. No man would be more *miserable*, then he that should cull out his *owne wayes*. What a *specious shew* carried *Mydas* his *wish* with it, and how it paid him with *ruine* at last! Surely, *God* will worke alone, and *Man* must not be of his *counsell*. Nothing puls *destruction* on him sooner, then when he presumes to part the *Empire* with *God*. If wee can be *patient*, *God* will bee *profitable*: but the *time* and *meanes* wee must leaue to him, not challenge to our selues. Neither must our owne *indenours* wholly bee laid in the *couch* to *laze*. The *Morall* of the *Tale* is a kinde of an *instru-ctiue Satyre*, when the *Carter* praied in vaine to *Iupiter*, because hee did not put his *shoulder* to the *Whee*le. Doe thy part with thy *industry*, and let *God* point the *euent*. I haue seene *matters* fall out so *vnexpectedly*, that they haue tutor'd mee in all *affaires*,



*affaires*, neither to *despaire*, nor *presume*: Not to *despaire*; for *God* can *helpe mee*: Not to *presume*; for *God* can *crosse mee*. It is said of *Marius*, that one day made him *Emperour*; the next saw him *rule*; and the third hee was *slaine* of the *Souldiers*. I will neuer *despaire*, 'cause I haue a *God*: I will neuer *presume*, 'cause I am but a *Man*. *Seneca* ha's *counsell*, which I hold is worth the *following*:

*Nemo confidat nimium secundis,  
Nemo desperet meliora lapsus;  
Miscet hac illis, prohibetq; Clotho  
stare fortunam:*

Let none false, despaire to rise,  
Nor trust too much prosperities.  
*Clotho* mingling both, commands  
that neither stands.



## LXI.

*Of Misery after Ioy.*

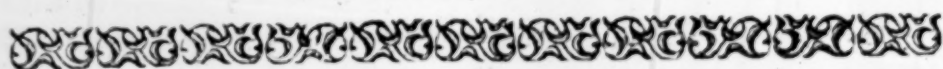
**A**S it is in *Spiritual* proceedings, better neuer to haue beene *righteous*, then after *righteousnesse*, to become *Apostate*: So in *temporal*, it is better neuer to haue beene *happy*, then after *happinesse*, to be drown'd in *calamities*. Of all *objects* of *sorrow*, a *distressed King* is the most *pittifull*; because it presents vs most the *frailety* of *Humanity*; and cannot but most midnight the *soule* of him that is false.  
The

The sorrows of a *deposed King*, are like the *distorquements* of a *darted Conscience*; which none can know, but hee that hath lost a *Crowne*. Who would not haue wept, with our *Second Edward*, when his *Princely teares* were all the *warme water*, his *Butchers* would allow to *shaue* him with: when the *hedge* was his *cloth of State*; and his *Throne*, the *humble*, though the *honour'd ground*. *Misery* after *loy*, is killing as a *sudden Dampe*; terrible, as *fire* in the *night*, that startles vs from a *pleasing repose*. *Sudden Changes*, though to *good*, are *troublesome*, especially if they be *extreme*: but when they plunge vs into *worse*, they are then the *Strapadoes* of a *humane soule*. A *palpable darknesse* in a *Summers day*, would bee a *dismall thing*. *Diseases*, when they doe happen, are most violent in the *strongest constitutions*. Hee that meets with *plagues* after a *long prosperitie*, hath beene *but fatted*, like a *beast*, for *slaughter*: he is more *mollified*, onely to make the *paines* and *pangs of Death* more *sensible*: as if wee should first *supple* a *limme* with *oyles* and *unguents*; and then dab it with *aqua fortis*, *toothed waters*, and *corroding Minerals*. It is better neuer to haue beene *faire*, then after a *rare beautie*, to grow into *uglinesse*. The *memory* of thy *blessednesse*, makes thy *miserie* more *deplorable*; which like *dead Beere*, is neuer more *distastefull*, then after a *Banquet* of *sweet-meates*. Nor is this *miserie* meerely *opinionate*, but truly argued from the *measure of pitty*, that it meetes with from *others*. For you may *period upon this*; That where there is the *most pitty* from *others*, there is the *greatest miserie* in the *partie pittied*. Toward those



those that haue beene *alwayes poore*, pitty is not so *passionate*: for they haue had no *elevation* to make their *depression* seeme the *greater wonder*. The *tann'd Slaue*, that hath euer tugg'd at the *Oare*, by a long use, hath mingled *mifery* with *Nature*; that he can now endure it vncomplaining. But when a *soft Wanton* comes to the *Galley*, euery *stroake* is a *wounding Speare* in the *side*. I wonder not to heare *deposed Dionysius* say, *They are happy, that haue beene vnblest from their youth*. It was the opinion of *Diogenes*, that the most lamentable *spectacle* that the *World* had, was an *old man* in *mifery*: whereunto, not onely a *present impotencie*, but also a remembrance of a *passed youth*, gaue addition. Euen the absence alone of foregone *ioy*, is troublesome: how much more, when they winde downeward, into *smartfull extremities*? *Death* and *Darkenesse* both are but *Priuations*; yet wee see how deepe they terrifie. *Waxe*, when it takes a *second impressi-on*, receiues it not without a *new passion*, and more *violence*: so the *minde*, retaining the *prints* of *ioy*, suffereth a new *Creation*, in admitting a *contrarie stampe*. For *Baiazet* to change his *Seraglio* for a *Cage*; for *Valerian* to become a *Footestoole* to his *proud foe*; are *Calamities* that challenge the *tributes* of a *bleeding eye*. I shall pitty any man that meetes with *miserie*; but they that finde it after continuall *blessednesse*, are so much the more to bee bewailed, by how much they are vnacquainted with the gloominesse of *downefalls*. That which *Sophonisba* return'd, when her *Husband* sent her *poyson*, the day after her *Wedding*, as it shew'd *resolution* in her, so  
it

it incites *compassion* in others: *Hoc nuntia, melius me morituum fuisse, si non in funere meo nupsissem.* Tell him, I had dyde more willingly, if I had not met my Grane in Marriage.



## LXII.

*Of the temper of Affections.*

EVERY Man is a vast and spacious Sea: his passions are the Winds, that swell him in *disturbant waues*: How he tumbles, and roares, and fomes, when they in their furie trouble him! Sometimes the West of pleasure, fanning in *luxurious gales*: sometimes the madid South, sorrowfull, and full of Teares: sometimes the sharpe East, piercing with a testy spleene: sometimes the violent and blustering North, swelling the cheek, with the Anger's boyling bloud. Any of these, in extremes, make it become unauailable, and full of danger to the Vessell that shall coast vpon it. When these are too lowd, 'tis perillous: but when againe they are all laid in the stilnesse of an immotiu Calme, 'tis vselesse: and though it be not so ready to hurt, yet it is farre from auailing, to the profit of a Voyage: and the passengers may sooner famish, by being becalmed, then coast it ouer for the aduantage of their Mart. Surely, the man that is alwaies still and reposed in his owne thoughts, though they bee good, is but a piece of deadned charitie. I care not for the planed Stoicke, there is a Sect betweene him and the Epicure. An unmoued man,

is



is but a *motiue statue*; harmlesse and vnprofitable. Indeed *furie* is farre the *worser extreme*; for, besides the trouble it puts on the *companie*, it alwayes deliuers the *author* into *successiue mischiefes*. He that is *raging* in one thing, feedes his businesse with many *inconueniences*. *Furie* is like *false position* in a *Verse*, at least nine *faults* together.

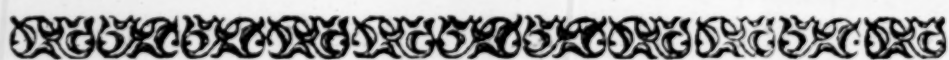
Sayes *Claudian*,

—— *Caret euentu nimius furor* : ——

—— *Rage* knowes not when, nor how to end.

I like neither a *deuouring Storke*, nor a *Iupiters Log*. *Man* is not fit for *conuersation*, neither when his *passions* hurry him in a *hideous distemper*; nor when they are all laid in a *silent and unstirring calme*. The *Sea* is best in a pretty *pleasant Gale*: and so is *Man*, when his *passions* are aliue, without *raging*. *G O D* implanted *passions* in the *Soule*, as he gaue his *Talents* in the *Gospell*, neither to be *launsh* out impetuously, nor to be *buried* in *Napkins*. Wee may warme vs at these *fires*, though we burne not. *Man* without any, is no better then a *speaking Stone*. *Cato's* best *Emperour* was, *qui potuit imperare affectus*; he does not say, *deponere*. *Moderate passions*, are the most *affable expressions* of *humanity*; without which, the *Soule* findes nothing like it selfe to loue. A *Horse* too hot and fiery, is the danger of his *Rider*: one too *dull*, is his trouble: And as the *first* will not *endure* any *man*; so the last will be *indur'd* by no *man*.

*man.* One will suffer none to *backe him*; the other admits each childe to *abuse him*. A good temper is a sure *expresſion* of a well-compos'd Soule. Our *wilde paſſions* are like ſo many *Lawyers*, wrangling and bauling at the *Barre*; *Diſcretion* is the *Lord-Keeper of Man*, that ſits as *Iudge*, and moderates their *contestations*. Too great a *ſpirit* in a man borne to *poore meanes*, is like a *high-heeld ſhooe*, to one of *meane ſtature*: It aduanceth his *proportion*, but is ready to fit him with *falls*. The *flat ſole* walkes more ſure, though it abates his *gracefulneſſe*: yet, being too *low*, it is ſubieſt to bemyre the *foote*. A little *elevation*, is the beſt *mediocrity*: 'tis both raiſed from the *Earth*, and ſure: and for his *tallneſſe*, it diſpoſeth it to an equall *competencie*. I will neither walke ſo *lifted*, as to occaſion *falling*; nor ſo *deieſted*, as at euery ſtep to take *ſoile*. As I care not for beeing *powder*, or the *cap of the Companie*; ſo I would not bee *Earth*, or the *Fooles Foot-ball*.



## LXIII.

*That Religion is the beſt Guide.*

**N**O man liues *conueniently*, vnleſſe he propounds ſomething, that may bound the whole way of his *actions*. There muſt bee ſomething for him to flye to, beyond the reach of his *cauilling ſenſes*, and *corrupted Reaſon*: otherwiſe, he ſhall wauer in his wayes, and euer be in a *doubtfull vnſettledneſſe*.

If



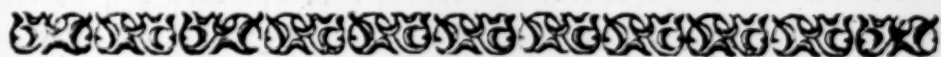
If he takes *policie*, that is both *endlesse* and *uncertaine*: and many times depends more vpon the *circumstance*, then the *maine Act*. What to day is *good*, is to morrow *unsauiing*: what *benefits one*, may be the *undoing of another*; though to an *eye* that is not *curious*, the *matter* may appeare the *same*. How like the *Asse* it show'd, when he thought by leaping in his *Masters lap*, to be made much on, because he had seene the *Dogge* doe the like, before him? Besides, *Policie* is not a *Flowre* growing in euery mans *Garden*. All the *World* is not *wit* and *Stratagem*. If it were, *Policie* is but a *fight of wit*, a *braine Warre*: and in all *Warres*, how doubtfull, how inconstant is *Victory*? *Oedipus* his cunning in resolving the *Sphinxes Riddle*, did but betray him to the fatall *marriage* of his *Mother*. *Palamedes* found out *Vlysses* fained *madnesse*; and *Vlysses* after, by *hidden gold*, and *forged Letters*, found *meanes* to haue him *stoned*; euen while he made shew of *defending* him. No man has a *Monopoly* of *craft* alone. Againc, in *private men* it is infinitely *shorten'd*; both in respect of *meanes* and *lawfulnessse*. Euen those that haue allowed *deceit* lawfull in *Princes*, haue yet condemn'd it as *vicious* in *private persons*. And belceue it, *Policy* runnes smootheft, when it turnes vpon a *golden hinge*: without the supply of *meanes*, 'tis but like a *Clocke* without a *weight* to set it going: *Curious workmanship*, but it wants a *mouer*. If a man takes *Nature*, shee is both *obscure* and *insufficient*: and will with a *pleasing breath*, waft vs into *Mare mortuum*. Nay, she that before *Man* fell, was his sufficient *Genius*, is since become his *Parasite*, that

O                      smoothing

smoothing his *senses*, serves them, as the *tyrannous Emperour* did his *servants*, let them fall into a *chamber* fill'd with *Roses*; that being *smother'd* in them, they might meet the *bitternesse* of *Death*, in *sweetnesse*. Nor is *Nature* for the most part, without the over-bearing of *predominant humours*. *Cicero* is in one place doubtfull, whether she be a *mother*, or a *step-dame*; shee is sometimes so weighing a man to *extremities*. Nor, if shee were able, could we haue her *pure* alone. *Custom* hath so mingled her with *Art*, that wee can hardly seuer her: if wee doe, we shall so differ from the *world*, as wee shall but by it, make our selues a *prey* to the *nature* that is *arted* with the subtilties of *time* and *practice*. Eyther of these are but *sinking floores*, that will fayle vs, when our weight is on them. *Reason* is contradicting, and so is *Nature*, and so is *Religion*, if we measure it by either of these. But *Faith* being the *rule* of that, placeth it aboue the *canills* of *Imagination*, and so subiecteth both the other to it. This being aboue *all*, is that onely, which giuing *limits* to all our *actions*, can confine vs to a *settled rest*. *Policie* gouernes the *World*; *Nature*, *Policie*; but *Religion*, *All*. And as wee seldome see those *Kingdomes* gouern'd by *Vice-roy's*, flourish like those where the *Prince* is present in *person*: So, wee neuer finde *Policie* or *Nature*, to keepe a man in that quiet, which *Religion* can. The two first I may vse as *Councillours*; heare what they say, and weigh it: but the *last* must bee my *Soueraigne*. They are to *Religion*, as *Apocrypha* to the *Bible*; They are *good things*, may bee bound up, and read with



with it : but must bee reiected, when they crosse the *Text Canonick*. *GOD* is the *Summit* of *Mans happinesse*: *Religion* is the *Way*. Till wee arriue at *him*, wee are but *vapours*, transported by *unconstant Winds*.



## LXIII.

*Of the Soule.*

**H**OW infinitely is *Man* distracted about *himselfe*? Nay, euen about that which makes him capable of that *distractiō*; his *Soule*? Some haue thought it of the nature of *fire*, a hot subtile *body*, dispersing it selfe into *rayes*, and *fiery Atomes*; as *Democritus*, and some of the *Stoickes*. Others haue thought it *ayre*; as *Diogenes*, and *Varro*, and others. *Epicurus* makes it a *Spirit*, mixt of *fire* and *ayre*. Some would haue euery *Element* a parent of a *Soule* separately: so euery *Man* should haue many distinct *Soules*, according to the *Principles* of his *composition*. Some haue call'd it an *undetermined vertue*; some, a *selfe-mouing number*; some, a *Quint-essence*. Others haue defin'd it to be nothing but a *Harmony*, conflatēd by the most euen composurē of the *four Elements* in *man*. And for this, one might thus argue: The *body* is before the *soule*; and till the *body* be perfect, the *Soule* appeares not: as if the perfection of the *body*, in his euen *contemperatiō*, were the *generation* of the *soule* within it. The *soule* also changeth with the *body*: Is it not childish

in *Infancie*, luxurious and vnbounded in *Youth*, vigorous and discerning in the *strength of Man*, forward and doting in the *declining age* of his life? For, that which in *old men* we call *transcending wisdom*, is *more collection* by *long obseruation*, and *experience* of things without them, then the genuine vigour of *iudgement* in themselves. Hence some wise *Princes* haue beene carefull, neither to chuse a *greene head*, nor one that is worne with *age*, for *Councell*. Next, wee see the *soule* following the temperature of the *body*; nay, euen the *desires* of it, generated by the *present* constitution of the *body*: as in *longing* after things that please our *humours*, and are agreeable to their *defect* or *excesse*: Doth not the distemper of the *body* insaniat the *soule*? What is *madnesse*, but *Mania*, and the exuberancie and pride of the *blood*? And when againe they meane to cure the *soule*, do they not beginne with *Doses*, and *Potions*, and *Prescriptions* to the *body*? *Iohannes de Combis* cites *Augustine*, saying, *Anima est omnium similitudo*: because it can fancie to it selfe, the shape of whatsoeuer appears. But for all these, I could neuer meete with any, that could giue it so in an *absolute Definition*, that another or himselfe could conceiue it: which argues, that to all these, there is something sure *immortall* and *transcending*, infus'd from a supernall Power. *Cicero* is there *diuine*, where he sayes, *Credo Deum immortalem, sparsisse animos in humana corpora*: and where hee sayes againe, *Mihi quidem nunquam persuaderi potuit, animos, dum in corporibus essent mortalibus, viuere: eum extissent ex ijs, emori*: I could neuer thinke  
soules

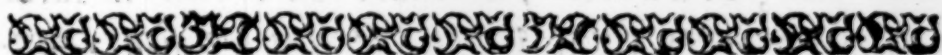


*soules to liue in mortall bodies, to dye when they depart them. Seneca does raise it higher, and asks, Quid aliud voces hunc, quam Deum, in corpore humano hospitantem? What other canst thou thinke it, but a God, Inning in the flesh of Man? The Conscience, the Character of a God stampd in it, and the apprehension of Eternitie, doe all proue it a shoot of euerlastingnesse. For though I doubt whether I may bee of their opinion, who vtterly take away all reason from Beasts: yet I verily beleeeue, these are things, that were neuer instincted in them. Man hath these things in grant onely: whereby the soule doth seeme immortall; and by this seeming, is proued to bee so indeed: Else seeming should bee better then certainty; and falshood better then Truth; which cannot be. Therefore they which say the Soule is not immortall; yet that 'tis, good men should thinke it so, thereby to be awed from vice, and incited to vertue; euen by that Argument, argue against themselues. They that beleeeue it not, let them doe as Philosophers wish them to doe, that deny the fire to be hot, because they see not the meanes that make it so: let them bee cast into it, and then heare if they will deny: so let them that deny the immortalitie of the Soule, bee immersed in the horrors of a vulned conscience, then let them tell mee what they beleeeue. 'Tis certaine, Man hath a Soule; and as certaine, that it is immortall. But what, and how it is, in the perfect nature and substance of it; I confesse, my humane reason could neuer so informe mee, as I could fully explaine it to my owne apprehension. O my GOD! what a clod*

of *moving ignorance* is *Man*! when all his *industry* cannot instruct him, what himselfe is; when hee knowes not *that*, whereby he knowes that he does not know it. Let him studie, and thinke, and inuent, and search the very *inwards* of obscured *Nature*; he is yet to seeke, how to define this *inexplicable, immortal, incorporeall Wonder*: this *Ray* of *Thee*; this *emanation* of thy *Deitie*. Let it then bee sufficient, that *G O D* hath giuen me a *Soule*, and that my *eternall welfare* depends vpon it: though hee be not accountable either how I had it, or what it is. I thinke both *Seneca* and *Cicero* say truest, when they are of opinion, that *Man* cannot know what the *Soule* is. Nor indeed neede any man wonder at it: Since hee may know, whatsoeuer is created by a *Superiour Power*, suffers a *Composure*, but cannot know it: because it was done, before it selfe was. *Man*, though hee hath *Materials*, cannot make any thing, that can either know how it was made, or what it is, being made: yet it is without *defect*, in respect of the *end* 'tis intended for. How then can *Man* thinke to know *himselfe*, when both his *Materials* and *Composure*, are both created and formed by a *supreme Power*, that did it without his *coöperation*? Why should I strue to *know that*, which I *know* I cannot *know*? Can a man dissect an *Atome*? can hee graspe a *flame*? or hold and seize on *Lightnings*? I am sure I haue a *Soule*: and am commanded to keepe it from *sinne*. O Thou, the *G O D* of that *little God* within mee, my *Soule*! let mee doe *that*, and I know, thou art not such an *Enemie* to *ignorance* in *Man*, but that thou art better pleased with



with his *admiration* of thy *Secrets*, then his *search* of them.



## LXV.

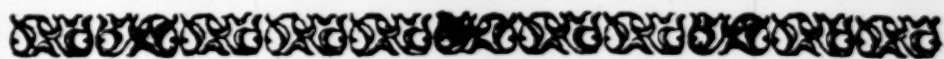
## Of Courtesies.

**N**Othing inflaueth a *gratefull Nature*, like a *free benefit*. Hee that conferres it on mee, steales mee from my *selfe*: and in one and the same *Act*, makes me his *Vassaile*, and himselfe my *King*. To a *disposition* that hath *worth* in it, 'tis the most tyrannicall Warre in the *World*: for, it takes the *mind* a *prisoner*: and till the *Ransome* be paid by a like *returne*, 'tis kept in *fetters*, and constrained to *loue*, to *serue*, and to be *ready*, as the *Conquerer* desires it. Hee that hath requited a *Benefit*, hath redeemed himselfe out of *prison*: and, like a man out of debt, is *free*. For, *Courtesies* to *Noble mindes*, are the most *extremie extortions* that can bee. *Fauours* thus imparted, are not *Gifts*, but *Purchases*, that buy men out of their *owne liberty*. *Violence* and *compulsion*, are not halfe so dangerous. These besiege vs openly, giue vs *leat* to look to our selues, to collect our *forces*, and re-fortifie, where we are sensible of our *owne weaknesse*: nay, they sometimes befriend vs, and raise our *fortitude* higher, then their highest *braves*. But the other, vndermine vs, by a fawning *Stratagem*: and if wee be *Enemies*, they make vs lay downe our *Weapons*, and take vp *Loue*. Thus the *Macedonian* proued himselfe a better *Physician*

for *calumny*, by his *bounties*; then his *Philosophers*, by their *gray aduifements*. They make of an *Enemie*, a *Subiect*; of a *Subiect*, a *Sonne*. A *Crowne* is safer kept by *benefits*, then *Armes*. *Melius beneficij Imperium custoditur quam Armis*. The *golden Sword* can conquer more then *steele* ones: and when *these* shall cause a *louder cry*, that shall silence the *barking tongue*. There is nothing addes so much to the *greatnesse* of a *King*, as that hee hath wherewith to make *friends* at his pleasure. Yet euen in this, hee playes but the *Royall Merchant*, that putting no condition in his *Bargaine*, is dealt with in the same way: so for a *petty Benefit*, hee often gets an *inestimable friend*. For, *Benefits* binding vp our *bodies*, take away our *soules* for the *gluer*. I know not that I am euer sadder, then when I am forced to accept *courtesies*, that I cannot requite. If euer I should affect *in-iustice*, it should bee in this, that I might doe *courtesies*, and receiue none. What a braue height doe they flye in, that like *Gods*, can binde all to them, and they be tyed to *none*! But indeed, it is for a *God* alone. How *heroicall* was it in *Alexander Seuerus*, who vsed to chide those hee had done nothing for, for not asking: demanding of them, if they thought it fit, hee should bee still in their *debt*; or that they should haue cause to *com-plain* of him when hee was gone. Certainly, as it is a *transcending happinesse* to bee able to *shine* to all; so, I must reckon it one of the *greatest miseries* vpon *Earth*, wholly to depend vpon *others fauours*: and a next to this, is to *receiue* them. They are *graines* cast into *rich ground*, which makes it selfe  
sterile,



sterile, by yeelding such a *large increase*. *Gifts* are the greatest *Vsurie*; because a two-fold *retribution* is an *urged effect*, that a *Noble nature* prompts vs to. And surely, if the *generous man* confiders, hee shall finde he payes not so much for any thing, as hee does for what is giuen him. I would not if I could, receiue *fanours* of my *friends*, vnlesse I could re-render them. If I must, I will euer haue a *ready minde*, though my *hand* be shortned. As I thinke there bee many, will not haue all they may: So I thinke there are few, can requite all they haue: and none, but sometimes must receiue some. *God* hath made none *Absolute*. The *Rich* depends vpon the *Poore*, as well as does the *Poore* on him. The *World* is but a more *magnificent building*: all the *stones* are graduately *conciemented*, and there is none that subliſteth alone.



## LXVI.

*Of a Mans selfe.*

**W**Ee euer carry our *greatest enemie* within vs. There was neuer a sounder *truth*, than *Nemo laeditur nisi à seipso*. Had wee the true reynes of our owne *passions* and *affections*, *outward occasions* might exercise our *vertues*, but not iniure them. There is a way to be *wise* and *good*, in spight of *occasions*. We goe abroad, and fondly complaine, that wee meete with *wrongs*; as if we could crosse the *Prouerbe*, and proue, that they may be offered to a  
willing

willing preparednesse. Others cannot draw vs into inconueniences, if we helpe not our selues forward. 'Tis our *inside* that vndoes vs. Therefore sayes Machiauell, *A Prince ought to know the tempers of men, that he may fit them with baites, and winde them to his owne ends.* A *Curtezan* cannot hurt thee, vnlesse there lyes a *Letcher* in thy heart. When men plot vpon vs, to *intrappe* and *snare* vs, they doe but second our *owne inclinations*: and if they did not see a kinde of *inuitement* from our selues, they would neuer dare to beginne. When *Cyrus* besought the *Lacedemonians* to enter *League* with him, rather then *Artaxerxes*; he onely tels them, he had a *greater heart* then his *Brother*, and could beare his *drinke* better: For he knew, they loued men *generous* and *hardy*: so by making himselfe like them, he thought to winne their *liking*. When men happen vpon things that goe against the *Genius* of the *minde*, then they worke in vaine: but when others *flatteries* shall ioyne with the great *Flatterer*, a *mans selfe*; hee is then in the way to be wrought vpon. 'Tis sure, there is sometimes a *selfe-constancie*, that is not temptable. In *Athens* there may be one *Phocion*, to refuse the *gold* of *Harpalus* and *Alexander*. But this indeed is rare, and worthy his magnifying. *Nil magnum in rebus humanis, nisi animus magna despiciens.* Otherwise, it is wee onely, that ruine our selues: if not *totally*, yet *primarily*. If wee doe *ill compulsiuely*, we are cleered by the *violence*. In the iudgement of an *vpriight soule*, a man is not *gaultie* of that which he cannot *auoid*, (I meane, in *Cinill matters*.) There is no *mischiefe* that wee fall into, but that



that we our selues are at least a *coadiutue cause*, and doe helpe to further the *thing*. A mans owne heart is as arch a *Traitour*, as any he shall meete withall : we *trust* it too much, and *know* it too little : and while wee thinke it *sure-footed*, it *slides*, and does *deceiue* vs. That wee are the *Authors* of our owne *ill*, the *successse* will tell vs: For, *Conscience* is alwaies *iust*, and will not chide vs wrongfully : and when we haue done an *ill*, though by *others procurement*, yet shee rates vs euen to a *loathing* of our selues. Sayes the *Comicke*,

——— *Iam aderit tempus, cum se etiam ipse oderit.*

The day will come, when he shall hate himselfe.

The wise man should euer therefore keepe a double *watch*; one, to keepe his *heart* from *extrauagancies*; the other, to keepe the *Enemie* from *approaches*. *Occasion*, and our *Nature*, are like two *inordinate Lovers*; they seldome *meet*, but they *sinne* together. If we keepe them asunder, the *harme* is preuented: or if they doe meete, and the *heart* consent not, I am in some doubt, whether the *offence* be punishable, though the *act* be committed. It is no fault in the *true man*, to let the *Thiefe* haue his *purse*, when he can doe no other. In the old *Law*, the *rauished woman* was to bee free'd: for, sayes the *Text*, *There is in her no cause of death. Qui volens iniuste agit, malus est: qui vero ex necessitate, non dico prorsus malum.* 'Tis not the *necessitated*, but the *willing ill* that *staines*.

*staines.* Euen *Actuall* sinnes haue so farre dependancie on the *hearts* approbation, as *that* alone can *viti-ate* or *excuse* the *Act*. While we keepe *that* steddy, our *Enemies* can much lesse hurt vs. The reason is, it is not in *Man* to compell it. The *minde* of *Man*, from *Man*, is not capable of a *violation*: and who then can I taxe for mine owne *yeelding*, but my *selfe*? No man hath power ouer my *minde*, vnlesse I my *selfe* doe giue it him. So that this I shall thinke certaine; *No man falls by free action, but is faulty in something*: at least by some *circumstance*, though excusable in the most, and *most important*. I know, *calumny* and *coniecture* may iniure *Innocence* it selfe. In matter of *censure*, nothing but a *certaine knowledge*, should make vs giue a *certaine Iudgement*. *Fame* and *Ayre* are both too weake *foundations* for *unspotted Truth* to build on: onely *deeds* are lyable to the *downe-right Tax*: Because they carry the *heart* along: which in eue-ry action is a *witnesse*, either for or against vs. Surely, *Man* is his owne *Diuell*, and does oftentimes tempt himselfe. All the precepts of *moderation* wee meete with, are but giuen vs to be-ware our selues: and vndoubtedly, hee that can doe it, is rising toward *Deitie*. Harke but to the *Harpe* of *Horace*:

*Latius regnes, auidum domando  
Spiritus, quam si Libyam remotis  
Gadibus iungas, & uterq; Penus  
seruiat uni:*

By



By curbing thy insatiate minde,  
Thou shalt sway more, then couldst thou bind  
Farre *Spaine* to *Libya*: or to thee  
cause either *Carthage* subiect bee.

One eye I will sure haue for *without*; the other I  
will hold *within* mee: and lest I see not enough  
with that, it shall euer be my *prayer*, that I may be  
deliuered from *my selfe*. *A me me salua Domine!*  
shall be one *petition* I will adde to the *Letany* of my  
*beseechings*.



## LXVII.

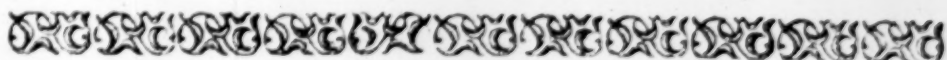
*Of the worst kinde of perfidie.*

**T**He *Dead*, the *Absent*, the *Innocent*, and *him that*  
*trusts me*, I will neuer *deceiue* willingly. To all  
these wee owe a *Nobler Iustice*; in that they are  
the most certaine trials of *humane equity*. As that  
*Griefe* is the truest, which is without a *witnesse*; so  
is that *honesty* best, which is for it *selfe*, without  
*hope of reward*, or *fear* of *punishment*. Those *vertues*  
that are *sincere*, doe value *applause* the least. 'Tis  
when we are conscious of some *internall defect*, that  
wee looke out for *others approbations*. Certainly,  
the *World* cannot tempt the man that is *truly honest*.  
And he is certainly a *true man*, that will not *steale*,  
when hee may, without being *impeached*. The  
two first are hindered, that they cannot tax my  
*iniurie*; and *deceit* to them is not without *cowardice*,  
throwing

throwing *Nature* into the lowest degree of *baseness*. To wrong the third, is *savage*, and comes from the *Beast*, not *Man*. It was an *Act* like *Nature* in *Xenocrates*, when the pursued *Sparrow* flew into his bosome, to *cherish*, and *dismiss* it. How blacke a *heart* is that, which can giue a *stabbe*, for the *innocent smiles* of an *Infant*? Surely *Innocence* is of that *puritie*, that it hath more of the *God* in it, then any other *qualitie*; it intimates a freedome from *generall Vice*. And this is it, which makes the *iniurie* to it so detestable: and sometimes giues the *owners* a diuine and miraculous force: as wee may reade in the *Turkish Storie*, of a *Childe* that stooke an *intending Murderer* into a *swoune*, with offering to imbrace him. The last I cannot defraud without *Ingratitude*; which is the very lees of *Vice*: and makes my *offence* so much the greater, by how much hee was *kinder*, in making mee *master of himselfe*. Assuredly, as *Nature* hath endued *man* with a more earnest desire to doe right to these; because a *true performance* doth in these things most magnifie him: so she hath made the contrarie appeare the most *odious*: because they are breaches that most destroy *humanity*. It came from him that had but *Nature*, *Cicero*; *Perditissim* est *hominis*, *fallere eum*, *qui lesus non esset, nisi credidisset*. None but the most villanous man, will deceiue him that had beene safe, but for trusting.

Against





## LXVIII.

*Against Insultation.*

IT cannot be safe to insult ouer any. As there is no *Creature* so little, but may do vs a *Mischiefe*: so is no *Man* so low, but may occasion our smart. The *Spider* can *impoysen*; the *Ant* can *sting*; euen the *Fly* can *trouble our patience*. Into all *sensitive Creatures*, *Nature* hath put a kind of a *vindictiue iustice*; that in some measure they are able to returne an *Iniury*. If they doe not alwaies, 'tis onely because they are not *able*. *Man* hath both a more *able*, and more *impatient soule*: and though *Reason* teaches him not to be *furious*, yet withall, it teaches him not bee *dull*. Extremities of *Iniury*, often awake extremities of *Reuenge*: especially, if we meet with *contempt* from *others*, or finde *despaire* in our *selues*: for *Despaire* makes a *Coward bold*, and *daring*. Nor stands it but with *reason*, that a *strong patience* vrged beyond it selfe, should turne into the *strongest rage*. The *Bow* that is hardest to bend, sends out an *Arrow* with most *force*. Neglect an *Enemy*, but *contemne* him not. *Disdaine* will banish *Patience*, and bring in *Fury*; which is many times a greater *Lord*, then he that rules a *Kingdome*. *Contempt* vnbridles *Feare*, and makes vs both to *will*, to *dare*, and to *execute*. So *Lipsius* has it, *Contemptus excutit timoris frenum, & efficit, vt non velis solum, sed audeas & tentes*. It is not good too farre to pursue

sue a *Victory*. *Sigismund* said true, *He hath conquer'd well, that hath made his Enemies flie*: we may beate them to a *desperate resistance*, that may ruine vs. He is the wrong way high, that scornes a man below him, for his *lownesse*. They are but puffed mindes, that bubble thus about *Inferiours*. We see, 'tis the *footh* onely, that gets to the top of the Water. *Man* cannot be so much about *Man*, as that his *difference* should legitimate his *scorne*. Thou knowest not what may shew it selfe, when thy *Contempt* awakes the *Lion* of a *sleeping mind*. All *Disdaine* but that of *Vice*, detracteth from the worth of *Man*. *Greatnesse* in any man, makes not his *Iniury* more lawfull, but more great. And as hee that suffers, thinks his *disgrace* more noted for the others *Eminency*: so hee thinks his owne *honour* will bee the more, when hee hath accomplisht his *Reuenge*; whereby, in some kinde, he hath raised himselfe to be his *Superiours* equall. *Man* is *Animal generosissimum*: and though he be content to subiect himselfe to anothers *commands*, yet he will not endure his *braues*. A *lash* giuen to the *Soule*, will prouoke more, then the *Bodies* cruell torture. *Derision* makes the *Peasant* braue the *Prince*. When *Augustus* saw one like himselfe, and ask'd him in a *scoffe*, if his *Mother* were neuer at *Rome*: The *Boy* answers, *No*; but his *Father* was. When *Iulian* in a *mocke*, ask'd the reuerend and aged, *blinde Ignatius*, why he went not into *Galile*, to recouer his sight: Sayes he, *I am contentedly blinde, that I may not see such a Tyrant as thou art*. We are all heere *fellow-seruants*: and we know not how our *grand Master* will brooke *Insolencies*



*lencies* in his *Family*. How dar'st thou, that art but a *piece of Earth*, that *Heaven* ha's blowne into, presume thy selfe, into the *impudent usurpation* of a *Majesty vnshaken*? Thou canst not sit vpon so high a *Cog*, but mayst with *turning*, proue the *lowest* in the *Whee*le: and therefore thou maist thinke, the *measure* that thou would'st then haue giuen *me*. If we haue *Enemies*, 'tis better we deserue to haue their *friendship*, then either to *despise*, or *irritate* them. No mans *weakenesse* shall occasion my *greater weakenesse*, in *proudly contemning* him. Our *Bodies*, our *Soules* haue both the like originall *Composure*: If I haue any thing beyond him, 'tis not my *goodnesse*, but *Gods*: and he by *time* and *meanes*, may haue as much, or more. Take vs alone, and we are but *Twines of Nature*. Why should any despise another, because hee is better furnisht with *that* which is none of his owne?



## LXIX.

*Of Assimilation.*

**T**HOROW the *whole World* this holds in generall, and is the end of *all*; That euery thing labours to make the thing it meets with, *like it selfe*. *Fire* conuerts all to *fire*. *Ayre* exsiccates and drawes to it *selfe*. *Water moistens*, and resolueth what it meets withall. *Earth* changeth all that we commit to her, to *her owne nature*. The *World* is all *vicissitude* and *conuerſion*. Nor is it onely true in *Materials* and

P

Substances;

*Substances*; but euen in *Spirits*, in *Incorporeals*; nay, in these there is more *aptnesse*; they mixe more *subtilly*, and passe into one another with a *nimbler* glide. So wee see *infection* sooner taken by *breath* then *contraction*: and thus it is in *dispositions* too: The *Souldier* labours to make his *Companion* *valiant*. The *Scholler* endeouours to haue his *Friend* *learned*. The *bad Man* would haue his *company* like himselfe. And the *good Man* striues to frame others *vertuous*. Euery Man will be busie in dispensing that *quality*, which is predominant in him. Whence this *Caueat* may well become vs, to beware both whom and what we chuse to liue withall. We can conuerse with nothing, but will worke vpon vs; and by the vnperceiued stealth of *Time*, assimilate vs to it selfe. The choyce therefore of a mans *Company*, is one of the most weighty *Actions* of our *liues*: For, our future well or ill being, depends on that *Election*. If wee chuse *ill*, euery day declines vs to *worse*: wee haue a perpetuall weight hanging on vs, that is euer sinking vs downe to *Vice*. By liuing vnder *Pharaoh*, how quickly *Ioseph* learned the *Courtskip* of an *Oath*! *Italy* builds a *Villaine*: *Spaine* *superbiates*: *Germany* makes a *Drunkard*, and *Venice*, a *Letcher*. But if we chuse well, we haue a *hand of Vertue*, gently lifting vs to a continuall *rising Noblenesse*. *Antisthenes* vsed to wonder at those, that were curious in buying but an *earthen Dish*, to see that it had no *crackes*, nor *inconueniences*, and yet would bee carelesse in the choyce of *Friends*; so take them with the flaws of *Vice*. Surely, a mans *Companion* is a second *Genius*,



nus, to sway him to the *white*, or *bad*. A good Man is like the *Day*, enlightning and warming all hee shines on, and is alwaies raising vpward, to a *Region* of more constant *purity*, then that wherein it finds the *Obiect*. The *bad Man* is like the *night*, *darke*, obtruding *feares*, and dimitting vnwholsome *vapours*, vpon all that rest beneath. *Nature* is so farre from making any thing absolutely *idle*, that euen to *stones*, and *dullest Meddals*, she hath giuen an *operation*: they *grow*, and *spread*, in our generall *Mothers veines*: and by a cunning way of *incroachment*, coozen the *Earth* of it selfe: and when they meet a Brother'd Constitution, they then *unite* and *fortifie*. Hence growes the *height of friendship*, when two *similiary Soules* shall blend in their *commixions*. This causes, that we seldome see different *dispositions* be entirely *louing*.

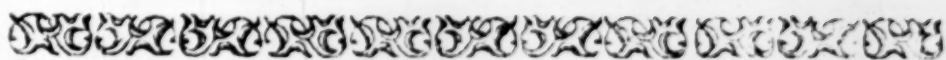
*Oderunt hiliarem tristes, tristemque iocosi:  
Sedatum celeres, agilem, gnaumque remissi:  
Potores Bibuli media de nocte Falerni,  
Oderunt porrecta negantem pocula. —*

*Sad men* hate *mirth*: the *pleasant sadnesse* shunne:  
*Swift men*, the *slow*; the *slothfull*, those that *runne*.  
Who drinks at midnight, old *Falernian Wine*,  
Scornes him that will not take his *Cups*. —

It is *likenesse* that makes the *true-loue-knot* of *Friendship*. When we finde another of our owne *disposition*, what is it, but the *same soule*, in a *diuided Body*? What finde we, but our selues intermutually *transposed*,

posed, each into other? And *Nature*, that makes vs love our selves, makes vs with the same reason, love those that are like vs. For this, is a *Friend* a more sacred name then a *Brother*. What availes it to haue the *Bodies* from the same *Originall*, when the *Soules* within them differ? I beleue, that the *applause* which the *Ancients* gaue to *equall friendship*, was to bee vnderstood of the likenesse of *mindes*, rather then of *estate*, or *yeeres*: for we finde no *season*, nor no *degree* of *Man*, but hath been *happy* with this *Sunne* of the *World*, *Friendship*: Whereas in *iarring dispositions*, we neuer as yet found it true. Nay, I thinke, if the *mindes* bee *consonant*, the best *friendship* is betweene *different fortunes*. Hee that is *low*, lookes *upward* with a greater *louing reuerence*: and he that is *high*, looks *downeward* more *affectionately*, when he takes it to be for his *honour*, to fauour his *Inferiour*, whom he cannot chuse but love the more for *magnifying him*. Something I would looke to *outwards*; but in a *friend*, I would especially chuse him full of *Worsh*, that if I be not so my *selfe*, he yet may worke me like him. So for *company*, *Books*, or whatsoeuer, I would, if I haue *freedome*, chuse the *best*: though at first I should not fancy them, *continuall vse* will alter me, and then I shall gaine by their *graces*. If *indgement* direct mee right in my *choice*, *custome* winning vpon my *will*, will neuer faile in time to draw that after it.





## LXXI.

*Of Poets and Poetrie.*

SVrely he was a little *wanton* with his *leisure*, that first inuented *Poetrie*. 'Tis but a *Play*, which makes *Words dance*, in the *euenesse* of a *Cadencie*: yet without doubt, being a *Harmonie*, it is neerer to the *minde* then *Prose*: for that it selfe is a *Harmonie* in height. But the *Words* being rather the *drossy part*, *Conceit* I take to be the *Principall*. And here though it disgresseth from *Truth*, it flies about her, making her more rare, by giuing *curious rayment* to her *nakednesse*. The *Name* the *Grecians* gaue the men that wrote thus, shew'd how much they honour'd it: They call'd them *Makers*. And had some of them had power to put their *Conceits* in *Act*, how neere would they haue come to *Deitie*? And for the *vertues* of men; they rest not on the bare *demeanour*, but slide into *imagination*: so proposing things about vs, they kindle the *Reader* to *wonder* and *imitation*. And certainly, *Poets* that write thus, *Plato* neuer meant to banish. His owne *practice* shewes, hee excluded not *all*. He was content to heare *Antimachus* recite his *Poem*, when all the *Herd* had left him: and hee himselfe wrote both *Tragædies*, and other *pieces*. Perhaps he found thē a little too busie with his *gods*: and he being the first that made *Philosophie Diuine*, and *Rationall*, was *modest* in his owne *beginnings*. Another *Name* they

had of *honour* too, and that was *Vates*. Nor know I how to distinguish betweene the *Prophets* and *Poets* of *Israel*. What is *Ieremies Lamentation*, but a kinde of *Saphicke Elegie*? *Dauids Psalmes* are not onely *Poems*; but *Songs*, *snatches* and *raptures* of a *flaming spirit*. And this indeed I observe, to the *honour* of *Poets*; I neuer found them *couetous*, or *scrapingly-base*. The *Iewes* had not two such *Kings* in all their *Catalogue*, as *Salomon*, and his *Father*; *Poets* both. There is a largenesse in their *Soules*, beyond the narrownesse of other men: and why may we not then thinke, this may imbrace more, both of *Heauen*, and *God*? I cannot but coniecture this to bee the reason, that they, most of them, are *poore*: They finde their mindes so solaced with their owne flights, that they neglect the studie of *growing rich*: and this, I confesse againe, I thinke, turnes them to *vice*, and *unmanly courses*. Besides, they are for the most part, mighty louers of their *Pallates*; and this is knowne an *impouerisher*. *Antigonus*, in the *Tented Field*, found *Antagoras* cooking of a *Conger* himselve. And they all are *friends* to the *Grape* and *Liquor*: though I think, *many*, more out of a *ductible Nature*, and their loue to *pleasant Companie*, then their affection to the *iuiue* alone. They are all of *free Natures*; and are the truest *Definition* of that *Philosophers Man*, which giues him, *Animall risibile*. Their grossest fault is, that you may conclude them *sensuall*: yet this does not touch them *all*. *Ingenious* for the most part they are. I know there be some *Riming fooles*; but what haue they to doe with *Poetrie*? When *Salust* would  
tell



tell vs, that *Sempronia's* wit was not ill; sayes hee,  
 — *Potuit Versus facere, & iocum mouere*: Shee  
 could make a Verse, and breake a Jest. Something  
 there is in it, more then ordinarie: in that it is all  
 in such *measured Language*, as may bee marr'd by  
*reading*. I laugh heartily at *Philoxenus* his Jest, who  
 passing by, and hearing some *Masons*, mis sensing  
 his *lines*, (with their ignorant sawing of them)  
 falls to breaking their *Bricks* amaine: They aske  
 the *cause*, and hee replyes, They spoile *his worke*,  
 and he *theirs*. Certainly, a *worthy Poet* is so farre  
 from being a *foole*, that there is some *wit* required  
 in him that shall bee able to *reade* him well: and  
 without the *true accent*, *numbred Poetrie* does lose  
 of the *glosse*. It was a *speech* becomming an able *Poet*  
 of our owne, when a *Lord* read his *Verses crookedly*,  
 and he beseecht his *Lordship*, not to murder him in  
 his *owne lines*. He that speakes *false Latine*, breakes  
*Priscians head*: but he that repeates a *Verse* ill, puts  
*Homer* out of *ioynt*. One thing commends it be-  
 yond *Oratorie*: it euer *complieth* to the sharpest  
*Iudgements*. Hee is the best *Orator* that pleaseth all;  
 euen the *Crowd* and *Clownes*. But *Poetrie* would bee  
*poore*, that they should all approue of. If the *Lear-*  
*ned* and *Iudicious* like it, let the *Throng* bray. These,  
 when 'tis best, will like it the least. So, they con-  
 temne what they *understand not*: and the *neglected*  
*Poet* falls by *want*. *Calphurnius* makes one com-  
 plaine the *misfortune*.

*Frangere puer calamos, & inanes desere Musas:*  
*Et potius glandes, rubicundaq; collige corna.*

*Duc ad mulctra greges, & lac venale per Urbem  
Non ta. itus porta: Quid enim tibi Fistula reddet,  
Quo intere famem? certe, mea carmina nemo  
Præter ab his Scopulis ventosa remurmurat Eccho.*

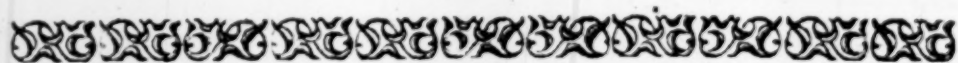
By, breake thy Pipes, leaue, leaue thy fruitlesse Muse:  
Rather the Mast, and blood-red Cornill chuse.  
Goe leade thy Flockes to milking; sell and cry  
Milke through the Citie: What can Learning buy,  
To keepe backe hunger? None my Verses minde,  
But Eccho babbling from these Rockes and Winde.

Two things are commonly blamed in Poetrie: nay, you take away *That*, if *Them*: and these are *Lyes*, and *Flatterie*. But I haue told them in the worst words: For, 'tis onely to the shallow insight that they appeare thus. *Truth* may dwell more cleerely in an *Allegorie*, or a *moral'd Fable*, than in a bare *Narration*. And for *Flatterie*, no man will take *Poetrie* litterall: since in *commendations*, it rather shewes what men *should bee*, then what they *are*. If this were not, it would appeare *uncomely*. But we all know, *Hyperbole's* in *Poetrie*, doe beare a *decency*, nay, a *grace* along with them. The greatest danger that I finde in it, is, that it *wantons* the *Blood*, and *Imagination*; as carrying a man in too high a *Delight*. To prevent these, let the wise Poet striue to bee *modest* in his *Lines*. First, that hee dash not the *Gods*: next, that hee iniure not *Chastity*, nor corrupt the *Eare* with *Lasciuiousnesse*. When these are declined, I thinke a *grau*e Poem the *deepest kinde of Writing*. It wings the Soule vp higher, then



then the *slack'd pace* of *Prose*. *Flashes* that doe follow the *Cup*, I feare me, are too *spritely* to be *solid*: they run smartly vpon the *loose*, for a *Distance* or two; but then being *foule*, they giue in, and *tyre*. I confesse, I loue the *sober Muse*, and *fasting*: From the other, *matter* cannot come so cleere, but that it will bee misted with the *fumes* of *Wine*. *Long Poetry* some cannot bee friends withall: and indeed, it palles vpon the reading. The wittiest *Poets* haue beene all *short*, and changing soone their *Subiect*; as *Horace*, *Martiall*, *Inuenall*, *Seneca*, and the two *Comædians*. *Poetry* should be rather like a *Coranto*, *short*, and *nimbly-loftie*; than a *dull Lesson*, of a day long. Nor can it but bee *deadish*, if *distended*: For, when 'tis *right*, it centers *Conceit*, and takes but the *spirit* of *things*: and therefore *foolish Poesie*, is of all *writing* the *most ridiculous*. When a *Goose dances*, and a *Foole versifies*, there is *sport* alike. Hee is twice an *Asse*, that is a *riming one*. He is something the *lesse vnwise*, that is *vnwise* but in *Prose*. If the *Subiect* bee *Historie*, or *contexted Fable*, then I hold it better put in *Prose*, or *Blanks*: for *ordinarie discourse* neuer shewes so well in *Meeter*, as in the *straine* that it may seeme to be spoken in: the *commendation* is, to doe it to the *life*: Nor is this any other, then *Poetry* in *Prose*. Surely, though the *World* thinke not so, hee is happy to himselfe, that can play the *Poet*. Hee shall vent his *passions* by his *Pen*, and ease his *heart* of their weight: and hee shall often raise himselfe a *ioy* in his *Raptures*, which no man can perceiue, but *he*. Sure, *Ouid* found a *pleasure* in't, euen when hee writ his *Tristia*. It  
gently

gently deliueers the *mind* of *distempers*; and workes the thoughts to a *sweetnesse*, in their *searching conceit*. I would not loue it for a *Profession*: and I would not want it for a *Recreation*. I can make my selfe *harmlesse*, nay, *amending Mirth* with it; while I should perhaps be trying of a *worser Pastime*. And this I beleeue in it further, Vnlesse *Conuersation* corrupts his *easinesse*, it lifts a man to *Noblenesse*; and is neuer in any *rightly*, but it makes him of a *Royall* and *capacious Soule*.



## LXXII.

*Of Feare and Cowardice.*

**T**HEY that are made of *fearefull dispositions*, of all others, may seeme the least beholding to *Nature*. I know not any thing, wherein they can be more *vnfortunate*. They enioy nothing without a *frighted mind*; no, not so much as their *sleepes*. They doubt what they *haue done*, lest it may *hurt them*: they *tremble* at the *present*; and *Miseries* that but *may come*, they *anticipate*, and send for, and inferre in a more *horrid habit*, then any *Enemie* can deuise to put them in. Nay, it were wel, if they did but *feare more miseries*, then the *bolder people*: But it plainly appeares, that the *Coward* really *meetes more dangers*, than the *valiant man*. Euery *base Nature* will be ready to offer *iniuries*, where they thinke they will not be *repaide*. He will many times *beate a Coward*, that would not dare to strike him.

if



if he thought him *valiant*. When the *Passenger* gallops by, as if his *feare* made him speedy; the *Curre* followes him with an open mouth, and *swiftnesse*: let him *walke by*, in a *confident neglect*; and the *Dogge* will neuer stirre at him. Surely, 'tis a *weaknesse*, that euery *Creature* (by a natiue instinct) takes aduantage of: and *Cowards* haue *soules* of a *courser mixture*, then the common *spirits* of *men*. *Euils* that must be, they meete with before their *time*: as if they strived to make themselves *miserable*, sooner, then *God* appointed them. *Euils* that are but *probable*, they *ascertaine*. They that by an *euē poize*, might sit safe, in a *Boate* on a rough *Sea*, by rising vp to auoid *drowning*, are *drowned*. For this is sure; It coozens the *weake minde* infinitely both in making of her *falsely* belecue, shee may auoyde dangers by *flying*, and in *counterfetting* whatsoeuer is *ill*. All *Diseases* are belyed by *feare*, and *conceit*: and wee know some, out of feare of *Death*, haue *dy'd*. In a *Battell* wee see the *valiant man* escape oft safe, by a *constant* keeping his *ranke*; when the *Coward*, shifting dangers, runnes by *auoyding one*, into the seuerall *walkes* of many. *Multos in summa pericula, misit venturi timor ipse mali*. Certainly, I haue studied in *vaine*, in thinking what a *Coward* may be good for. I neuer heard of any *Act* becomming *vertue*, that euer came from any. All the *Noble deeds* that haue beat their *Marches* through succeeding *Ages*, haue all proceeded from *men of courage*. And I belecue many times, their *confidence* kept them safe. An *unappalled* looke does *daunt* a base *attempter*. And oftentimes, if a  
*Man*

## RESOLVES.

Man has nothing but a *courageous* eye, it protects him. The *braue soule* knowes no *trembling*. *Cesar* spake like *Cesar*, when hee bade the *Mariners* feare nothing; for they carried him and his *Fortunes*. And indeed *valour* casts a kinde of *honour* vpon *God*; in that we shew that wee belecue his *goodnesse*, while we trust our selues in *danger*, vpon his care onely: Whereas the *Coward* eclipses his *sufficiencie*, by *unworthily doubting*, that *God* will not bring him off. So *unjustly* accusing either his *power*, or his *will*, hee would make himselfe his owne *Sauour*, and becomes his owne *confounder*. For when man mistrusts *God*, 'tis iust with *God* to leaue *Man*. *Marcus Antonius* would not beleue, that *Auidius Crassus* could euer haue *deposed him*: and his *reason* was, The *Gods* had greater care of him, then to let *Crassus* wrong him vnderferuedly. And this *winning him loue*, establisht him: whereas, *Feare* on the other side *frustrates* a sufficient *defence*. *Themistocles* compar'd a *Coward* to the *Sword-fish*, which hath a *weapon*, but wants a *heart*. And then what vse can the *quaking hand* put it to? Nay, when hee may flye, *cowardize* hinders him from playing the *Coward*: He would runne away, and *feare* arrests him, with a *fencelesse amazement*, that *betrayes* him, to the pursuit of his *foes*. No *armour* can *defend* a *fearefull heart*. It will kill it selfe, within. *Cleomenes* was so farre out of *charity* with this pale *passion*, as the *Spoyles* he wanne from *Cowards*, he would neither *sacrifice* to the *Gods*, nor let the *Lacedemonian Youth* behold them. There are two *miseries*, for which it is famous beyond all other



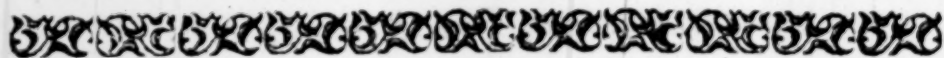
ther *passions*. *Loue*, *Anger*, *Sorrow*, and the like, are but for a *time*, and then ouer: but this is *perpetuall*: A *disease* of a *life* long, which euery day *slaues* a man to whatsoeuer ill hee meetes with. It *vassailes* him to the *world*, to *beasts*, and *men*. And like a *furly Tyrant*, inforceth whatso'ere it proposeth. For this, does *Martiall* Epigram vpon it.

*Quid si me Tonsor cum stricta nouacula supra est,  
Tunc libertatem, Diuitiasque roget?  
Promittam, nec enim rogat illo tempore Tonsor,  
Latro rogat. Res est imperiosa, Timor.*

Suppose my *Barber*, when his *Razor's* nigh  
My *throat*, should then aske *wealth*, and *liberty*;  
I'd promise sure. The *Barber* asks not this,  
No, 'tis a *Thiefe*, and *fear* imperious is.

Next, whereas other *passions* are grounded vpon things that are, as *Enuie* vpon *Happinesse*, *Rage* vpon *Iniury*, *Loue* vpon *Beauty*, and so the rest. This is as well vpon *things* that are not; It coynes *mischiefes* that neither be, nor can be. Thus hauing no *object* to *bound* it, it runnes in *infinitum*, and cannot be *secured* by any *condition of life*. Let the *Coward* haue a guard, and he *feares* that: Let him haue none, and he will *fear* for want of it. I haue knowne some, as *happy* as the *world* could make them; and their owne needlesse *feares*, haue made their *lines* more *sowre*, then his that hath beene *streighted* in all. I haue pittied them; to thinke that a *weake*, *vexati-*  
ous,

ous, and *unprofitable passion* should quite *ruine* the blessings of a faire *estate*. Some things I may doubt, and endeavour to *shunne*: but I would neuer feare them to a *servility*. If I can keepe but *reason* Lord, feare will serue, and *benefit* me: but when that gets the *Throne*, it will domincere *insultingly*. Let me rather haue a minde *confident*, and *undaunted* with some *troubles*; then a *Pulse* still beating feare, in the flush of *Prosperity*.



## LXXII.

*That Man is neither happy, nor miserable,  
but by comparison.*

There is not in this world, either perfect *mifery*, or perfect *happinesse*. *Comparison* more then *Reality*, makes men *happy*, and can make them *wretched*. What should we account *miserable*, if we did not lay it in the *ballance* with some thing, that hath more *felicities*? If we saw not some men *vaulting*, in the gay trimme of *Honour*, and *Greatnesse*, wee should neuer thinke a *poore estate* so *lamentable*. Were all the world *vgly*, *Deformity* would bee no *Monſter*. In those *countries* where all goe *naked*, they neither *shame* at their being *uncovered*, nor *complaine* that they are expos'd to the *violence* of the *Sunne*, and *winds*. 'Tis without doubt, our eyes *gazing* at others aboue, cast vs into a *shade*, which before that time, we met not with. Whatsoeuer is not *paine*, or *sufferance*, might well bee borne without



without *grumbling*: did not other *objects* fuller of *contentednesse*, draw away our *soules* from that wee haue, to those things which wee see, wee haue not. 'Tis *Envy*, and *Ambition* that makes vs farre more *miserable*, then the constitution which our *liberall Nature* hath allotted vs. Many neuer finde themselves in *want*, till they haue *discovered* the *abundance* of some others. And many againe, doe beare their *wants* with ease, when they finde others below themselves in *happinesse*. It was an answer bewraying a *Philosopher*, which *Thales* gaue to one, that asked him how *Aduersity* might best bee borne? By seeing our *enemies* in worse estate then our *selues*. We picke our owne *sorrowes*, out of the *ioyes* of other men: and out of their *sorrowes*, likewise, wee assume our *ioyes*. When I see the *toyling Labourer* sweat thorow both his *skinnes*, yet can scarce get so much, as his *importunate belly* consumes him; I then looke vpon my *selfe* with *gladnesse*. But when I see the *Distributors* of the *Earth*, in their *royalty*: when I thinke of *Nero* in his *Journey*, with his thousand *chariots*, and his *Mules* all shod with *siluer*; then, what a poore *Atome* doe I count my *selfe*, compar'd with these huge *piles* of *State*?

*Tolle felices, remoueto multo  
Diuites auro, remoueto centum  
Rura qui scindant opulenta bobus,  
Pauperi surgent animi iacentes.  
Est miser nemo, nisi comparatus.*

*Void*

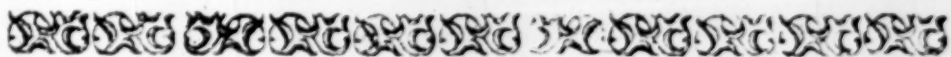
## RESOLVES.

*Void* the blest, and him that *flowes*  
 With weighty *gold*, and fifty *Ploughes*  
 Furrowing wealthy *pastures* goes.  
 Poore *mindes* then will *spring*. For none  
 Is poore but by *comparison*.

It was *comparison*, that first kindled the *fire* to burne  
*Troy* withall. *Giue it to the fairest*, was it, which  
*iarr'd* the *Goddeesses*. *Paris* might haue giuen the *Ball*  
 with lesse offence, had it not beene so *inscribed*.  
 Surely, *Iuno* was content with her *beauty*, till the  
*Troian* Youth cast her, by aduancing *Venus*. The  
*Roman Dame* complained not of her husbands  
*breath*, while shee knew no *kisse*, but his. While  
 wee spy no *ioyes* aboue our *owne*, we in quiet count  
 them  *blessings*. Wee see, euen a few *companions*  
 can lighten our *miseries*: by which we may guesse  
 the effect of a *generalitie*. *Blacknesse*, a *flat Nose*,  
*thicke Lips*, and *goggle Eyes*, are *beauties*, where nor  
*shapes* nor *colours* differ. He is much *impatient*, that  
 refuseth the *generall Lot*. For my selfe, I will rec-  
 kon that *misery*, which I finde hurts mee in my  
 selfe; not that which comming from another,  
 I may auoyd, if I will. Let me examine whether  
 that I *enioy*, bee not enough to *felicitate* mee, if I  
 stay at home. If it be, I would not haue anothers  
 better *fortune* put me out of *conceit* with my *owne*.  
 In *outward things*, I will looke to those that are  
*beneath* me; that if I must build my selfe out of o-  
 thers, I may rather raise *content* then *murmur*. But  
 for *accomplishments of the minde*, I will euer fixe on  
 those aboue me; that I may, out of an honest *emu-*  
*lation*,



lation, mend my selfe, by continuall striving to imitate their *Noblenesse*.



## LXXIII.

*Of Pride and Choller.*

**T**He *Proud man* and the *Cholericke*, feldome arriue at any height of *vertue*. *Pride* is the *choler* of the *minde*; and *choler* is the *pride* of the *Body*. They are sometimes borne to good parts of *Nature*, but they rarely are known to adde by *industry*. 'Tis the milde and suffering *disposition*, that ofteneft doth attaine to *Eminencie*. *Temper* and *Humility* are aduantagious *Vertues*, for businesse, and to rise by. *Pride* and *Choler* make such a noise, that they awake *dangers*; which the other with a soft tread, steales by vndiscovered. They swell a man so much, that he is too bigge to passe the *narrow way*. *Temper* and *Humilitie*, are like the *Fox* when hee went into the *Garner*; he could creepe in at a little hole, and arriue at *Plenty*. *Pride* and *Choller* are like the *Fox* offering to goe out, when his belly was full; which inlarging him bigger then the *passage*, made him stay, and be taken with *shame*. They that would come to *preferment* by *Pride*, are like them that ascend a paire of *Staires* on *horsebacke*; tis ten to one, but both their *Beasts* will cast them, ere they come to treade their *Chamber*. The mindes of *proud men*, haue not that cleerenesse of discerning, which should make them iudge aright of them-

Q

themselves, and others. 'Tis an vncharitable *vice*,  
 which teaches men how to *neglect* and *contemne*.  
 So depressing others, it seeketh to raise it selfe: and  
 by this *depression* angers them, that they *bandy* a-  
 gainst it, till it meetes with the *losse*. One thing it  
 hath more then any *vice* that I know: It is an *Ene-*  
*mie* to it selfe. The *proud man* cannot endure to see  
*pride* in another. *Diogenes* trampled *Plato*: though  
 indeed 'tis rare to finde it in *men* so qualified. The  
 maine thing that should mend these two, they  
 want; and that is, the *Reprehension of a Friend*. *Pride*  
 scornes a *Corrector*, and thinkes it a *disparagement* to  
*learne*: and *Choler* admits no *counsell* that *crosses*  
 him; *crossing* angers him, and *anger* *blindes* him. So,  
 if euer they heare any *fault*, it must either be from  
 an *Enemie* in *disdaine*, or from a *Friend*, that must  
 resolute to lose them by't. *M. Drusus*, the *Tribune*  
 of the *People*, cast the *Consull*, *L. Philippus*, into *pri-*  
*son*, because he did but interrupt him in his speech.  
 Other *Dispositions* may haue the *benefits* of a *friendly*  
*monitor*; but these by their *vices* doe seeme to giue  
 a *desiance* to *Counsell*. Since, when men once know  
 them, they will rather be *silent*, and let them rest  
 in their *folly*, then by *admonishing* them, runne in-  
 to a *certaine Brawle*. There is another thing shewes  
 them to be both *base*: They are both most *awed* by  
 the most *abieect passion* of the *minde*, *Feare*. We dare  
 neither be *proud* to one that can *punish* vs; nor *chol-*  
*lericke* to one much *aboue* vs. But when wee haue  
 to deale with such, we clad our selues in their *con-*  
*traries*; as knowing they are habits of more *safety*,  
 and better *liking*. Euery man flies from the *burning*  
 house:



*house* : and one of these hath a *fire* in his *heart*, and the other discouers it in his *face*. In my opinion, there bee no *vices* that inroach so much on *Man* as these : They take away his *Reason*, and turne him into a *storme* : and then *Vertue* her selfe cannot boord him, without danger of *defamation*. I would not liue like a *beast*, pusht at by all the world for *loftinesse* : nor yet like a *Waspe*, stinging vpon euery *touch*. And this moreouer shall adde to my misliking them, that I hold them things accursed, for sowing of *strife* among *Brethren*.



## LXXIIII.

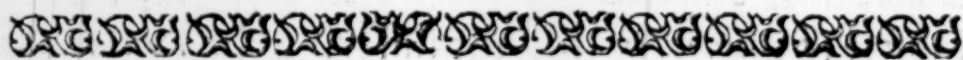
*That great benefits cause ingratitude.*

**A**S the *deepest hate*, is that which springs from the most *violent Loue* ; So, the *greatest Discourtesies* oft arise from the *largest fauours*. *Benefits* to good *Natures*, can neuer bee so *great*, as to make *thanks* blush in their tendering : but when they be *weighty*, and light on ill ones, they then make their *returne* in *Ingratitude*. *Extraordinarie fauours* make the *giuer* hated by the *Receiuer*, that should *loue* him. *Experience* hath proued, that *Tacitus* wrote *Truth* : *Beneficia vsque adeo lata sunt, dum videntur posse exolui, ubi multum anteuenero, pro gratia, odium redditur.* *Benefits* are so long *gratefull*, as wee thinke wee can repay them : but when they challenge more, our *thanks* conuert to *hate*. It is not good to make men owe vs more then they are able to pay : ex-

cept it bee for *vertuous deserts*, which may in some sort challenge it. They that haue found *transcending courtesies*, for *Offices* that haue not beene *sound*; as in their first *actions* they haue beene *stained*, so in their *progresse* they will proue *ungratefull*: For when they haue serued their turne of his *benefits*, they seldome see their *Patron* without *thraldome*, which (now by his *gifts* being lifted into happinesse) they grieue to see, and strue to bee quit of. And if they bee *defensiu fauours*, for matter of *fact*, they then with their *thraldome*, shew them their *shame*: and this prickes them forward to winde out themselves, though it bee with incurring a *greater*. The *Malefactor* which thou sauest, will, if hee can, *condemne* thee. Some haue written, that *Cicero* was slaine by one, whome his *Oratorie* had defended, when he was accused of his *Fathers murder*. I knew a *French Gentleman* inuited by a *Dutch* to his House; and according to the *vice* of that *Nation*, hee was welcom'd so long with *full Cups*, that in the end the *drinke* distemper'd him: and going away, instead of giuing him thanks, hee quarrels with his *Host*, and *strikes* him. His *friend* blaming him, he answered, It was his *Hosts* fault, for giuing him *liquour* so strong. It pass'd for a *jest*: but certaine, there was something in it more. Men that haue beene thus beholding to vs, thinke we know too much of their *vilenesse*: and therefore they will rather free themselves by their *Benefactors ruine*; then suffer themselves to be had in so low an *esteeme*. When *kindnesses* are such as hinder *Iustice*, they seldome yeeld a fruit that is *commendable*:



dable : as if *vengeance* followed the *Bestower*, for an iniurie to *equitie*, or for not suffering the *Diuine Edicts* to haue their due fulfillings. Beware how thou robb'st the *Law* of a *Life*, to giue it to an *ill-deseruing man*. The wrong thou dost to that, is greater then the benefit that thou dost conferre vpon him. Such *pitty* wounds the *Publike*, which is often reuenged by him thou didst bestow it vpon. *Benefits* that are good in themselues, are made ill by their being *mis-placed*. Whatsoeuer fauours thou impartest, let them bee to those of *desert*. It will bee much for thy *Honour*, when by thy *kindnesse*, men shall see that thou affectest *Vertue* : and when thou layest it on one of *worth*, grudge not that thou hast plac'd it there : For, beleeue it, hee is much more *Noble* that *deserues* a *Benefit*, then he that *bestowes* one. *Riches*, though they may reward *Vertues*, yet they cannot *cause* them. If I shall at any time doe a *courtesie*, and meet with a *neglect*, I shall yet thinke I did *well*, because I did *well intend* it. *Ingratitude* makes the *Author worse*, but the *Benefactor* rather the *better*. If I shall receiue any *Kindnesses* from others, I will thinke, that I am tyed to *acknowledge*, and also to *returne* them, small ones, out of *Courtesie*, and great ones out of *duty*. To neglect them, is *inhumanitie* ; to requite them with *ill*, *Satanicall*. 'Tis onely in *rancke grounds*, that *much raine* makes *weeds* spring : where the *soyle* is cleane, and well planted, there is the more *fruite* return'd, for the *showres* that did fall vpon it.



## LXXV.

*Of Vertue and Wisedome.*

**T**Here are no such *Guards of Safety*, as *Vertue* and *Wisedome*. The one secures the *Soule*; the other, the *Estate* and *Body*. The one defends vs against the *stroke of the Law*; the other, against the *mutability of Fortune*. The *Law* has not power to strike the *vertuous*: nor can *Fortune* subuert the *Wise*. Surely, there is more *Divinitie* in them, then we are aware of: for, if wee consider rightly, wee may obserue, *Vertue* or *goodnesse* to be *habitually*, and *Wisdom*e the *distributive* or *actuall* part of the *Deitie*. Thus, all the *Creatures* flowing from these two, they appeared to bee *valde bona*, as in the *Text*. And the *Sonne of Sirach* couples them more plainly together: for hee sayes, *All the workes of the Lord are exceeding good: and all his Commandements are done in due season*. These onely *perfect* and *defend* a man. When vniust *Kings* desire to cut off those, they distaste, they first lay *traines* to make them fall into *Vice*: or at least, giue out, that their *Actions* are already *criminall*: so rob them of their *Vertue*; and then let the *Law* seize them. Otherwise, *Vertues garment* is a *Sanctuarie* so *sacred*, that euen *Princes* dare not strike the man that is thus *roabed*. 'Tis the *Liuey* of the *King of Heauen*: and who dares *arrest* one that weares his *Cloth*? This protects vs when wee are vnarmed:

and



and is an *Armour* that we cannot, vnlesse we bee *false* to our selues, lose. *Demetrius* could comfort himselfe with this, that though the *Athenians* demolished his *Statues*, yet they could not extinguish his more *pyramidicall vertues*, which were the cause of raising them. *Phocion* did call it the *Diuine Law*, which should be the *square* of all our *Actions*: *Vertue* is the *Tenure*, by which wee hold of *Heauen*: without this wee are but *Out-laves*, which cannot claime *protection*. Sure, *Vertue* is a *Defendresse*, and valiant the *heart* of *man*. *Horace* reports a *wonder*, which hee imputes to his *integritie*.

Innocent and spotlesse hearts,  
Need nor *Moorian* Bow nor Darts:  
Quiuers cram'd with *poison'd shot*,  
O *Fuscus*! they need not.

Boyling *Sands*, vnnauigable,  
*Scythia's* Mount inhospitable,  
*Media*, *Inde*, and *Parthia*, they  
Dare passe, without dismay.

For, when I prais'd my *Lalage*,  
And carelesse walk'd beyond my way,  
A fierce *Wolfe* from a *Sabine* Wood,  
Fled mee, when nak'd I stood.

*Integer vita scelerisq; purius,*  
*Non eget Mauri Iaculis nec Arcu,*

## RESOLVES.

*Nec venenatis grauida Sagittis,  
Fusce pharetra.*

*Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas,  
Sive facturus per inhospitalem  
Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosæ  
Lambit Hydaspes.*

*Namq; me sylua Lupus in Sabina,  
Dum meam canto Lalagen, & ultra  
Terminum curis vagor expeditus,  
Fugit inermem.*

If sometimes *Vertue* giues not *freedome*, shee yet giues such *Cordials*, as frolicke the *heart*, in the presse of *aduersitie*. She beames forth her selfe to the gladding of a *bruised soule*: and by her *light* the *dungeon'd prisoner* dances. Especially shee is braue, when her *Sister Wisdome's* with her. I see not but it may be true, that *The wise man cannot fall. Fortune*, that the *Ancients* made to rule all, the wisest of the *Ancients* haue subiected to *Wisdome*. 'Tis shee that giues vs a *Safe conduct* thorow all the *various casualties* of *Mortalitie*. And therefore when *Fortune* meanes to *ruine* vs, shee *flatters* vs first from this *Altar*: shee cannot hurt vs, till we be stript of these *Habiliments*: then shee doth both *wound* and *laugh*. 'Tis rare to see a man decline in *Fortune*, that hath not declin'd in *Wisdome* before. It is for the most part true, that,

*Stultum facit Fortuna quem vult perdere:*

*Fortune*



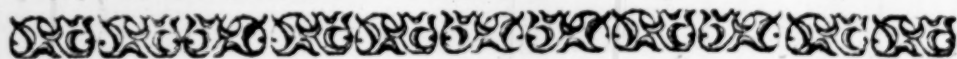
*Fortune first fooles the Man shee meanes to foile.*

She dares not, she cannot hurt vs while we continue wise. *Discretion* swayes the *Starres*, and *Fate*: for *Wealth*, the *Philosophers foresight* of the scarcitie of *oyle*, shewes it can helpe in that defect. For *Honour*, how many did it aduance in *Athens*, to a renown'd *Authority*? When all is done, The wise man onely is the cunning'st *Fencer*. No man can either giue a blow so soone, or ward himselfe so safely. In two lines has the witty *Horace* summ'd him.

Take all; There's but one *Ioue* aboue him. Hee  
Is Rich, Faire, Noble, King of kings, and free.

*Ad summum. Sapiens vno minor est Ioue. Diues;  
Liber, Honoratus, Pulcher; Rex deniq; Regum.*

Surely, *GOD* intended we should value these two aboue our *lines*; to *line*, is common; to be wise and good, particular; and granted but to a few. I see many that wish for *honour*, for *wealth*, for *friends*, for *fame*, for *pleasure*: I desire but these two, *Vertue*, *Wisdom*. I finde not a *Man* that the *World* euer had, so plentiful in all things, as was *Salomon*. Yet wee know, his request was but one of these; though indeed it includeth the other. For without *Vertue*, *Wisdom* is not, or if it be, it is then nothing else, but a cunning way of vndoing our selues at the last.



## LXXVI.

*Of Moderation.*

Nothing makes Greatnesse last, like the Moderate use of Authority. Haughty and violent mindes, neuer blesse their owners with a settled peace. Men come downe by domineering. Hee that is lifted to sudden preferment, had need be much more carefull of his actions, then hee that hath inioy'd it long. If it be not a wonder, it is yet strange; and all strangers wee obserue more strictly, then we doe those that haue dwelt among vs. Men obserue fresh Authority, to informe themselves, how to trust. It is good that the advanced Man remember to retaine the same Humility, that hee had before his Rise: and let him looke backe, to the good intentions that sojourn'd with him in his low estate. Commonly, wee thinke then of worthy deeds; which wee promise our selues to doe, if wee had but means. But when that meanes comes, we forget what we thought, and practise the contrary. Whosoever comes to place from a meane being, had need haue so much more vertue, as will make good his want of Blood. Nobility will checke at the leape of a Low man. Salust has obserued of Tully, when he was spoken of for Consul: That, *Pleraq; Nobilitas, inuidia aestuabat, & quasi pollui Consulatum credebatur, si cum, quamuis egregius, homo nouus, adeptus foret.* To auoid this, it is good to be iust and plausible.

A round



A round heart will fasten friends; and linke men to thee, in the chaines of Love. And beleene it, thou wilt finde those friends firmest, (though not most) that thy vertues purchase thee. These will love thee when thou art but man againe: Whereas those that are wonne without desert, will also bee lost without a cause. Smoothnesse declineth Enmie. It is better to descend a little from State, then assume any thing, that may seeme aboue it. It is not safe to tender Authority. Pride increaseth enemies: but it puts our friends to flight. It was a iust Quip, that a proud Cardinall had from a friend, that vpon his Election went to Rome, on purpose to see him: where finding his behaviour stretched all to Pride, and state, departs, and makes him a Mourning Sute; wherein next day he comes againe to visit him: who asking the cause of his blacks, was answered, it was for the death of Humility, which dy'd in him, when hee was Elected Cardinall. Authority displayes the Man. Whatsoever opinion in the world, thy former vertues haue gained thee, is now vnder a Iury, that will condemne it, if they slacke heere. The way to make Honour last, is to doe by it, as men doe by rich remels; not incommon them to the every day eye: but case them vp, and weare them but on Festivals. And, be not too glorious at first; it will send men to too much expectation; which when they faile of, will turne to neglect. Thou hadst better shew thy self by a little at once; then in a windy ostentation, powre out thy self together. So, that respect thou gainest, wil be more permanent, though it be not got in such haste.

Some

Some *profit* thou mayest make of *thinking* from whence thou *camest*. He that beares that still in his *minde*, will bee more wary, how he trench vpon those, that were once *aboue* him.

With Earthen Plate, *Agathocles* (they say)  
 Did vse to meale : so seru'd with *Samo's* Clay.  
 When *Iewell'd* Plate, and rugged *Earth* was by,  
 He seem'd to mingle *wealth*, and *poverty*.  
 One ask'd the *cause*; he answers : I that am  
*Sicilia's* King, from a poore *Potter* came.  
 Hence learne, thou that are rais'd from *mean estate*,  
 To sudden *riches*, to be *Temperate*.

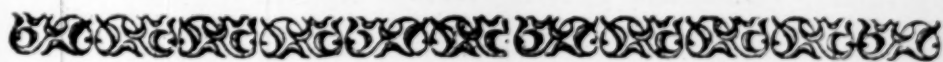
*Fama est, fictilibus canasse Agathoclea Regem ;  
 Atque abacum Samio saepe onerasse luto :  
 Fercula gemmatis cum poneret Horrida vasis,  
 Et misceret opes, pauperiemque simul :  
 Querenti causam, respondit : Rex ego qui sum  
 Sicania, figulo sum genitore satius.  
 Fortanam reuerenter habe ; quicumque repente  
 Dives ab exili progrediere loco.*

It was the *Admonition* of the dying *Otho*, to *Cocceius*: neither too much to *remember*, nor altogether to *forget*, that *Caesar* was his *Vncle*. When wee looke on our selues in the *shine of prosperity*, wee are apt for the *puffe* and *scorne*. When we thinke not on't at all, we are likely to be much *imbased*. Ane *estate* euened with these *thoughts*, indureth : Our *advancement* is many times from *Fortune*, our *moderation* in it, is that, which she can neither *giue*, nor *deprive*



*prine* vs of. In what *condition* soeuer I *live*, I would neither *bite*, nor *fawne*: Hee does well that subscribes to him that *writ*,

*Nolo minor me timeat, despiciatue maior.*



## LXXVII.

*Of Modestie.*

There is *Modestie*, both a *Vertue*, and a *Vice*, though indeed, when it is *blameable*, I would rather call it a *foolish bashfulness*. For then it *betrayes* vs to all *inconueniencies*. It brings a *foole* in Bonds, to his *utter undoing*: when out of a weake flexibility of *Nature*, he has not *courage* enough to deny the request of a *seeming friend*. One would thinke it strange at first, yet is it *proouedly* true: That, *Modesty undoes a Maid*. In the *face*, it is a *Lure* to make euen *lewd men* loue: which they oft expresse with *large gifts*, that so worke vpon her *yeelding nature*, as she knowes not how to *deny*: so rather then be *ungratefull*, she oft becomes *unchaste*: Euen *blushing* brings them to their *Deuirgination*. In *friendship*, 'tis an odious *vice*, and lets a *man* run on in *absurdities*; for feare of displeasing by telling the *fault*. 'Tis the *foole* onely, that puts *Vertue* out of countenance. *Wise men* euer take a freedome of *reproouing*, when *Vice* is *bold*, and *daring*. How plaine was *Zeno* with *Nearchus*? How blunt *Diogenes* with *Alexander*? How serious *Seneca* with the sauage *Nero*?

Nero? A Spirit *modestly* bold, is like the *Winde*, to purge the *Worlds* bad *ayre*. It disperses *Exhalations* from the *muddy Earth*, which would, *vnstirr'd*, infect it. We often let *Vice* spring, for wanting the *audacity* and *courage* of a *Debellation*. Nay, we many times forbear good *Actions*, for feare the *world* should *laugh* at vs. How many men, when others haue their *store*, will *want* themselves, for shaming to demaund their *owne*? And sometimes in *extremes*, wee *unwisely* stand vpon poynts of *insipid Modesty*. But, *Rebus semper pudor absit in artibus*. In all *extremes* flye *Bashfulnessse*. In any good *Action*, that must needs be bad, that hinders it: of which *straine*, many times, is the *fondnesse* of a *blushing shamefastnesse*. But to *blush* at *Vice*, is to let the *world* know, that the *heart* within, hath an *inclination* to *Vertue*. *Modesty* a *vertue*, is an excellent *curbe* to keepe vs from the *stray*, and *offence*. I am perswaded, many had been bad that are not; if they had not beene *bridled* by a *bashfull nature*. There are diuers that haue *hearts* for *vice*, which haue not *face* accordingly. It chides vs from *base company*, restraines vs from *base enterprizes*; from *beginning ill*, or *continuing* where wee see it. It teaches to loue *vertue* onely: and directs a man rather to mixe with a *chaste soule*, then to care for pressing of the *ripened bosome*. It awes the *unciuill tongue*: chains vp the *licentious hand*; and with a silent kinde of *Maiestie*, (like a watch at the *dore* of a *Thiefes Den*) makes *Vice* not dare peepe out of the *heart*, wherein it is lodged. It withholds a man from *vaine-boasting*: and makes a *wise man* not to scorne a *foole*.  
Surely



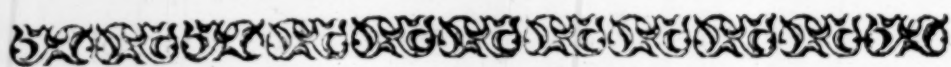
Surely the *Graces* sojourne with the *blushing man*. And the *Cynicke* would needes haue *Vertue* bee a *Blush-colour*. Thus *Aristotles* daughter shew'd her selfe a better *Moralist*, then *Naturalist*: when, being asked which was the best *colour*, shee answered: That which *Modesty* produced in *Men ingenuous*. Certainly, the *heart* of the *blushing man*, is neerer *Heauen* then the *brazed forehead*. For it is a branch of *Humilitie*, and when that dyes, *vertue* is vpon the vanish. *Modestie* in *Women*, is like the *Angels flaming sword*, to keepe *vile man* out of the *Paradise* of their *chastitie*. It was *Liuias modestie*, that tooke *Augustus*: and shee that wanne *Cyrus* from a *Multitude*, was a *modest* one. For though it be but *exterior*, and *face-deepe* onely, yet it inuites *affection* strongly. *Plautus* had skill in such *commodities*;

*Meritricem pudorē gerere magis decet, quā purpuram,  
Magis quidē meritricē pudorē quā aurū gerere cōdecet.*

Euen in a *Whore*, a *Modest* looke, and fashion,  
Preuailes beyond all *gold*, and *purple dyes*.

If that bee good which is but *counterfeit*, how excellent is that which is *reall*? Those things that carry a iust *infamy* with them, I will iustly bee *asham'd* to be seene in. But in *actions* either good, or not ill, it may as well be a *Crime*. 'Tis feare and *Cowardize*, that puls vs backe from *Goodnesse*. That is *base blood*, that *blushes* at a *vertuous action*. Both the *action*, and the *morall* of *Agessilaus* was good: when in his *Oblations* to *Pallas*, a *Lowse* bit, and hee  
puls

puls it out, and *kills* it before the *People*, saying: *Trespassers* were euen at the *Altar* to be set vpon. I know, things *unseemely*, though not *dishonest*, carry a kinde of *shame* along. But sure, in *resisting villany*, where *Courage* is asked, *Bashfulnesse* is at best, but a *weake*, and a *treacherous vertue*.



## LXXVIII.

*Of Suspicion.*

**S***uspitions* are sometimes out of *Iudgement*. Hee that knowes the *world* bad, cannot but *suspect*, it will be so still: but where men *suspect* by *iudgement*, they will likewise by *iudgement*, keepe that *suspect* from hurting them. *Suspicion*, for the most part, proceeds from a *selfe-defect*: and then it gnawes the *minde*. They that in *private* listen others, are commonly such as are *ill themselves*. The *wise*, and *honest*, are neuer *fooled* with this *quality*. Hee that knowes he deserues not *ill*, why should he *imagine* that others should *speake* him so? We may obserue how a *man* is disposed, by gathering what he *doubts* in others. Saint *Chrysostome* has giuen the rule; *Sicut difficile aliquem suspicatur malum, qui bonus est: Sic difficile aliquem suspicatur bonum, qui ipse malus est.* Nero would not belecue, but all men were most *foule Libidinists*. And we all know, there was neuer such a *Roman Beast* as he. *Suspecting* that we see not, we intimate to the *world*, either what our *acts* haue been, or what our *Dispositions* are. I will be warie  
in



in *suspecting* another of *ill*, lest by so doing, I proclaime my *selfe* to be guilty: But whether I be, or not, why should I *strive* to heare my *selfe* ill spoken of? *Jealousie* is the worst of *madnesse*. We *seeke* for that, which wee would not *finde*: or if we doe, what is it wee haue *got*, but *matter of vexation*? which wee came so *basely* by, as we are *asham'd* to take notice of it. So wee are forced to keepe it *boyling* in our *breasts*: like *new wine*, to the hazard of the *Hogshead*, for want of *venting*. *Jealousie* is a ginne that we set to catch *Serpents*, which as soone as we haue caught them, *sting vs*. Like the *foole*, that finding a boxe of *poyson*, *tastes*, and is *poyson'd* indeed. Are wee not *mad*, that being quiet, as wee are, must needes goe search for *discontentments*? So farre should we be from *seeking them*, as to bee often *carelesse* of those we *finde*. *Neglect* will kill an *iniury*, sooner then *Reuenge*. Sayd *Socrates*, when he was told that one *rail'd* on him; *Let him beate me too, so I be absent, I care not*. He that will *question* euery *disgraciu*e word, which hee heares is spoken of him, shall haue few *friends*, little *wit*, and much *trouble*. One told *Chrysippus*, that his *friend* reproached him *priuately*. Saies he, *Aye, but chide him not, for then he will doe as much in publique*. We shall all meet with *vexation* enough, which wee cannot auoid. I cannot thinke any man loues *sorrow* so well, as out of his *discretion*, to *inuite* it to lodge in his *heart*. *Pompey* did well to commit those *Letters* to the *fire*, before he read them, wherein hee expected to finde the cause of his *griefe*. I will neuer vndertake an *unwor-*

*thy Watch* for that which will but trouble. Why should we not be ashamed to doe that, which we shall be ashamed to be taken in? Certainly, they that set *Spies* vpon others; or by *listening*, put the base office of *Intelligencer* vpon themselves, would blush to be discovered in their *Proiects*: and the best way to auoid the *discovery*, is at first to auoid the *Act*. If I heare any thing by *accident*, that may benefit me; I will, if I can, take onely the *good*: but I will neuer lye in waite for mine *owne abuse*; or for others that concerne me not. Nor will I *flame* at euery *vaine tongues puffe*. Hee has a *poore Spirit*, that is not planted aboue *petty wrongs*. *Small iniuries* I would either not *heare*, or not *minde*: Nay, though I were told them, I would not know the *Author*: for by this, I may *mend my selfe*, and neuer *malice the person*.



## LXXIX.

*Of Fate.*

Certainely, there is a *Fate* that hurries *Man* to his *end* beyond his *owne intention*. There is *uncertainty* in *Wisdome*, as well as in *folly*. When *Man* *plotteth* to saue himselfe, that *plotting* deliuers him into his *ruine*. *Decrees* are past vpon vs: and our owne *wit* often hunts vs into the *snares*, that aboue all things we would shunne. What we *suspect*, and would *fly*, we cannot: what we *suspect not*, we *fall into*. That which sau'd vs now, by and by *kills* vs.  
We



We vse meanes of *preservation*, and they proue *destroying ones*. Wee take courses to ruine vs, and they prooue meanes of *safety*. When *Agrippina's* death was plotted, her woman thought to saue her selfe, by assuming of her *Mistris name*: and that onely was the *cause* of her killing. *Florus* tells of one, to whom, *Victoriam pralio error dedit*: an *error* in the fight, gaue *victorie*. How many haue, flying from *Danger*, met with *Death*? and on the other side, found *protection*, euen in the very *lawes of mischiefe*?

*Et cum Fata volunt, bina venena luuant.*

And when *Fate* lists, a doubled *poysen* saues.

Some men in their *sleep* are cast into *Fortunes lap*: while others with all their *industrie*, cannot purchase one *smile* from her. How strange a *Rescue* from the *sackage* of an *Enemie* had that *Citie*, that by the *Leaders* crying *backe, backe*, when he wanted roome for the fetching of his *blow*, to breake a *Chaine* that hinder'd him, was by *mis-apprehending* the *Word*, put backe in a *violent flight*? There is no doubt, but *Wisdom* is better then *Folly*, as *light* is better then *darknesse*. Yet, I see, saith *Salomon*, it happens to the wise and foole alike. It fell out to be part of *Mithridates misery*, that hee had made himselfe *unpoisonable*. All *humane wisdom* is defectiue: otherwise it might helpe vs, against the *flash* and *storme*. As it is, it is but lesser *folly*; which preserving sometimes, failes vs often. *Graue directions*

## RESOLVES.

doe not alwayes prosper : nor does the *Fooles* bolt  
 euer misse. *Domitian's* reflectiue Galleries, could not  
 guard him from the *skarfed arme*. Nor did *Titus*  
 his freeness to the two *Patrician aspirers*, hurt him:  
 For, his *confidence* was, That *Fate* gaue *Princes*  
*Soueraignty*. *Man* is meerey the *Ball of Time*: and  
 is sometime taken from the *Plow* to the *Throne* ;  
 and sometimes againe from the *Throne* to a *Halter* :  
 as if wee could neither auoid being *wretched*, or  
*happy*, or both.

*Non sollicita possunt cura  
 Mutare rati stamina fusi.  
 Quicquid patimur, mortale genus,  
 Quicquid facimus, venit ex alto.  
 Seruatq; sua decreta Colus  
 Lachesis : dura reuoluta manu,  
 Omnia certo tramete vadunt ;  
 Primusq; dies, dedit extremum.*

Our most thoughtfull *cares* cannot  
 Change establisht *Fates* firme *plot*.  
 All we suffer, all we proue,  
 All we act comes from aboue.  
*Fates Decrees* still keepe their *course* :  
 All things strictly by their force,  
 Wheele in vndisturbed wayes ;  
 Ends are set in our first dayes.

Whatsoever *Man* thinkes to do in *contrariety*, is by  
 GO D turned to be a help of hastening the *end* he  
 hath appointed him : It was not in the *Emperours*  
 power



power to keepe *Ascletrarius* from the *Dogges*, no though it was foretold him: and he bent himselfe to *cross* it. Wee are gouern'd by a *Power*, that wee cannot but *obey*: our *minde*s are wrought against our *minde*s, to alter vs. *Man* is his owne *Traitor*, and maddeth to vndoe himselfe. Whether this be *Nature* order'd and relinquisht; or whethe it bee *accidentall*; or the operating power of the *Starres*; or the *eternall connexion* of causes; or the *execution* of the *will of God*; whether it takes away all *freedom*e of *will* from *Man*; or by what meanes we are thus wrought vpon, I dispute not. I would not thinke any thing, that should derogate from the *Maiesty* of *God*. I know, there is a *Prouidence* ordering all things as it pleaseth; of which, *Man* is not able to render a *reason*. Wee may beleeeue *S. Ierome*, *Prouidentia Dei omnia gubernantur; & quæ putatur pœna, Medicina est*. But the secrete *progreſsions*, I confesse, I know not. I see, there are both *Arguments* and *obiections* on euery side. I hold it a kinde of *Mundane predestination*, writ in such *Characters*, as it is not in the wit of *man* to reade them. In vain wee murmur at the things that *must bee*: in vaine wee mourne for what wee cannot *remedy*. Why should wee *vane*, when wee meete with what wee looke not for? Tis our *ignorance* that makes vs wonder our selues to a *dull stupefaction*. When we consider but how little wee know, we need not be disturbed at a new *euent*.

*Regitur Fatis, mortale genus,  
Nec sibi quispiam spondere potest*

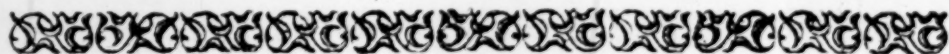
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*Firmum,*

*Firmum, & stabile : perq; casus  
Voluitur varios, semper nobis  
Metuenda Dies.*

All *Mankinde* is rul'd by *Fate*,  
No man can propose a *state*  
Firme and stable : various *Chance*,  
Alwaies rowling, doth aduance  
That *Something* which wee feare.

Surely out of this, we may raise a *Contentment Roy-  
all*, as knowing wee are alwaies in the hands of a  
*Noble Protector*; who neuer giues ill, but to him  
that has deseru'd ill. Whatsoever befalls mee, I  
would subscribe to with a *squared soule*. It were a  
*superinsanitated follie*, to struggle with a *power*, which  
I know is all in *vaine* contended with. If a faire *en-  
deauour* may free me, I will practise it. If that can-  
not, let me waite it with a *calmed minde*. Whatso-  
euer happens as a *wonder*, I will *admire* and *magnifie*,  
as the *Act* of a *Power* aboue my *apprehension*. But  
as it is an *alteration* to *Man*, I will neuer thinke it  
*maruellous*. I euery day see him suffer more *changes*,  
then is of himselfe to imagine.



## LXXX.

*Of Ostentation.*

**V***Aine-glorie*, at best, is but like a *Window Cushion*,  
specious without, and garnished with the *ta-  
sled*



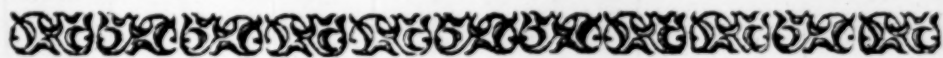
*sled pendant* : but within, nothing but *key*, or *toaw*, or some such *trash*, not worth looking on. Where I haue found a *Flood* in the *tongue*, I haue often found the *heart emptye*. 'Tis the *hollow Instrument* that sounds loud : and where the *heart* is full, the *tongue* is seldome *liberall*. Certainly, he that *boasteth*, if he be not *ignorant*, is *inconsiderate*, and knowes not the *slides* and *casualties* that hang on *Man*. If he had not an *unworthy heart*, he would rather stay till the *World* had found it, then so vndecently bee his owne *Prolocutor*. If thou beest *good*, thou maist be sure the *World* will know thee so. If thou beest *bad*, thy bragging *Tongue* will make thee *worse* ; while the *actions* of thy *life* confute thee. If thou wilt yet boast the *good* thou truely hast, thou obscurest much of thine owne *worth*, in drawing of it vp by so vnseemely a *Bucket*, as thine owne *tongue*. The *honest man* takes more pleasure in *knowing* himselfe *honest*, then in knowing that all the *World* approves him so. *Vertue* is built vpon her *selfe*. *Flourishes* are for *Networkes*; better *Contextures* need not any other *additions*. *Phocion* call'd bragging *Laesthenes*, *The Cypresse Tree* : which makes a faire *show*, but seldome beares any *fruit*. Why may hee not be emblem'd by the *coozening Fig-tree*, that our *Sauour* curst ? 'Tis he that is conscious to himselfe of an *inward defect*, which by the *brazen Bell* of his *Tongue*, would make the *World* beleeue, that hee had a *Church* within. Yet, *foole* that hee is ! this is the way to make men thinke the *contrarie*, if it were so. *Ostentation* after, ouerthrowes the *Action*, which was *good*, and went before. Or at least

## RESOLVES.

it argues that *Good* not done well. Hee that does *good* for *Praise* onely, failes of the right end. A *good worke* ought to propound, Hee is vertuous, that is so for *vertues* sake. To *doe well*, is as much *applause* as a *good man* labours for. Whatfocuer *good worke* thy *hand* builds, is againe pull'd downe by the folly of a *boasting tongue*. The *blazings* of the *proud* will goe out in a *stench* and *smoke*: Their *brag-gings* will conuert to shame. Saint *Gregorie* has it wittily: *Sub hoīte quem prosternit, moritur, qui de culpa quam superat eleuatur*. Hee both loseth the *good* he hath done, and hazzardeth for *shame* with men: For *Clouds of Disdaine* are commonly raised by the *wind* of *Ostentation*. Hee that remembers too much his owne *Vertues*, teacheth others to obiect his *Vices*. All are *Enemies* to *assuming Man*. When hee would haue *more* then his *due*, hee seldom findeth so much. Whether it be out of *lealousie*, that by *promulgating* his *Vertues*, wee vainely thinke he should rob vs of the *Worlds loue*; or whether wee take his *exalting himselfe*, to be our *depression*, or whether it be our *enuie*; or that wee are *angry*, that he should so vnderalue *goodnesse*, as despising her inward *approbation*, he should seeke the *uncertaine warrant* of *Men*: or whether it be an *instinct* instampt in *Man*, to dislike them; 'Tis certaine, no man can endure the *puffes* of a *swelling minde*. Nay though the *Vaunts* be true, they doe but awaken *scoffes*: and instead of a *clapping hand*, they finde a *checke* with *scorne*. VVhen a *Souldier* brag'd too much of a great *skarre* in his *forehead*, he was asked by *Augustus*, if hee did not get it, when he



he looked backe, as hee *fled*? Certainly, when I heare a *vaunting man*, I shall thinke him like a *Peece* that is charged but with *powder*; which neere-hand giues a *greater Report*, then that which hath a *Bullet* in't. If I haue done any thing *well*, I will neuer thinke the *World* is worth the telling of it. There is nothing added to *essentiall vertue*, by the hoarse clamor of the *blundering Rabble*. If I haue done *ill*, to boast the contrarie, I will thinke, is like *painting* an *old face*, to make it so much more *ugly*. If it bee of any thing *past*, the *World* will *talke* of it, though I be *silent*. If not, 'tis more *Noble* to neglect *Fame*, then seeme to *beg* it. If it bee of ought to *come*, I am foolish, for speaking of that which I am not sure to *performe*. Wee disgrace the worke of *Vertue*, when wee goe about any way to seduce *voices* for her *approbation*.



## LXXXI.

*Of Hope.*

**H***uman* life hath not a *surer friend*, nor many times a *greater enemy*, then *Hope*. Tis the *miserable mans god*, which in the hardest *gripe* of *calamitie*, neuer failes to yeeld him *beames of comfort*. 'Tis the *presumptuous mans Deuill*, which leades him a while in a *smooth way*, and then makes him breake his *necke* on the sudden. *Hope* is to *Man*, as a *Bladder* to a *learning Swimmer*; it keepes him from *sinking*, in the bosome of the waues; and by  
that

that help he may attaine the *exercise*: but yet it many times makes him venter beyond his *height*, and then, if that *breakes*, or a *storme rises*, hee *drownes* without *reconerie*. How many would dye, did not *Hope* sustaine them? How many haue dy'de, by hoping too much? This *wonder* wee may finde in *Hope*; that she is both a *Flatterer*, and a *true friend*. Like a *valiant Captaine*, in a *losing Battell*, it is euer encouraging *Man*, and neuer leaues him, till they both *expire together*. While *breath* pants in the *dying Body*, there is *Hope* fleeting in the *wauing Soule*. 'Tis almost as the *Aire*, by which the *minde* does liue. There is one thing which may adde to our *value* of it: that it is *appropriate vnto Man alone*: For surely, *Beasts* haue not *hope* at all; they are onely capable of the *present*; whereas *Man*, apprehending *future things*, hath this giuen him, for the *sustentation* of his *drooping Soule*. Who would liue rounded with *calamities*, did not *smiling Hope* chære him, with expectation of *deliuerance*? The *common one* is in *Tibullus*:

*Iam mala finissem Letho; sed credula vitam  
 Spes fouet, & melius cras fore semper ait,  
 Spes alit agricolas: spes sulcis credit aratri  
 Semina, quæ magno fœnore reddat Ager.  
 Hæc laqueo volucres, hæc captat arundine pisces,  
 Cum tenues hamos abdidit ante cibum.  
 Spes etiam valida solatur compede victum,  
 Cura sonat ferro, sed canit inter opus.*

*Hope*



*Hope* flatters *Life*, and sayes shee'l still bequeath  
*Better*; else I had cur'd all ills by *Death*.

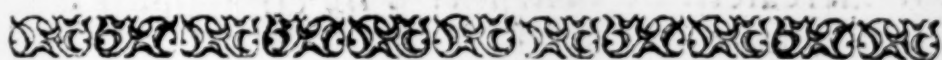
She blythes the *Farmer*, does his *graine* commit  
 To *Erath*, which with large vse replentieth it.  
 She snares the *Birds*: and *Fishes* as they glide,  
 Strikes with small *hooks*, that *coozning baits* do hide:  
 She cheeres the shackled *Prisner*, and while's *thigh*  
 Rings with his *Chaine*, he workes, & sings on high.

There is no *estate* so *miserable*, as to exclude her  
*comfort*. *Imprison*, *vexe*, *fright*, *torture*, shew *Death*  
 with his *horridest brow*; yet *Hope* will dart in her *re-*  
*uiuing rayes*, that shall *illumine* and *exhilerate*, in the  
*tumour*, in the *swell* of these. Nor does shee more  
 friend vs with her *gentle shine*, then shee often *fooles*  
 vs with her *fleeke delusions*. Shee dandles vs into  
*killing Flames*: *sings* vs into *Lethargies*: and like an  
 ouerhasty *Chyrurgian*, skinneth *dangers*, that are  
*full*, and *foule* within. Shee coozens the *Thiefe* of  
 the *Coin* hee steales: and cheates the *Gamester*  
 more then euen the *falsest Dye*. It abuseth *uniuersall*  
*Man*, from him that stoopes to the *lome wall*, vpon  
 the *naked Common*, to the *Monarch* in his *purpled*  
*Throne*. It vndoes the *melting Prodigall*; it deliueers  
 the *Ambitious* to the *edged Axe*, and the *rash Souldier*,  
 to the shatterings of the *fired Vomit*. Whatsoeuer  
*good* wee see, it tels vs wee may obtaine it; and in  
 a little time, tumble our selues in the *Downe* of our  
*wishes*: but it often performes like *Domitian*, pro-  
 mising all with *nothing*. 'Tis (indeed) the *Rattle*  
 which *Nature* did prouide, to still the froward cry-  
 ing of the *fond childe, Man*. Our *Life* is but a *Runne*,  
 after

after the *Drag* of something that doth itch our *senses*: which when wee haue hunted home, we finde a *meere delusion*. Wee thinke we serue for *Rachel*, but are deceiu'd with *bleare-ey'd Leah*. *Iacob* is as *Man*, *Laban* is the *churlish, enuious, vngratefull World*: *Leah* is the *pleasure* it payes vs with: blemisht in that which is the *life of beautie*, perisht euen in the *Eye*; emblem'd too by the *Sexe of Frailetie, Women*. We see a *Box*, wherein we belecue a *Pardon*; so we are merry in the brink of *Death*. While wee are *dancing*, the *Trapdoore* falls vnder vs, and *hope* makes vs *iocund*, till the *ladder turnes*, and then it is too late to *care*. Certainly, it requires a great deale of Iudgement, to *balance* our *hopes* euen. He that hopes for *nothing*, will neuer attaine to *any thing*. This good comes of ouer-hoping, that it sweetens our *passage* thorow the *World*, and sometimes so sets vs to *worke*, as it produces *great actions*, though not alwaies pat to our ends. But then againe, hee that hopes *too much*, shall coozen himselfe at last; especially, if his *industrie* goes not along to *fertile* it. For, *hope* without *Action* is a *barren vndoer*. The best is to *hope* for *things possible, and probable*. If we can take her *comforts*, without transferring her our *confidence*, we shall surely finde her a *sweet companion*. I will bee content, my *hope* should *trauaile* beyond *Reason*; but I would not haue her *build* there. So by this, I shall reape the benefit of her *present Service*, yet preuent the *Treason* shee might beguile mee with.

That





## LXXII.

*That sufferance causeth Love.*

**I**N *Noble Natures*, I neuer found it faile, but that those who suffered for them, they euer lou'd *intirely*. 'Tis a *Iustice* living in the *Soule*, to indeare those that haue *smarted* for our sakes. Nothing surer tyes a *friend*, then freely to *subumerate* the *burthen* which was his. Hee is vnworthy to be freed a second time, that does not pay both *affection* and *thanks*, to him that hath vndergone a *mischiefe*, due to himselfe. Hee hath in a sort made a *purchase* of thy *Life*, by sauing it: and though hee doth forbear to call for it, yet I belecue, vpon the like, thou owest him. Sure, *Nature* being an enemy to all *iniustice*, since shee cannot recall a thing done, labours some other way, to recompence the *passed iniurie*. It was *Darius* his *confession*, that he had rather haue one whole *Zopirus* then tenne such *Babylons* as his mangling wanne. *Volumnius* would needs haue dy'de vpon *Lucullus* corps, because hee was the cause of his vndertaking the *Warre*. And *Achilles* did alter his purpose of refraining the *Grecian Campe*, to reuenge *Patroclus* his *Death*, when he heard that he was slaine in his *borrowed Armour*. Sure, there is a *Sympathie of soules*; and they are subtilly mixed by the *Spirits* of the *Ayre*; which makes them sensible of one anothers *sufferances*. I know not by what hidden way; but I finde, that  
love

## RESOLVES.

*loue* increaseth by *aduersitie*. *Ouid* confesse it :

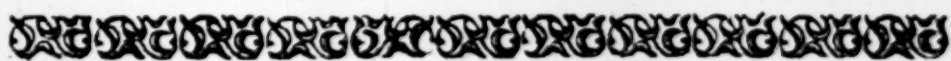
—— *Aduerso tempore creuit Amor :*

—— *Loue* heightens by depression.

Wee often finde in *Princes*, that they loue their *Fauorites*, for being *Skreenes*, that take away the *ennie* of the *People*, which else would light on them: and we shall see this *loue* appeare most, when the *People* beginne to lift at them: as if they were then ty'de to that, out of *Iustice* and *Gratitude*, which before was but matter of *Fanour*, and in the way of *Courtesie*. To make two *friends* intire, wee neede but plot, to make one *suffer* for the others sake. For this is alwayes in a *worthy mind*, it grieues more at the trouble of a *friend*, then it can doe for it selfe. Men often know in themselues how to manage it, how to entertaine it: in another they are vncertaine how it may worke. This *feare* troubles *loue*, and sends it to a neerer search, and *pitty*. All *creatures* shew a *thankfulnesse* to those that haue befriended them. The *Lion*, the *Dogge*, the *Storke*, in *kindnesse* are all *returners*: whole *Nature* leanes to *mutuall requitals*: and to pay with numerous *vse*, the fauours of a *free affection*. And if we owe a *Re-tribution* for vnpainefull *Courtesies*, how much should wee reflow, when they come arrayed in *sufferings*? Though it be not to our selues a benefit of the *largest profit*; yet it is to them a seruice of the *greatest paines*: and it is a great deale more *Honour* to recompence after their *Act*, then our *Receipt*.



*ceipt.* In *Courtesies*, 'tis the most *Noble*, when we receive them from others, to *prize* them after the *Authors intention*, if they bee *meane*, but after their *effect*, if they bee great: and when wee *offer* them to others, to *value* them lesse good, but as the *sequell* proves them to the *Receiuer*: Certainly, though the *world* hath nothing worth *louing*, but an *honest man*: yet this would make one loue the *man* that is *vile*. In this *case* I cannot *exempt* the *ill one* out of my *affection*: but I will rather wish he may still be *free*, then I in *bonds* to *lewdnesse*, nor will I, if my *industrious* care may void it, ever let any indure a *torment* for me: because it is a *courtesie*, which I know not how to *requite*. So till I meet with the like *opportunity*, I must rest in his debt, for his *passion*. It is not good to receive *favours*, in such a nature, as we cannot render them. Those Bonds are *cruell* tyes, which make man ever *subiect* to *debt*, without a *power* to cancell them.



## LXXXIII.

*That Policy and Friendship are scarce compatible.*

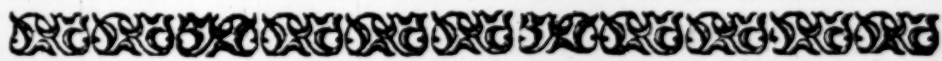
**A**S *Policy* is taken in the *generall*, we hold it but a kinde of crafty *wisdome*, which boweth eue-ry thing to a *selfe-profit*. And therefore a *Polititian* is one of the worst *sorts* of *men*, to make a *friend* on. Giue me one, that is vertuously *wise*, not cunning-ly *hid*, and twined to himselfe. *Policy* in friend-ship,

## RESOLVES.

ship, is like *Logicke* in truth: something too subtil for the plainnesse of disclosing hearts. And where as this works euer for appropriate ends; *Loue* euer takes a partner into the Benefit. Doubtlesse, though there be that are sure, & straight, to their friend: yet in the generall, he is reckon'd, but a kind of *postpositum*: or an *Heire* that must not claime till after. Wee haue found out an *adage*, which doubles our loue to our selues; but withall, it robs our neighbour. *Proximus ipse mihi*, is vrged to the ruine of friendship. They that loue themselves ouer-much, haue seldome any expresse goodnesse. And indeed, it is a quality that fights against the twist of friendship. For what *loue* ioynes, this diuides, and distanceth. *Scipio* would not beleue it was euer the speech of a wise man, which wils vs, so to loue, as if we were to hate immediately. The truth of affection projecteth perpetuity. And that loue which can presently leaue, was neuer well begunne. He that will not in a time of need, halue it with a streighted friend, does but usurpe the name, and iniure it. Nor is hee more to be regarded, that will kicke at euer ry faile of his friend: A friend inuited *Alcibyades* to supper: He refused; but in the middle of their meale, he rushes in with his seruants, and commands them to catch vp the Wine, and carry it home to his house: they did it, yet halfe they left behind. The Guests complained of this vnciuill violence: but his friend with this milde speech, excused him, saying: He did courteously, to take but halfe, when all was at his seruice. Yet in these lenities I confesse Polititians are most plausible. There are that will doe



doe as *Fabius* said of *Syphax*, keep correspondency in *small matters*, that they may bee trusted, and *deceiue* in greater, and of *grauer* consequence. But these are to be *banisht* the *League*. The politicke heart is too full of *crankes*, and *angles*, for the *discovery* of a plaine *familiar*. It is vncertaine finding of him, that vseth often to *shift* his *habitation*: and so it is a *heart*, that hath *deuices*, and inuersions for it *selfe* alone. Things that differ in their end, will surely part in their *way*. And such are these two: The *end* of *Policy*, is to make a mans *selfe* great. The *end* of *loue*, is to aduance another. For a *friend* to *conuerse* withall, let mee rather meet with a sound *affection*, then a craftie *braine*. One may faile me by *accident*, but the other will doe it out of *fore-intent*: And then there is nothing more *dangerous*, then studied *adulation*; especially, where it knowes 'tis trusted. The soundest *affection*, is like to be betweene those, where there cannot be expectation of *sinister* ends. Therefore haue your *Poets* feigned, the *intirest* loue, among humble *Shepheards*: where *wealth* and *honour* haue had no *sway* in their *unions*.



## LXXXIV.

*Of Drunkenesse.*

Said *Musaues*, The reward of *Vertue*, is perpetuall *Drunkenesse*. But he meant it, of *celestiall exhalation*: and surely so, the good man is full of glad-  
S ding

ding viiifications, which the world does neuer reach vnto. The other *drunkenesse*, arising from the *Grape*, is the floating of the *sternelesse Sences in a Sea*, and is as great a *Hydra*, as euer was the *Multitude*. That *dispositions* differ, as much as *faces*, *Drinke* is the clearest prouer. The *Cup* is the betrayer of the *mind*, and does *disapparell* the *soule*. There is but one thing which *distinguisheth Beast*, and *Man*; *Reason*. And this it *robs* him of: Nay, it goes further, euen to the subuerting of *Natures Institution*. The *thoughts* of the *heart*, which God hath secluded from the very *Deuill*, and *Spirits*, by this doe suffer a *search*, and *denudation*. *Quod in corde sobrij, in lingua ebrj*. Hee that would *Anatomize* the *soule*, may doe it *best*, when *Wine* has numm'd the *sences*. Certainly, for *confession*, there is no such racke as *Wine*; nor could the *Deuill* euer finde a cunninger bait to angle both for *actes*, and *meaning*: Euen the most benighted *cogitations* of the *soule*, in this *floud*, doe tumble from the *swelled tongue*; yet madly we pursue this *Vice*, as the kindler both of *wit*, and *mirth*. Alas! it is the *blemish* of our *times*, that men are of such *slow conceit*, as they are not company one for another, without excessiue draughts to quicken them. And surely 'tis from this *barrenesse*, that the *impertinencies* of *drinke*, and *smoake*, were first tane in at *meetings*. It were an excellent way, for men of *quality*, to conuert this *madnesse*, to the *discussion* and *practice* of *Arts*, either *Military*, or *Ciwill*. Their *places of resort* might bee so fitted with *instruments*, as they might be like *Academies* of *instruction*, and *proficiencie*. And these they might



might sweeten, with the adding of *illafue Games*. What feuerall *Playes* and *exercifes*, had their continuall vfe with the *flourifhing Romans*? was there not their *Compitales*, *Circenfes*, *Scenicos*, *Ludicros*, and the like? all which, were as *Schooles* to their *Youth*, of *Vertue*, *Actiueneffe*, or *Magnanimitie*: and how quickly, and how *eagerly*, were their *Bacchanalia* banifhed, as the *teachers* onely of *detefted vice*? Indeed, *Drunkenneffe* befots a *Nation*, and *beftiates* euen the *braueft fpirits*. There is nothing which a man that is foked in *drinke* is fit for, no not for *fleepe*. When the *Sword* and *Fire* rages, 'tis but *man* warring againft *man*: when *Drunkenneffe* reignes, the *Deuill* is at war with *man*, and the *Epotations* of *dumbe liquor* damnes him. *Macedonian Philip* would not warre againft the *Persians*, when he heard they were fuch *Drinkers*: For he faid, they would ruine alone. Doubtleffe, though the *Soule* of a *Drunkard* fhould be fo drowned, as to be *infenfate*; yet his *Body*, me thinkes, fhould irke him to a *penitence* and *difceffion*. When like an impoyfoned *bulke*, all his *powers* mutiny in his diftended *skinne*, no queftion but he muft be pained, till they come againe to *settling*. What a *Monfter Man* is, in his *Inebriations*! a *swimming Eye*; a *Face* both *roaft* and *fod*; a *temulentie Tongue*, clammed to the *roofe* and *gummes*; a *drumming Eare*; a *feauered Body*; a *boyling Stomack*; a *Mouth* nafty with *offenfue fumes*, till it ficken the *Braine* with *giddy verminations*; a *palsied hand*: and *legs* tottering vp and downe their *moystened burthen*. And whereas we eate our *difhes* feuerall, becaufe their *mixture* would loath the *taste*, the *eye*,

and *smell*; this, when they are halfe made *excrement*, reverts them, mashed in an odious *vomit*. And very probable tis, that this was the *poyson*, which kil'd the *valiant Alexander*. *Proteas* gaue him a *quaffe* of two gallons, which set him into a *disease* he dyed of. Tis an *ancient Vice*; and *Temperance* is rare. *Cato* vs'd to say of *Cesar*, that *He alone came sober; to the ouerthrow of the State*. But you shall scarce finde a man much addicted to *drinke*, that it ruin'd not. Either it dotes him into the *snarcs of his enemies*, or ouerbeares his *Nature*, to a finall *sinking*. Yet there bee, whose delights are onely to *tunne in*: and perhaps as *Bonofus*, they neuer straine their *bladder* for't. But surely, some ill fate attendsthem, for consuming of the *Countries fat*. That'tis practis'd most of the meanest people, proues it for the *baser vice*. I knew a *Gentleman* that followed a *Noble Ladie*, in this *Kingdome*, who would often complaine, that the greatest inconuenience hee found in *Seruiice*, was, his being vrged to *drinke*. And the better hee is, the more he shall find it. The eyes of many are vpon the *Eminent*: and *Seruants*, especially those of the *ordinary ranke*, are often of so meane *breeding*, as they are ignorant of any other *entertainment*. We may obserue, it euer takes footing first in the most *Barbarous Nations*. The *Scythians* were such louers of it, as it grew into their *name*: and vnlesse it were one *Anacharsis*, how barren were they both of *wit* and *manners*? The *Grecians*, I confesse, had it; but when they fell to this, they mightily decayed in braine. The *Italians* and *Spaniards*, which I take to bee the most *civilized*,



*civilized*, I finde not tainted with this *spot*. And though the *Heathen* (in many places) Templed and adored this *drunken God*; yet one would take their *ascriptions* to him, to bee matter of *dishonour*, and *mockes*: As his *troupe* of *furied Women*; his *Chariot* drawne with the *Linx* and *Tyger*; and the *Beasts* sacred to him, were onely the *Goat* and *Swine*. And such they all prooue, that frequently honour him with excessiue draughts. I like a *Cup*, to briske the *spirits*; but *continuance* dulls them. It is lesse labour to *plow*, then to *pot it*: and *urged Healths* doe infinitely adde to the *trouble*. I will neuer drinke but *Liberties*, nor euer those so long, as that I lose mine owne.

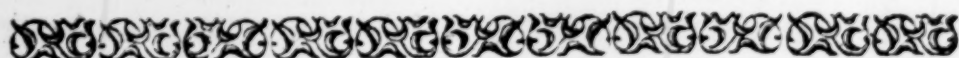
—— Deare *Bacchus*, Ile not heaue  
The shak'd *Cup* 'gainst my *stomacke*: nor yet reave  
Ope' arbor'd *Secrets*. Let thy *Tymbrels* fierce,  
And *Phrygian Horne* be mute: blind *selfi-loues* curse,  
Braues without braine; *Faith's* closetings, alas!  
Doe follow thee, as if but cloath'd with *Glasse*.

*Horace* reades it thus: — *Non ego te candide Bassareu!*

*Inu tum quatiam: nec varijs obstita frondibus*  
*Sub Diuūm rapiam. Sæua tene Berecynthio*  
*Cornu tympana; quæ subsequitur cæcus amor sui,*  
*Et tollens vacuum, plus nimio gloria verticem,*  
*Arcaniqu; fides Prodigæ, perluc, dior vitro.*

Let me rather bee disliked for not being a *Beast*,  
then bee *good-fellowed* with a *bug*, for beeing one.  
Some laugh at me, for being *sober*: and I laugh at  
S 3 them

them for being *drunke*. Let their *pleasures* crowne them, and their *mirth* abound : the next day they will sticke in *mud*. *Bibite, & pergræ camini ô Cimmerij! Ebrietatem, stupor, dolor, imbecillitas, morbus, & mors ipsa comitantur.*



## LXXXV.

*Of Marriage, and single life.*

**B**Oth Sexes made but *Man*. So that *Marriage* perfects *Creation*. When the *Husband* and the *Wife* are together, the *World* is contracted in a *Bed*: and without this, like the *Head* and *body* parted, eyther would consume, without a possibility of *reniuing*. And though we finde many *enemies* to the name of *Marriage*; yet 'tis rare to finde an *Enemie* to the *use* on't. Surely he was made *imperfect*, that is not tending to *propagation*. *Nature* in her true worke, neuer made any thing in vaine. He that is *perfect*, and marries not, may in some sort be said to be guilty of a *contempt* against *Nature*; as disdaining to make use of her *endowments*. Nor is that which the *Turkes* hold, without some colour of *Reason*: They say, Hee that *marries* not at a fitting time, (which they hold is about the age of five and twenty yeeres) is not *iust*, nor pleaseth not *God*. I beleeue it is from hence, that the *Vow* of *chastitie* is many times accompanied with such *inconueniencies* as we see ensue. I cannot thinke *God* is pleased with that, which crosseth his first *Ordination*,  
and



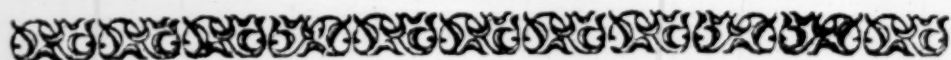
and the *current* of *Nature*. And in themselves, it is a harder matter to roote out an inseparable *sway* of *Nature*, then they are aware of. The best *chastitie* of all, I hold to bee *Matrimoniall chastitie*: when *Paires* keepe themselves in a moderate *intermutuallnesse*, each constant to the other: for still it tendeth to *union*, and continuance of the *World* in *posterity*. And 'tis fit euen in *Nature* and *Policy*, that this *propriety* should be inuiolable: First, in respect of the impurenesse of *mixt Posterity*. Next, in respect of *peace* and *concord* among *Men*. If many *Men* should be interess'd in one *Woman*, it could not be, but there would infinite *Iarres* arise. Some haue complained of *Christian Religion*, in that it tyes men so strictly in this point, as when *matches* happen ill, there is no meanes of *remedy*. But surely if liberty of *change* were granted, all would grow to confusion: and it would open a *gap* to many *mischiefes*, arising out of humour only, which now by this necessity are *digested*, and made straight againe. Those I obserue to agree best, which are of *free natures*, not subiect to the fits of *choller*. Their *freedome* shuts out *lealousie*, which is the *canker* of *wedlocke*; and withall, it diuideth both *ioy* and *sorrow*. And when *hearts* alike disclose, they euer linke in loue. Nay, whereas small and *domesticke Iarres*, more fret *marriages*, then *great ones* and *publike*; these two will take them away. *Freedome* reueales them, that they ranckle not the *Heart* to a *secret loathing*: and *Mildnesse* heares them, without *Anger*, or *bitter words*: so they cloze againe after *discussion*, many times in a *straighter*

*Type. Poverty in Wedlocke, is a great decayer of lone and contentation; and Riches can finde many wayes, to diuert an inconuenience: but the minde of a Man is all. Some can bee seruile, and fall to those labours which another cannot stoope to. Aboue all, let the generous minde beware of marrying poore: for though hee cares the least for wealth, yet he will bee most galled with the want of it. Selfe-conceited people neuer agree well together: they are wilfull in their brawles, and Reason cannot reconcile them. Where either are onely opinionately wise, Hell is there: vnlesse the other bee a Patient meere. But the worst is, when it lights on the Woman: shee will thinke to rule, because shee hath the subtiler braine: and the Man will looke for't, as the priuiledge of his Sex. Then certainly, there will bee mad worke, when Wit is at warre with Prerogative. Yet againe, where Marriages prooue vnfortunate, a Woman with a bad Husband, is much worse, then a Man with a bad Wife. Men haue much more freedome, to court their Content abroad. There are, that account Women onely as Seed-plots for posteritie: others worse, as onely quenches for their fires. But surely there is much more in them, if they bee discrete and good. They are Women but in body alone. Questionlesse, a Woman with a wise Soule, is the fittest Companion for Man: otherwise God would haue giuen him a Friend rather then a Wife. A wise Wife comprehends both Sexes: she is Woman for her body, and she is Man within: for her soule is like her Husbands. It is the Crowne of Blessings, when in one*



one *Woman* a *Man* findeth both a *Wife* and a *Friend*. *Single life* cannot haue this *happinesse*; though in some mindes it hath many it preferres before it. This hath fewer *Cares*, and more *Longings*: but *marriage* hath fewer *Longings*, and more *Cares*. And as I thinke *Care* in *Marriage* may be commendable; so I thinke *Desire* in *Single life*, is not an euill of so high a bound, as some men would make it. It is a *thing* that accompanies *Nature*, and *Man* cannot auoid it. Some things there are, that *conscience* in generall *Man* condemnes, without a *Litterall Law*: as *Iniustice*, *Blasphemy*, *Lying*, and the like: But to curbe and quite beate downe the *desires of the flesh*, is a worke of *Religion*, rather then of *Nature*. And therefore sayes Saint Paul, *I had not knowne Lust to haue beene a sinne, if the Law had not said, Thou shalt not lust. Votiuē Abstinence*, some cold constitutions may endure with a great deale of *vexatious penitence*. To liue chaste without *vowing*, I like a great deale better: nor shall we finde the *Diuell* so busie to tempt vs to a single sinne of *unchastity*; as he will, when it is a sinne of *unchastitie* and *periurie* too. I finde it commended, but not imposed. And when *Iephtha's Daughter* dyed, they mourned, for that she dy'de a *Maid*. The *Grecians*, the *Romans* did, and the *Spaniards* at this day doe (in honour of *marriage*) priuiledge the *wedded*. And though the *Romans* had their *Vēstals*, yet after their thirty yeeres continuance, the cruelty of *inforced chastitie* was not in force against them. *Single life* I will like in some, whose mindes can suffer *continency*: but should all liue thus,

thus, a hundred yeeres would make the *world* a *Desart*. And this alone may *excuse* mee, though I like of *Marriage* better. One tends to *ruine*, the other to increasing of the *glory* of the *world*, in multitudes.



## LXXXVI.

*of Charitie.*

**C***haritie* is communicated *goodnesse*, and without this, *Man* is no other then a *Beast*, preying for himselfe alone. Certainly, there are more men liue vpon *Charity*, then there are, that do *subsist* of themselves. The *World*, which is *chain'd* together by intermingled *loue*, would all *shatter*, and fall to pieces, if *Charity* should chance to *dye*. There are some secrets in it, which seeme to giue it the *chaire* from all the rest of *vertues*. With *Knowledge*, with *Valour*, with *Modestie*, and so with other particular *Vertues*, a man may bee *ill* with some contrarying *vice*: But with *Charity* we cannot be *ill* at all. Hence I take it, is that saying in *Timothie*; *The end, or consummation of the Law, is loue out of a pure heart. Habere omnia Sacramenta, & malus esse potest: habere autem Charitatem, & malus esse non potest*, said Saint *Augustine* of old. Next, whereas other *vertues* are *restrictiue*, and looking to a mans selfe: This takes all the *world* for it's *obiet*: and nothing that hath *sense*, but is better for this *Displayer*. There bee among the *Mahometans*, that are so taken with this *beauty*,



*beauty*, that they will with a *price* redeeme *ingaged* Birds, to restore them to the *liberty* of their plumed *wing*. And they will oftentimes, with *cost* feed *fishes* in the *streaming water*. But their opinion of deseruing by it, makes it as a *Superstitious folly*: and in *Materials*, they are nothing so *zealous*. Indeed, nothing makes vs more like to *God*, then *Charitie*. As all things are filled with his *goodnesse*, so the *Vniuersall* is partaker of the *good mans spreading Love*. Nay, it is that which giues life to all the *Race* of other *vertues*. It is that which makes them to appeare in *Act*. *Wisedome* and *Science* are worth nothing, vnlesse they be *distributiu*e, and declare themselues to the *World*. *Wealth* in a *Misers* hand is *uselesse*, as a *lockt-up Treasure*. 'Tis *charity* only, that maketh *riches* worth the owning. We may obserue, when *charitable men* haue ruled, the *World* hath *flourished*, and enioyed the blessings of *Peace*, and *prosperity*: the *times* haue been more *pleasant* and *smooth*: nor haue any *Princes* fate more secure or firme in their *Thrones*, then those that haue bin *clement* & *benigne*: as *Titus*, *Traian*, *Antonine*, & others. And we may obserue againe, how *rugged*, and how full of *bracks* those *times* haue been, wherein *cruell ones* haue had a power. *Cicero* sayes of *Sylla's time*, — *Nemo illo inuito, nec bona, nec patriam, nec vitam, retinere potuerit*. And when the *Senate* in *Councell*, was frighted at the cry of seuen thousand *Romans*, which hee had sent to *execution* at once; hee bids them minde their businesse, for it was onely a few *Seditaries*, that he had commanded to be flaine. No question but there are, which delight to see a  
Rome

*Rome* in flames and like a *vanisht Troy*, mocking the absent *day* with earthly *fires*, that can linger *Men* to *Martyrdome*, and make them dye by *piecem ale*. *Tyberius* told one that petitioned to be *quickly kill'd*, that he was not yet his *friend*. And *Vitellius* would needs see the *Scriuiner* dye in his *presence*, for hee said he would feed his *eyes*. But I wonder, whence these men haue their *minds*. *God*, nor *Man*, nor *Nature* euer made them thus. Sure, they borrow it from the *Wildernesse*, from the imboasted *Sauage*, and from *tormenting spirits*. When the *Legge* will neither beare the *Body*, nor the *Stomach* disperse his receipt, nor the *Hand* be seruiceable to the directing *Head*, the whole must certainly *languish*, and dye: So in the *body* of the *world*, when *Members* are sullen'd, and *snarle* one at another, downe falls the *frame* of all.

*Quod mundus, stabili fide,  
Concordes variat vices:  
Quod pugnantia semina  
Fœdus perpetuum tenent:  
Quod Phœbus roseum diem,  
Carris prouehit aureo:  
Vt quas duxerit Hesperus,  
Phœbe noctibus imperet:  
Vt fluctus audum mare  
Certo sine coerceat,  
Ne terris liceat vagis  
Latos tendere terminos:  
Hanc rerum seriem ligat,  
(Terras, ac Pelagas regens,  
Et Cælo imperitans) Amor.*

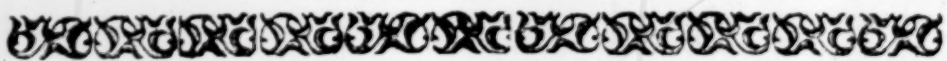
That



That the *world* in constant force,  
 Varies his concordant course :  
 That seeds iarring, *hot* and *cold*,  
 Doe the *Breed* perpetuall hold :  
 That the *Sunne* in's golden *Car*,  
 Does the *Rosie Day* still rere.  
 That the *Moone* swayes all those *lights*,  
*Hesper* vsuers to *darke nights*.  
 That *alternate Tydes* be found,  
*Seas* high-prided *waues* to bound ;  
 Left his *fluid waters* Mace,  
 Creeke broad *Earths* inuallied face.  
 All the *Frame* of things that be,  
*Loue* (which rules *Heauen*, *Land*, and *Sea*)  
 Chaines, keepes, orders, as you see.

Thus *Boëtius*. The *world* containes nothing, but there is some *quality* in it, which *benefits* some other *creatures*. The *Ayre* yeelds *Fowles*; the *Water Fish*, the *Earth Fruit*. And all these yeeld something from themselves, for the vse and behalfe, not onely of *Man*, but of each other. Surely, hee that is *right*, must not thinke his *charity* to one in need a *courtesie*: but a *debt*, which *Nature* at his first being, bound him to pay. I would not water a strange ground, to leaue my owne in *drought*: yet I thinke to euery thing that hath *sense*, there is a kinde of *pitty* owing. *Salomons* good *Man*, is mercifull to his *Beast*: nor take I this to be onely *intentionall*; but expresseiue: *God* may respect the *mind*, and *will*; but man is nothing better for my meaning alone. Let my *mind* be *charitable*, that *God* may accept me. Let my *actions* expresse it, that *man* may be *benefited*.

of



## LXXXVII.

*Of Trauaile.*

**A** Speech which often came from *Alexander*, was; that he had *discovered* more with his eye, then other *Kings* did comprehend in their *thoughts*. And this he spake of his *Trauaile*. For indeed, *Men* can but guesse at *places* by *relation* onely. There is no *Map*, like the view of the *Countrey*. *Experience* is the best *Informer*. And one *Iourney* will shew a man more, then any *descriptions* can. Some would not allow a man to moue from the *shell* of his own *Countrey*. And *Claudian* mentions it as a *happinesse*, for *birth*, *life*, and *buriall*, to be all in a *Parish*. But surely, *Trauaile* *fulleth* the Man, he hath *liu'd* but *lockt* vp in a larger *Chest*, which hath neuer seene but one *Land*. A *Kingdome* to the *World*, is like a *Corporation* to a *Kingdome*: a man may liue in't like an vnbred man. He that searcheth *forraine Nations*, is becomming a *Gentleman* of the *World*. One that is *learned*, *honest*, and *trauail'd* is the best *compound* of man; and so *corrects* the *Vice* of one *Countrey*, with the *Vertues* of another, that like *Mithridate*, he growes a perfect *mixture*, and an *Antidote*. *Italy*, *England*, *France*, and *Spaine*, are as the *Court* of the *World*. *Germany*, *Denmarke*, and *China*, are as the *Citie*. The rest are most of them *Countrey*, and *Barbarisme*: who hath not seene the best of these, is a little lame in *knowledge*. Yet I thinke it not fit that euery

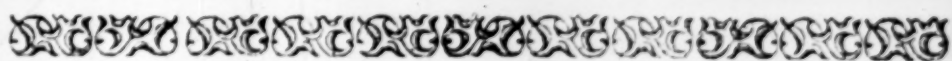


euery man should *trauaile*. It makes a *wise man* better, and a *foole* worse. This gaines nothing but the *gay sights, vices, exoticke gestures*, and the *Apery* of a *Countrey*. A *Trauailing foole* is the *shame* of all *Nations*. Hee *shames* his *owne*, by his *weakenesse* abroad: He *shames* others, by bringing home their *follies* alone. They onely blab abroad *domesticke vices*, and import them that are *transmarine*. That a man may better himselfe by *Trauaile*, hee ought to obserue, and comment: noting as well the *bad*, to auoyd it, as taking the *good*, into vse. And without *Registering* these things by the *Pen*, they will slide away *unprofitably*. A man would not thinke, how much the *Charactering* of a *thought* in *Paper*, fastens it. *Littera scripta manet*, has a large sence. He that does this, may, when he pleaseth, *reiourney* ouer all his *voyage*, in his *Clozet*. Graue *Natures* are the best *proficients* by *Trauaile*: they are not so apt to take a *Soyle*; and they obserue more; but then they must put on an *outward freedome*, with an *inquisition* seemingly *carelesse*. It were an *excellent* thing in a *State*, to haue alwaies a *select* number of *Youth*, of the *Nobility*, and *Gentry*; and at yeeres of some *Maturity*, send them abroad for *Education*. Their *Parents* could not better dispose of them, then in *dedicating* them to the *Republike*. They themselves could not be in a *fairer way* of *preferment*: and no question but they mought prooue mightily *serviceable* to the *State*, at home; when they shall returne well versed in the *World*, languaged and well read in men; which for *Policy*, and *Negotiation*, is much better then any booke-learning, though ne-  
uer

uer so deepe, and knowing. Being abroad, the *best* is to conuerse with the *best*, and not to chuse by the *eye*, but by *Fame*. For the *State*, instruction is to be had at the *Court*. For *Traffique*, among *Merchants*. For *Religious Rites*, the *Clergie*; for *Gouernement*, the *Lawyers*; and for the *Countrey*, and *rurall knowledge*, the *Boores*, and *Peasantry*, can best helpe you. All *rarities* are to bee seene, especially *Antiquities*; for these shew vs the *ingenuitie* of elder times in *Act*: and are in one, both *example*, and *precept*. By these, comparing them with *Moderne Inuention*, wee may see how the *World* thrives in *ability*, and *brayne*. But aboue all, see *rare men*. There is no *Monument*, like a worthy *man* aliue. Wee shall bee sure to finde something in him, to kindle our *spirits*, and inlarge our *minde*s with a worthy *emulation* of his *vertues*. *Parts* of extraordinary *note*, cannot so lye hid, but that they will *shine forth*, through the *tongue* and *behaviour*, to the inlightning of the *rauisht beholder*. And because there is lesse in this, to take the *sense* of the *eye*, and things are more readily taken from a liuing *patterne*; the *Soule* shall more easily draw in his *excellencies*, and improoue it *selfe* with greater *profit*. But vnlesse a man has *iudgement* to order these *aright*, in *himselfe*, at his *retur*ne, all is in *vaine*, and lost labour. Some men, by *Trauell* will be changed in nothing: and some againe, will *change* too much. Indeed, the *morall* outside, wheresoeuer we be, may seeme best, when something fitted to the *Nation* we are in: but wheresoeuer I should goe, or stay, I would euer keepe my *God*, and *Friends* vnchangeably.



ably. Howsoere he returnes, he *makes an ill Voyage*, that changeth his *Faith* with his *Tongue*, and *Garments*.



## LXXXVIII.

*Of Musicke.*

**D**iozenes spake right of *Musicke*, when hee told one that bragg'd of his *skill*; that *Wisedome* govern'd *Cities*; but with *Songs*, and *Measures*, a house would not be order'd well. Certainly, it is more for *pleasure*, then any *profit* of *Man*. Being but a *sound*, it onely workes on the *minde* for the *present*; and leaues it not *reclaimed*, but *rap't* for a while: and then it returnes, forgetting the onely *eare-deepe warbles*. It is but *wanton'd Ayre*, and the *Titillation* of that *spirited Element*. We may see this, in that 'tis only in hollowed *Instruments*, which gather in the stirred *Ayre*, and so cause a *sound* in the *Motion*. The *advantage* it gaines vpon the *Minde*, is in respect of the neerenesse it hath to the *spirits composure*, which being *Ethereall*, and *harmonious*, must needs delight in that which is like them. Besides, when the *ayre* is thus moued, it comes by degrees to the *eare*, by whose *winding entrance*, it is made more *pleasant*, and by that *in-essent Ayre*, carried to the *Auditorie nerue*, which presents it to the *common sense*, and so to the *intellectuall*. Of all *Musicke*, that is best which comes from an *articulate voice*. Whether it be that *man* cannot make an *Instrument* so *melodi-*  

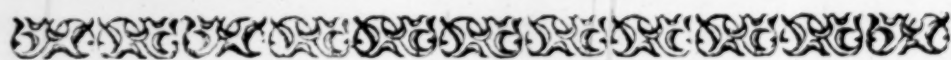
T
ous,

ous, as that which God made, living *Man*: or, because there is something in this, for the *rationall* part, as well as for the *eare* alone. In this also, that is best, which comes with a carelesse *freeneffe*, and a kinde of a neglective *easinesse*; *Nature* being alwayes most *louely*, in an *unaffected*, and *spontaneous* flowing. A *dexterious Art*, shewes *cunning*, and *industry*; rather then *iudgement*, and *ingenuity*. It is a kinde of *disparagement*, to be a cunning *Fiddler*. It argues his *neglect* of better *employments*, and that he hath spent much *time* vpon a thing *unnecessarie*. Hence it hath beene counted ill, for great *Ones*, to *sing*, or *play*, like an *Arted Musician*. *Philip* ask'd *Alexander*, if hee were not *ashamed*, that hee *sang* so *artfully*. And indeed, it softens the *minde*; The *curiosity* of it, is fitter for *Women* then *Men*, and for *Curtezans* then *Women*. Among other descriptions of a *Roman Dame*; *Salust* puts it downe for one, that shee did — *Psallere, & saltare, elegantius, quàm necesse est proba*. But yet againe 'tis pittie, that these should be so *excellent*, in that which hath such *power* to *fascinate*. It were well, *Vice* were barr'd of all her helps of *wooing*. Many a *minde* hath beene *angled* vnto ill, by the *Eare*. It was *Stratonice*, that tooke *Mithridates* with a *Song*. For as the *Notes* are *framed*, it can *draw*, and *incline* the *minde*. *Liuely Tunes* doe lighten the *minde*: *Graue* ones giue it *Melancholy*. *Lofty* ones raise it, and *aduance* it to *aboue*. Whose *dull blood* will not caper in his *veines*, when the very *ayre* hee breathes in, *frisketh* in a *tickled motion*? Who can but fix his *eye*, and *thoughts*, when hee heares the *sigh*, and *Dying groanes*,



groanes, gestur'd from the *mournfull Instrument* ? And I thinke he hath not a *minde* well temper'd, whose zeale is not inflamed by a *heauenly Anthem*. So that indeed, *Musicke* is good, or bad, as the end to which it tendeth. Surely, they did meane it excellent, that made *Apollo*, who was *God of Wisdom*, to be *God of Musicke* also. But it may bee the *Egyptians*, attributing the *invention* of the *Harpe* to him, the *rarity* and *pleasingnesse*, made them so to honour him. As the *Spartans* vsed it, it serued still for an *excitation to Valour*, and *Honourable actions* : but then they were so carefull of the *manner* of it, as they fined *Terpander*, and nailed his *Harpe* to the post, for beeing too *inuentiue*, in adding a *string* more then vsuall : Yet had he done the *State* good seruice, for hee appeased a *Sedition* by his *play*, and *Poetrie*. Sometimes light *Notes* are vsfull ; as in times of generall *Ioy*, and when the *mind* is pressed with *sadnesse*. But certainly, those are best, which inflame *zeale*, incite to *courage*, or induce to *grauitie*. One is for *Religion* ; so the *Iewes*. The other for *Warre*, so the *Grecians*, and *Romans*. And the last for *Peace*, and *Moralitie* : Thus *Orpheus* ciuiled the *Satyres*, and the bad rude *men*. It argues it of some *excellency*, that 'tis vsed onely of the most *aeri-all creatures* ; loued, and vnderstood by *Man* alone ; the *Birds* next, haue *variety* of *Notes*. The *Beasts*, *Fishes*, and the *reptilia*, which are of grosser *composition*, haue onely *silence*, or vtuned *sounds*. They that *despise* it wholly, may well bee *suspected*, to bee something of a *Sanage Nature*. The *Italians* haue somewhat a *smart censure*, of those that affect

it not: They say, *God* loues not him, whom hee hath not made to loue *Musicke*. *Aristotles* conceit, that *Ioue* doth neither *Harpe*, nor *sing*, I doe not hold a dispraise. Wee finde in *Heauen* there bee *Halleluiabs* sung. I beleeue it, as a helper both to good, and ill; and will therefore *honour* it, when it *mooues* to *Vertue*, and beware it, when it would *flatter* into *Vice*.



## LXXXIX.

*Of Repentance.*

**H**EE that will not *repent*, shall *ruine*, nor is hee to be pittied in his *sufferings*, that may escape a *torment*, by the *compunction* of a *heart*, and *teares*. Surely, that *God* is *mercifull*, that will admit offences to be expiated, by the *sigh*, and *fluxed eyes*. But it is to be wondred at, how *Repentance* can againe in fauour vs with an *offended God*; since when a *sinne* is past, *griefe* may lessen it, but not *unsinne* it. That which is done, is *unrecallable*; because a *sinne* does intend in *infinitum*. *Adultery* once committed, maugre all the *teares* in *man*, for the *Act*, remains *Adultery* still: yea, though the *guilt*, and *punishment* be remitted: nor can a *Man* *vnact* it againe. When a *Maid* is robbed of her *Virgin honour*, there may be some *satisfaction*, but no *restitution*. Certainely, there are *secret walkes* of *goodnesse*, and *Puritie*; whereby all things are *reuelued* in a *constant way*, which by the *supreme power* of *God*, they were at first *inuested*



invested in. And when *Man* strays from this *Instinct*, the whole course of *Nature*, is against him, till hee bee *reduced* into his first ranke, and order. And this, I thinke, may excuse *God* of *changeablenesse*, when we say he turnes to *Man*, vpon his *Penitence*: for indeed, 'tis *Man* that *changes*, *God* is still the *un-altered* same. And the first *Immutability* of things, neuer leaues a man, till he be either *settled* againe in his *place*, or quite cut off from troubling of the *Motion*. And as he is not rightly *reinserted*, till he does *Coöperate* with the *Noble reuolution* of all: so he is not truely *penitent*, that is not *progressiue*, in the *Motion* of *aspiring goodnesse*. When he is once thus againe, though he were a *straggler* from the *Round*, and like a wry *Cog* in the *wheele*, yet now, he is streighted, and set againe in his *way*, as if hee had neuer been out. Sayes the *Tragedian*:

*Remeemus illuc, unde non decuit prius  
abire —*

Returne we, whence it was a shame to stray:  
and presently after,

*Quem poenitet peccasse, panè est innocens.*

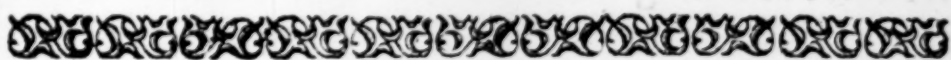
He that *repents*, is well-neere *innocent*.

Nay, sometimes a *failing* and *returne*, is a prompter to a *surer hold*. Saint *Ambrose* obserues, that *Peters* Faith was stronger after his *fall*, then before: so as

he doubts not to say, that, by *his fall*, he found more *grace*, then he *lost*. A man shall beware the *steps* he once hath *stumbled* on. The *Diuell* sometimes coozens himselfe, by *plunging man* into a *deepe offence*. A sudden *ill Act*, growes abhorred in the *minde* that did it. He is mightily *carelesse*, that does not grow more *vigilant*, on an *Enemy* that hath once *surprized* him. A *blow* that *smarts*, will put vs to a *safer ward*. But the danger is, when wee *glide* in a *smoothed way* : for then, we shall neuer returne of our *selues* alone. Questionlesse, *Repentance* is so *powerfull*, that it cannot be but the gift of *Deitie*. Said the *Roman Theodosius* : That *living men dye*, is *usuall*, and *naturall* : but that dead men *liue* againe by *Repentance*, is a *worke of Godhead* onely. How farre, how secure, should we runne in *Vice*, did not the *power of goodnesse*, checke vs in our full-blowne *saile* ? Without *doubt*, that is the best *life*, which is a little *sprinkled* with the *salt of Crosses*. The other would be quickly *rancke*, and *tainted*. There are, whose *paths* are washt with *Butter*, and the *Rose-bud* crownes them : but doubtlesse, 'tis a *misery* to liue in *oyled vice*, when her *wayes* are made *slippery* with her owne *slime* : and the *bared tracke* inuiteth to a *ruinous race*. *Heauen* is not had without *repentance*; and *repentance* seldome meetes a man in *iollity*, in the *careere of Lust*; and the *bloods loose ryot*. A *Father* said of *Dauid*; He *sinned* as *Kings* vse to doe; but he *repented*, *sighed*, and *wept*, as *Kings* haue vsed not to doe. I would not bee so *happy*, as to want the *meanes* whereby I might be *penitent*. I am sure no man can *liue* without *finne* : and I am sure no *sinner* can



can be *saue*d without it. Nor is this in a mans *owne* *choyce*, to take it vp when he *please*. Surely, *Man* that would neuer *leau*e to *sinne*, would neuer of himselfe begin to *repent*. It were *best*, if *possible*, to *liue* so, as we might not *need*e it : but since I can neither not *need* it, nor giue it my *selfe*, I will pray him to giue it mee, who after hee hath giuen mee this, will giue me both *release* and *glory*.



## X C.

*Of Warre, and Souldiers.*

**A**FTER a long *Scene of Peace*, *Warre* euer enters the *Stage*; and indeed, is so much of the *Worlds Physicke*, as it is both a *Purge*, and *blood-letting*. *Peace*, *Fulnesse*, *Pride*, and *Warre*, are the foure *Fellies*, that being let into one another, make the *wheele*, that the *Times* turne on. As we see in *Bees*, when the *Hyue multiplies*, and *fills*, *Nature* hath alwaies taught it a way of *ease*, by *swarmes*: So the *World* and *Nations*, when they grow ouer-*populous*, they *discharge* themselves by *Troupes*, and *Bands*. 'Tis but the *distemper* of the body *Politicke*, which (like the *Naturall*) *Rest*, and a full *diet* hath burthen'd with *repletion*: and that heightens *humours*, either to *sickness*, or *Euacuation*. When 'tis eas'd of these, it subsides againe to a *quiet rest*, and *temper*. So *Warre* is begotten out of *Peace* graduately, and ends in *Peace* immediately. Betweene *Peace*, and *Warre*, are two *Stages*; *Luxury*, *Ambition*: betweene *Warre* and

*Peace*, none at all. The causes of all *Warres*, may be reduced to five heads: *Ambition*, *Avarice*, *Revenge*, *Providence*, and *Defence*. The two first, were the most usuall causes of *Warre* among the *Heathen*. Yet what all the conquer'd call'd *Pride*, and *Couetousnesse*; both the *Romans* and *Grecians* were taught by their high *bloods*, to call, *Honour* and increase of *Empire*, The originall of all, *Tibullus* will needs haue *gold*.

*Quis fuit, horrendos primus qui protulit enses ?  
Quàm ferus, & verè ferreus ille fuit ?  
Tunc cades hominum generi, tunc praelia nata,  
Tunc breuior dira mortis aperta via est.  
At nihil ille miser meruit; nos ad mala nostra,  
Vertimus, in sevas quod dedit ille feras.  
Diuitis hoc vitium est auri: nec bella fuerunt,  
Faginus adstabat dum Scyphus ante dapes.*

Of killing *Swords* who might first *Author* be?  
Sure, a *steele minde*, and *bloudy thought* had he.  
*Mankinds destruction*; *Wars*, were thẽ made knowne,  
And shorter wayes to *death*, with *terror* showne.  
Yet (curf'd) hee's not i'th *fault*; we madly bend  
That on our selues, he did for *beasts* intend.  
Full *gold's* i'th *fault*: no *Wars*, no *iarres* were then,  
When *Beech* bowles only were in vse with men.

That which hath growne from the *propagation* of  
*Religion*, was neuer of such *force*; as since the *Mahumetan* Law, and *Catholicke* cause, haue ruffled a-  
mong the *Nations*. Yet questionlesse to lay the  
*foundation*



*foundation of Religion in blood*, is to *condemne* it, before we teach it; The *Sword* may force *Nature*, and destroy the *Body*, but cannot make the *minde* believe that *Lawfull*, which is begun in *unlawfulness*: Yet without doubt in the *enterprizers*, the opinion has *animated* much: we see how it formerly fired the *Turke*, and is yet a strong *motiue* to the *Spanish attempts*. Vnlesse hee throwes abroad this to the *world*, to blanch his *Rapine* and his *cruelty*. For that of *Reuenge*; I see not but it may be *lawfull* for a *Prince*, euen by *Warre*, to *vindicate* the *honour* of himselfe, and *People*. And the *reason* is, because in such cases of *iniury*, the whole *Nation* is interested: and many times the *recompence*, is more due to the *Subjects*, then the *Soueraigne*. That of *Prouidence* may well haue a *passse*: as when *Princes* make *Warre* to auoid *Warre*: or when they see a *storme* ineuitably falling, 'tis good to *meet it*, and breake the *force*: should they euer sit still while the *blow* were giuen them, they might very well *undoe themselves* by *Patience*; we see in the *body*, men often *bleed* to preuent an imminent *sicknesse*. For that of *Defence*, both *Religion*, and all the *Rules of Nature* plead for't. The *Commanders* in *War* ought to be *built* vpon these three *Vertues*; they should be *Wise*, *Valiant*, *Experienc'd*. *Wisedome* in a *Generall*, many times ends the *Warre* without *Warre*. Of all *Victories*, the *Roman* thought that best, which least was *stain'd* with blood. And they were content to let *Camillus* triumph, when he had not fought. In these *times*, it is especially *requisite*, since *Stratagems* and *Aduantages* are more in vse, then the  
open

open and the daring *valour*. Yet *valiant* hee must be; else he growes *contemptible*, loses his *command*, and by his owne *feare*, infects his *Troupes* with *cowardice*. To the eternall honour of *Cesar*, *Cicero* reports, that in all his *commands* of the *Field*, there was not found an *Ito*, but a *Veni*: as if he scorn'd in all his *Onsets*, to be any thing, but still a *Leader*. Alwayes teaching by the *strongest Authority*, his owne *forwardnesse*, his owne *examples*. And though these bee *Excellencies*, they bee all, without *Experience*, lame. Let him bee neuer so *learned*, his Bookes cannot limit his *designes* in severall: and though he be *perfect* in a *Paper-plot*, where his *eye* has all in *view*; he will faile in a *Leaguer*, where he sees but a *limme* at once: Besides, *Experience* puts a *credit* on his *Actions*, and makes him farre more prompt in *undertakings*. And indeed, there is a great deale of *reason*, why we should *respect* him, that with an *untaynted valour*, has growne old in *Armes*, and hearing the *Drumme beat*. When euery *minute*, Death seemes to passe by, and shunne him; he is as one that the supreme *God* has car'd for, and, by a particular *Guard* defended in the *Haile of Death*. 'Tis true, 'tis a life tempting to *exorbitancy*; yet this is more in the *common* sort, that are pressed as the *refuse*, and *burthen* of the *Land*, then in those that by a *Nobler breeding*, are abler to *command*. *Want*, *Idlenessse*, and the *desperate* face of *blood*, hath hardened them to *Out-rages*. Nor may we wonder, since euen their life is but an order'd *Quarrell*, raised to the *feud* of *killing*. Certainly, it was with such that *Lucan* was so out of *charity*.

Nulla

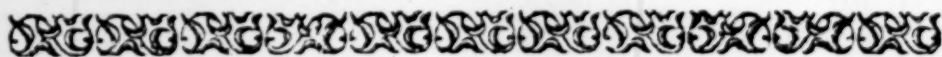


*Nulla fides, Pietasq; viris, qui castra sequuntur,  
Venalesque manus: ibi fas, ubi maxima merces.*

Nor *Faith*, nor *Conscience*, common *Souldiers* carry.  
Best pay, is right: their hands are *Mercenary*.

For the *weapons* of *Warre*, they differ much from those of *ancient times*: and I beleue, the *invention* of *Ordnance* hath mightily saued the *liues* of men. They *command* at such *distance*, and are so *vnresistable*, that men come not to the *shock* of a *Battell*, as in former *Ages*. Wee may obserue, that the greatest *numbers*, haue falne by those *weapons*, that haue brought the *Enemies* neereſt together. Then the *pitched field* was the *triall*, and men were ſo ingaged that they could not come off, till *blood* had decided *victory*. The ſame *Aduantages* are ſtill, and rather greater now, then of old: The *Wind*, the *Sunne*, the better *Ground*. In former *Warres*, for all their *Armes*, the *Ayre* was euer *cleere*: but now their *Peeces* miſt, and thicken it, which beaten vpon them by *diſaduantages*, may ſoone indanger an *Armie*. Surely *Warres* are in the ſame *nature* with *offences*, *Neceſſe eſt vt veniant*, They muſt be; yet *Va inducenti*, They are mightily in *fault* that *cauſe* them. Euen *reaſon* teaches vs to caſt the *blood* of the *ſlaine*, vpon the vniuſt *Authors* of it: That which giues the *mind* ſecurity, is a *iuſt cauſe*, and a *iuſt deputation*. Let me haue theſe, and of all other, I ſhall thinke this, one of the *nobleſt*, and moſt *manly* wayes, of *dying*.

of



## XCI.

*Of Scandall.*

**T**Is unhappinesse enough to himselfe, for a man to be rotten within. But when by being false, he shall pull a *staine* on a whole Society, his guilt will gnaw him with a sharper tooth. Euen the effect is contrary to the sway of Nature, and the wishes of the whole extended Earth. All men desire, that vexing their foes, they may gratifie and glad their friends: onely he that scandals a Church, or Nation, makes his friends mourne, and his Enemies reioyce. They sigh for his iust shame, vniustly flung on them: these smile, to see an *aduersary* false, and the blow giuen to those that would uphold him. And though the *Authour* liues where he did, yet his soule has beene a Traytor, and helped the contrary side. One ill man may discountenance euen the warranted, and maintained cause of a Nation; especially if he has beene good. Blots appeare fouler in a strict life, then a loose one; no man wonders at the Swines wallowing: but to see an *Ermine* myr'd, is *Prodigie*. Where doe Vices shew so foule, as in a Minister, when he shall bee heavenly in his Pulpit alone? Certainly, they wound the Gospel, that preach it to the World, and liue, as if they thought to goe to Heaven some other way then that they teach the people. How vnseemely is it, when a graue Cas-socke, shall bee lin'd with a wanton Reneller, and with



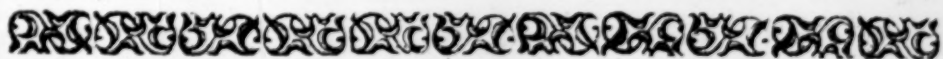
with *crimes*, that make a *loose one odious*? Surely, *God* will be severest against those, that will weare his *Badge*, and sceme his *servants*, yet inwardly side with the *Diuell*, and *Lusts*. They spot his *Honour*, and cause *prophane ones* iest at his *Holinesse*. We see, the *Prince* suffers in the *failes* of his *Ambassadour*: and a *servants ill action* is some *touch* to his *Masters reputation*: nor can he *free himselfe*, but by deliue-  
ring him vp to *Iustice*, or *discarding* him: other-  
wise, he would be iudg'd to *patronize* it. Other *offen-  
ces* *God* may punish, this, he *must*, lest the *enemies of  
his Truth* triumph against him. *David* had his *whip*  
for this: Because by this he had caused the *Ene-  
mies of God* to *blaspheme*, the *Child* must dye. When  
hee that had *Anthem'd* the *purenesse of the God of  
Israel*, and proclaimed the *Noble Acts* he did of  
old; and seem'd as one indear'd to the *Almighties  
Lone*: how would the *Philistims* reioyce, when  
he should thus become *Apostate*, and with a *mild  
licenciousnesse*, mix his *lust* with *murther* and *ingra-  
titude*? Surely, the *Vices* of *Alexander* the sixth,  
did mightily discolour *Papacie*: till then, *Princes*  
were afraid of *Bulls* and *excommunications*: but it  
was so vsuall with him, to *curse* vpon his owne  
*displeasure*, and for aduancing of his *spurious Race*:  
that it hath made them flighted, euer since his *passi-  
ons* so impublik'd them. What a *staine* it was to  
*Christendome*, that the *Turke* should pull a *Christian  
Kings* violated *Couenant* from his *bosome*, in the  
*War*, and present it the *Almighty*, as an *Act* of those,  
that profess'd themselues his *Servants*? Beware  
how thy *Actions* fight against thy *Tongue* or *Penne*.  
One

One *ill life* will pull downe more, then many *good Tongues* can build. And doubtlesse, *GOD*, that is *iealous* of his *Honour*, will vindicate these *soiles*, with his most *destructiue arme*. Take heed, not of *strictnesse*, but of *falling foulely* after it. As he that frames the strongest *Arguments* against himselfe, and then does fully *answer* them, does the best defend his *Cause*: So he that liues *strictest*, and then forgoes his hold, does the worst disgrace his *Patron*. *Sinnes* of this nature, are not *faults* to our selues alone, but by a kinde of *argumentatiue way*, dishonour *GOD* in the *consequent*. And euen all the *Church* of sincerest *good men*, suffer in a *seeming-good mans* fall. This is to be *religiously lewd*. If thou beest vnfound within, soyle not the glorious *Roabe* of *Truth*, by putting it vpon thy *beastlinesse*. When *Diogenes* saw a wanton vaunting in a *Lions skinne*, he calls vnto him, that hee should forbear to make *Vertues garment* blush. And indeed, *Vertue* is ashamed, when shee hath a *Servant vile*. When those that should be *Sunnes*, shall be eclipsed, the *lesser Starres* will lose their light and splendour. Euen in the *Spaniards Conquests* of the *Indians*, I dare thinke, their *crueltie* and *bloodinesse*, haue kept more from their *faith*, then all their force hath wonne them. Some would not beleue, *Heauen* had any *blesseynesse*, because they heard there were some *Spaniards* there. So hatefull can *detected Vice* make that which is euen *goodnesse* it selfe: and so excellent is a *soule* of *integritie*, that it frights the *lewd* from *luxurie* to *reuerence*. The beastly *Floralians* were abash'd and ceas'd at the vpright

Cato's



*Cato's* presence. A second to *eternall goodnesse*, is, a wise *man*, vncorrupt in *life*: his *soule* shines, and the beames of that *shin*, attract others that admire his worth, to imitate it. The best is, to let the same *spirit* guide both the *hand* and *tongue*. I will neuer professe, what I will not strive to *practise*: and will thinke it better to bee but *crooked timber*, then a *straite blocke*, and after lye to stumble *men*.



## XCII.

*That Diuinity does not crosse Nature,  
so much as exceed it.*

**T**HEY that are *Diuines* without *Philosophie*, can hardly maintaine the *Truth* in *disputations*. 'Tis possible they may haue an infused faith, sufficient for themselves: but if they haue not *Reason* too, they will scarce make others capable of their *Instruction*. Certainly, *Diuinity* and *Morality* are not so auerse, but that they well may liue together: for, if *Nature* bee *rectified* by *Religion*; *Religion* againe is *strengthened* by *Nature*. And as some hold of *Fate*, that there is nothing happens below, but is writ aboue in the *Stars*, onely wee haue not skill to finde it: so, I belecue, there is nothing in *Religion*, contrarie to *Reason*, if wee knew it rightly. For conuersation among men, and the *true happinesse* of *Man*: *Philosophy* hath agreed with *Scripture*. Nay, I thinke I may also adde, for defining of *God*, excepting the *Trinity*, as neere as *Man* can conceiue

ceiue him. How exact hath it made *Iustice*? How busie to finde out *Truth*? How rightly directed *loue*? exalting with much earnestnesse, all those *Graces*, that are any way amiable. Hee that seekes in *Plato*, shall finde him making *God* the *Solum summum Bonum*; to which a pure and vertuous life is the way. For defining *God*, my opinion is, that *Man*, neither by *Diuinity* nor *Philosophy*, can, as they say, *Quidditatiuè*, tell what hee is. It is fitter for *Man* to adore and admire him, then in vaine to study to comprehend him. *God* is for *Man* to stand amazed and wonder at. The clogg'd and drossie Soule, can neuer sound him, who is the *unimaginable Fountaine* of *Spirits*; and from whom, all things, by a *graduate Derivation*, haue their *light, life, and being*. In these things they agree; but I find three other things, wherein *Diuinity* ouer-soareth *Nature*. In the *Creation* of the *World*, in the *Redemption* of *Man*, and in the way and *Rites*, wherein *God* will be worshipped. In the *Creation* of the *World*: No *Philosophie* could euer reach at that which *Moses* taught vs. Heere the *Humanists* were all at a stand and *larre*: all their *coniectures* being rather witty, and conceit, then true and reall. Some would haue all things from *Fire*; some, from *Ayre*; some, from *Water*; some, from *Earth*; some, from *Numbers*; some, from *Atomes*; from *Simples*, some; and some, from *Compounds*. *Aristotle* came the neereſt, in finding out the trueſt *Materia Prima*: but because hee could not beleeue this made of *nothing*, hee is content to erre, and thinke it was *eternall*. Surely, this *Conceit* was as farre from *Reason*, as the other:  
his

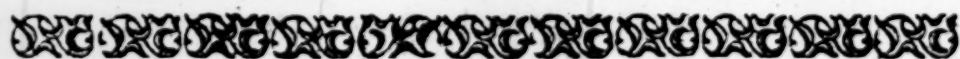


his *Reason* might haue fled vnto *Omnipotence*, as well as to *Eternity*. And so indeed, when *Philosophie* hath gone as farre as shee is able, she arriueth at *Almightinesse*, and in that *Abisse* is lost: where not knowing the way, she goeth but by guesse, and cannot tell when she is or *right* or *wrong*. Yet is she rather *subordinate*, then *contrarie*. *Nature* is not *crosse*, but runnes into *Omnipotence*: and like a *petty Riuer*, is swallowed in that *boundlesse Maine*. For the *Redemption* of *Man*, euen the *Scripture* calls it a *Mystery*: and all that *Humanity* could euer reach of this, was, onely a flying to the generall name of *Mercy*, by the vrgings of the *Conscience*. They all knew they had *failed*, and *false*. Their owne *bosomes* would tell them thus: but the way how they might bee restored, neuer fell into their *Heathen* thoughts. This was a worke that *G O D* declared onely to his owne *Peculiar*, by the immediate *Reuelation* of his *Word* and *Will*. For the *Manner* how *God* would bee worshipped, no *Naturalist* could euer finde it out, till hee himselfe gaue directions from his sacred *Scripture*. In the first *Chapter* to the *Romans*, *Saint Paul* grants, that they may knowe *God*, through the *visibilities* in his *Workes*: but for their *ignorance* in this he sayes, The *wraith* of *God* is reuealed against them: Because that when they knew *God*, they glorified him not as *God*, but turned the *Glory* of the incomparable *God*, to the similitude of the Image of a corruptible *Man*, and of *Birds*, and of foure-footed *Beasts*, and of *creeping things*. And these three things the *Scripture* teacheth vs: which else wee could neuer haue learned,

V

from

from all the *Bookes* in the *World*. Thus wee see for *moralitie*, *Nature* still is something *pert* and *vigorous*: but in the things of *God* it is confirmed, that shee is *thicke-sighted*, and cannot see them. Can a *Fly* comprehend *man*, vpon the top of *Monarchy*? no more can *Man* comprehend *God*, in the height of *Omnipotence*. There are as well *Mysteries* for *Faith*, as *Causes* for *Reason*. This may guide mee, when I haue to deale with *Man*; but in *Diuine* affaires, *Reason* shall waite on *Faith*, and submit to her *Prerogative*. The *Conscience* is great; but *God* is farre greater then it.



## XCIII.

*Of tediousnesse in Discourse.*

**A** *Prating Barber* came to trimme *King Arche-la-us*, and asked him, *Sir, how will you please to haue mee cut your haire?* Sayes the *King*, *Silently*. And certainly, though a *Man* ha's nothing to do, but to *heare* and *answer*; yet a *limitlesse tongue* is a strange *unbitted Beast*, to worry one with. And the miserie is, they that speake *much*, feldome speake *well*: for they that know how to *speake* a-right, know not how to dwell in *Discourse*. It cannot bee but *ignorance*, when they know not, that *long speeches*, though they may please the *speaker*, yet they are the *torture* of the *hearing eare*. I haue pittied *Horace*, when he was put into his *sweat*, and almost flaine in the *via sacra*, by the *accidentall*



accidentall detention of a *Babblers tongue*. There is nothing tyres one, like the *sawing* of ones eares, when *words* shall *clatter*, like a *windowe* loose, in *wind*. A *talkative Fellow* is the *unbrac'd Drumme*, which beates a *wise man* out of his wits. Surely, *Nature* did not guard the *tongue* with the double fence of *teeth* and *lips*, but that shee meant it should not moue too nimble. I like it in *Isocrates*, when of a *Scholler* full of *words*, hee asked a *double Fee*: one, to learne him to *speake well*; another, to teach him to *hold his peace*. They which talke too much to others, I feare me, seldome speake with themselves enough: and then, for want of acquaintance with their owne *bosomes*, they may well be mistaken, and present a *Foole* to the *People*, while they thinke themselves are *wise*. But there are, and that feuerally, that be much troubled with the disease of *speaking*. For, assuredly, *Loquacity* is the *Fistula* of the *minde*; euer running, and almost incurable. Some are *blabs* of *secrets*; and these are *Traytours* to *Societie*: they are *Vessels* vnfit for vse; for they bee boarded in their *bottomes*. Some will boast the *fa-uours* they haue found; and by this meanes, they often bring *goodnesse* into suspect, lose *loue*, and in-iure *Fame*.

*Sed tacitus pasci si posset Coruus, haberet  
Plus dapis, & rixæ multo minus, inuidiæq;.*

But could the *Crow* be silent fed, his *diet*  
Might daintyer be, lesse enuied, and more quiet.

You shall finde too, that will cloy you with their

## RESOLVES.

owne *Inventions*: and this is a fault of *Poets*, which vnlesse they meete with those that loue the *Muses*, is as a *dainty Oration*, deliuer'd to one in a *Language* that hee vnderstands not. His *Iudgement* found this fault, that made his *Epigram* inuiting his *Friend* to *supper*, promise, that he

—— no *Verses* would repeate.

Some will *preamble* a *Tale* impertinently: and cannot be deliuered of a *lest*, till they haue trauailed an houre in *Trinials*; as if they had taken the *whole Tale* by *Stenography*, and now were putting on it out at *large*: thus they often spoyle a *good Dish*, with improper *Sawce*, and vnfauorie *farcements*. Some haue a veine in *counselling*; euen till they stop the *eare*, they powre it in. *Tedious Admonitions* dull the *Aduised*, and make the giuer *contemptible*. 'Tis the *short reproofe*, that stayes like a *stab* in the *Memorie*: and many times, *three words* doe more good, then an *idle Discourse* of *three houres*. Some haue *varieties* of *Stories*, euen to the tiring of an *Auditor*; and these are often, euen the graue *follies* of *Age*: whose vnwatcht *tongues* stray into the *waste of words*, and giue vs cause to blame their *memories*, for retaining so much of their *Youth*. There are too, that haue a leaping *Tongue*, to *ligge* into the tumult of *discourse*; and vnlesse you haue an *Aristius* to take you off, you are in much danger of a deepe *vexation*. A *Rooke-yard* in a *Spring* morning, is neither so ill nor noisefull, as is one of these. But this is commonly a *feminine*. Doubtlesse, the



the best way for *speech*, is to be *short, plaine, materiall*.  
 Let me heare one *wise man* sentence it, rather then  
 twenty *Fooles*, garrulous in their lengthened *tattle*.  
*Est tempus quando nihil, est tempus quando aliquid:*  
*nullum autem est tempus, in quo dicenda sunt omnia.*  
*Hugo Victorinus.*



## XCIII.

*Of Liberty, and Restraint.*

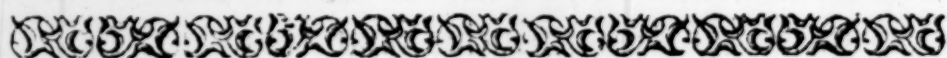
**I**T was but a *Flourish* of *Cicero's Oratory*, when he  
 said, *Ad Decus & Libertatem nati sumus*. The  
 greatest *Prince* that euer was produc'd by *Woman*,  
 comes *insanguin'd* into the *World*, and is a poore re-  
 sistlesse *Slave*, to the first *arme* that he falls into.  
 But if he meant it of the *Noble spirit* of *Man*, then  
 I thinke 'tis true: for it still aduanceth to that  
*Sunne*, from whence it hath both *life* and *vigour*.  
 And thus, we see all things doe aspire to *libertie*,  
 and the affecting of an vncontrolled *Freedom*.  
 Euery *Creature* is prompted by *Nature*, to be like  
 that, from whence it is deriued. Looke ouer all  
 the *World*, and you shall finde, that euery thing, as  
 farre as the *Ability* will giue it *Line*, does *Snaile* it  
 after *Deitie*, and with a kinde of *rising Emulation*,  
 slowly *Apes Almightinesse*. But this *Liberty* of *Hu-*  
*mane spirit*, is that which cannot be restrained, and  
 therefore the restraint of the *Body*, is that which  
 we will speake of. This is commonly by *Impri-*  
*sonment*, or by *Seruite*. That of *Imprisonment*, is no-  
 thing

thing such a *mischiefe*, as the most doe thinke it. The greatest is, in that, the *Eye* is debarred the delight of the *Worlds Variety*. Nor indeede is this *totall*, but in part, and *locall* onely. In this, a *blinde man* is the most *miserable Prisoner* of all : Whatsoeuer place does hold him, hee is still in the *Worlds Dungeon*, wandering in the *Nights uncomfortable shade*. And indeed, the most burthensome *imprisonment*, is to be *Prisoner* to a *Disease*; as to the *Gout*, the *Palsey*, and the like; because, for the most part, these hold vs, not without *paine*, and the mighty trouble of our *friends* about vs. For the other, I see not, but a *locall restraint*, without *want*, and *inforced imployment*, may very easily be conuerted to a *happinesse*: vnlesse *Men* will let their *mindes* long against the *Tyde* of *Reason*. It is no other but a place of *retyring*, and *sequestration* from the *World*, which many of the wisest haue voluntarily put vpon themselves. *Demosthenes* would shauē his *Beard* by halfe, to keepe himselfe within, by a willing *necessitie*. *Dioclesians* two and twenty *Yeeres Empery*, could not put him out of loue with his *retyring place*: Nor *Charles the Fifth*, his many *Kingdomes*. There are *Examples* of *extraordinary gaine*, that *Men* haue made of such *Confinements*. Assuredly, while a *Man* is tossed among *Men*, and *businesse*, hee cannot so enioy himselfe, as when hee is something seclused from both of these. And it is a *Misery*, when a *man* must so apply himselfe to *others*, as he cannot haue leasure to account with *himselfe*. Besides, be he neuer so at large; he does but runne ouer the same things; hee sees but the  
like



like *World* in another place. If hee ha's but *light*, and any *prospect*, he may see by that, what the rest is, and enioy it, by his boundlesse *Minde*. For the *Reſtraint* by *Seruiſe*, if it bee with impoſed *Toyle*, then is it farre worſe, then the being *circum-mured* onely: This *Man* differeth not in the act of his *life* from a *Beaſt*: He muſt ply his *Taſke*, and haue his *Food*, but onely to make him fit for his *Taſke* againe: he is like one that is *Surety* for a *Bankrupt*. The *gods* ſell all for *labour*; and he has entred *Covenant*, to worke for one that *playes*: ſo is become a *Principall* for another mans *debt*, and payes it. This ſurely is the greateſt *Captiuitie*, the greateſt *Slauery*. The attendant *Seruices* of *Nobilitie*, are farre eaſier to the *Man* and *Minde*: though the perpetuall ſight of *full Eſtates* aboue them, may well indanger thoſe mindes that haue not *Ballaſt* in them. To ſee *Heauen*, and come no neerer, then to waite at the *doore*, is a terrible *Torment* to the *Spirit*. A *naked Beauty* ſcene, would tempt one *chaſte*, to erre. Yet withall, 'tis ſomething like *Loue*, a kinde of *bitter-sweet*, it both *pleaſeth* and *diſpleaſeth* the *Minde* at once: It is pleaſed to ſee it: but 'tis diſpleaſed, that it cannot *enioy* it. Beſides, if there be *toyle*, a *wiſe man* may take leſſe of it: and an *honeſt man*, by the plea of his *duty*, makes his minde content in *diſpacches*. *Courage* and *Ability*, make *buſineſſe* much the eaſier. One asked the *Cynicke*, how he could liue a *Seruant* to *Zeniades*? but he returnes; That a *Lyon* does not ſerue his *Keeper*, but his *Keeper* him. Yet for all this, *Nature* pleades for *Liberty*: and though *Commands* may be often eaſie,

casie, yet they sometimes *grate*, and *gall*. So that if we appeale to the *minde* of *Man*, that will say, It is better being a *King*, though but in a *Tub*, then to bee a *Servant* in the *roofed Palace*. There are helps, that may abate *Inconueniencies*: but *Libertie* will ouer-sway with *Man*. When one was applauding *Calisthenes*, that he went *braue*, and dined with the *King*; *Diogenes* replies, That for all that, *Calisthenes* dined when *Alexander* pleased; and *Diogenes*, when it pleased *Diogenes*. If this be not rather *opinionatiue* then *reall*, it is questionlesse an unhappinesse to *serue*. If I haue my *liberty*, I would rest in the *pruiledges* that accrue it. If I want it, I would ioy in the *benefits* that accrue the *want*: so in either estate, I may finde *Content* my *Play-fellow*.



## XCV.

*Of the causes that make men different.*

**H***Omo homini quid præstat ?* was the former times iust *Wonder*: and indeed, it would almost pose the thought, to weigh the difference of the *spirits* of *Men*. It hath been a *Question*, whether all *Soules* are *equall* at their first *Infusion*: and if it be of that *Soule* purely, which at the same instant, is both created and infused; then, no question, but they are alike. Nothing comes immediately from *God*, but is *pure*, *perfect*, and *uncorrupt*. But because the *sensitiue* part in *Man*, beares a great sway, it many times falls out, that by the *deficien-*  
cie



cie of the *Organicall parts*, the *Soule* is *eclipsed* and *imprisoned* so, as it cannot appeare in the *vigour* it would shew, if the *Bodies* composition were perfect, and open. A perfect *Soule*, in an imperfect *Body*, is like a *bright Taper*, in a *darke Lanthorne*: the fault is not in the *Light*, but in the *Case*, which *curtaines* it with so dull an *outside*, as will not let the *shine* be transparent. And wee may see this, euen in those that we haue knowne both *able* and *ingenious*; who after a *hurt* receiued in some *vitall part*, haue growne *mopish*, and almost *insensible*. When the *vitall passages* of the *sensitiue* and *vegetatiue* are imperfect, though they extinguish not the *intellectuall*, because it is impossible, that a thing *mortall*, should destroy a thing *immortall*: yet their defect keepes it so vnder, as it appeareth not to the *outward apprehension*. Not that *Man* hath three distinct *Soules*: for the *intellectuall* in *Man*, containeth the other two: and what are different in *Plants*, *Beasts*, and *Man*; are in *Man* one, and co-vned together. Otherwise, hee were a *Plant*, and seuerally, a *brute*, and *rationall*. But as the solid *christalline Heauen*, and *first Mouer*, contains the *Region* of the *Fire*, and *Ayre*; and the *Region* of the *Fire* and *Ayre*, the *Globe* of the *Earth* and *Waters*; yet all make but one *World*: So the *Intellectuall* contains the *Sensitiue*, and the *Sensitiue* the *Vegetatiue*; yet all in *Man*, make but one *Soule*. But the differences of *Men* may all be referred to two causes; either *Inward*, or *outward*: *Inward*, are defects in *Nature*, and *Generation*: either when the *Active part*, the *Seed*, is not perfect, or when the *nutrimentall* and  
*Passiue*

*Passive powers* faile of their *sufficiencie*, are too *abundant*, or *corrupted*. And when *Man* is of himselfe, from the *wombe*, the *malignity* of some *humour* may interpose the true operation of the *spirits internall*. Certainly, those men that wee see mounting to the *Noblenesse* of *Minde*, in *Honourable Actions*, are pieces of *Natures truest worke*; especially in their *inward Faculties*. *Externall defects*, may be, and yet not alwaies hinder the *internall powers*: as, when they happen remoted from the noblest *parts*, else they are often causes of *debilitation*. And these are commonly, from the *Temperature* of the *Ayre*, from *Education*, from *Dyet*, and from *Age*, and *Passion*. From the *Aire*, wee see the *Southerne* people are *lightsome*, *ingenuous*, and *subtile*, by reason of the *heat*, that *rarifies* the *spirits*. The *Northerne*, are *slower*, and more dull, as hauing them *thickned* with the *chill colds condensation*.

*Temperie Cæli, Corpusque, Animusque iuuatur.*

Both *Soule* and *Body*, change, by change of *Ayre*.

*Education* hath his *force* seene in euery place; if you *trauaile* but from *Court*, to the *Countrey*: or but from a *Village*, to an *Academie*: or see but a horse well *manag'd*, and another *Resty*, in his owne *fiercenesse*. *Dyet*, no question alters much; euen the giddy *Ayrinesse* of the *French*, I shall rather impute to their *Dyet* of *Wine*, and wild *Fowle*, then to the difference of their *Clime*, it being so neere an adioyner to ours. And in *England*, I beleue our much vse of *strong Beere*, and *grosse Flesh*, is a great occasi-  
on



on of *dregging* our *spirits*, and *corrupting* them, till they shorten *life*. *Age*, is also a *changer*. *Man* hath his *Zenith*, as well in *wit*, as in *ability* of *body*; hee growes from *sense*, to *reason*; and then againe declines to *Dotage*, and to *Imbecillity*. *Youth* is too young in *braine*; and *Age* againe, does draine away the *spirits*. *Passion* blunts the *edge* of *conceit*: and where there is much *sorrow*, the *minde* is dull, and vnperceiuing. The *Soule* is oppressed, and lies languishing in an *unsociable lonelinessse*, till it proues *stupid*, and *inhumane*. Nor doe these more alter the *Minde*, then the *Body*. The lamenting *Poet* puts them both together.

*Iam mihi deterior canis aspergitur atas:*

*Iamque, meos vultus ruga senilis arat.*

*Iam vigor, & quasso languent in corpore vires:*

*Nec Iuueni Lusus, qui placuere, iuuant.*

*Nec me, si subito videas, cognoscere possis,*

*Ætatis facta est tanta ruina mea.*

*Confiteor, facere hoc annos: sed & altera causa est;*

*Anxietas animi, continuusq; Labor.*

Now, colder yeeres, with *snow* my *haire*s enchafe:

And now the *Aged* *wrinkle* plowes my *Face*.

Now through my *trembling* *ioynt*s, my *vigour* failes,

*Mirth* too, that cheer'd my *Youth*, now nought a-

So ruin'd, and so alter'd am I growne, (uailes.

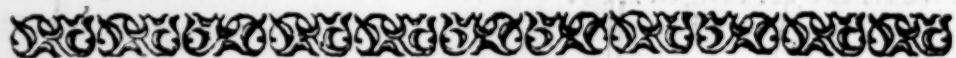
That at first *sight*, I am not to be knowne.

*Age* one cause is: but that which more I finde,

Is *paine* *perpetuall*, and a *troubled* *minde*.

Certainly,

Certainely, the *best* is, to *weigh* euery man, as his *meanes* haue beene : a man may *looke* in vaine for *Courtship*, in a *Plowman*; or *Learning* in a *Mechanicke*. Who will *expect* a *lame man* should be *swift* in running : or, that a *sicke man* should deliuer an *Oration*, with a *grace*, and *cheerefulnesse* ? If I finde any man failing in his *Manners*, I will first consider his *meanes*, before I *censure* the man. And one that is short of what he might bee, by his *sloth* and *negligence*, I will thinke as iustly *blameable*, as hee that out of *industrie* has adorn'd his *behaviour*, aboue his *meanes*, is *commendable*.



## XCVI.

*Of Diuination.*

**W**Hat is it *Man* so much *couets*, as to pry into *Natures Closet*, and knowe not what is to come ? yet, if we but consider it rightly, we shall finde it a *profitable Providence*, which hath set our *estate in future*, something in *darke* and *shade*. If *Man* doubted not of what *Death* would deliuer him to, he would (I think) either liue more *lewdly*, or more *unhappily*. If wee knew *Death* were onely an end of *Life*, and no more; euery man for his owne ends, would bee a *disturber* of the *Worlds peace*. If wee were certaine of *Torment* ; *Thought* and *Feare*, would make our *present Life* a *Death continuall*, in the *Agitations* of a *troubled Soule*. If wee were sure of *loy* and *Glory*, wee should bee carelesse of our *li-  
uing*

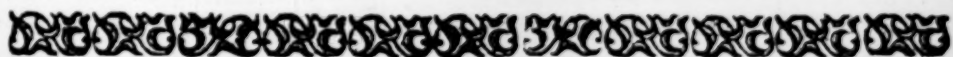


uing well. Certainly, *God* hath made *Man* to dwell in *doubt*, that hee might bee awed to *Good*, by *Feare* and *Expectation*. We are led along by *Hope*, to the *Ends* that are appointed vs: and by an *uncertaine way*, wee come at last to a *certaine End*; which yet wee could neither *know*, nor *auoid*. The great *Creator* wisely put *things to come*, in the *Mist* and *Twilight*, that wee might neither bee ouerjoyed with the certainty of *good*; nor ouer-much terrified with the assurance of an *unauoidable ill*. Though *Præscience*, and *Diuination* be a *God-like Quality*, yet, because it can onely tell of *danger*, and not *preuent* it, the *wiser sort* haue euer had the *Art* in *neglect*, in *dislike*. If *Fate* be *certaine*, it can be no good to *know* it, because we cannot *preuent* it. If it be *uncertaine*, we search in vaine to finde out that which *may bee*. So, either way we hazard for *unhappinesse*. *Bis miser esse cupit, qui mala, qua vitari non possunt, amat præscire*. I remember, *Cicero* reports it of *Cato*, that hee wondred how *South-sayers* could forbear *Laughter*, when they met one another; they knew they vsed so to gull the *People*. One thing there is, that (if it were *certaine*) doth mightily *disparage* it; and this is, That it sets a *Man* ouer to *second Causes*, and puts him off from *Providence*. But it cannot be *certaine* and *determinate*. *Man* is not wise enough, to scent out the *abstruse steps* of *Deitie*. It is obserued by one, that what *Nigidius* vsed for defence of his *Art*, by turning of a *Wheele*, and marking it twice with *Inke*, hath cast it all into a *vast incertainty*. And indeed, the minute of *Generation*, *Conception*, and *Production*, are so hard to knowe iustly; the  
Point

*Point* of place so hard to finde: the *Angles*, the *Aspects*, and the *Coniunctions* of the *Heauens* so impossible to bee cast right in their *influences*, by reason of the *rapid* and *Lightning-like Motion* of the *Spheares*; that the whole *Art*, thorowly searched and examined, will appeare a meere *fallacie* and *delusion* of the *wits* of *Men*. If their *Calculations* bee from the seuen *Motiu*e *Spheares* onely, how is there such difference in the liues of *Children* borne together, when their oblique *motion* is so slow, as the *Moone*, (though farre more speedy then any of the rest) is yet about seuen and twentie dayes in her *course*? If their *calculations* be by their *diurnall Motion*, it is impossible to collect the *various influences*, which euery tittle of a *minute* giues. Besides, in close *Roomes*, where the *Windowes* are clozed, the *Fire*, *Perfumes*, concourse of *People*, and the *parentall humours*, barre their operation from the *Child*. But suppose there were a *Fate* transferr'd from the *Starres* to *Man*; who can reade their *significations*? Who hath told their particular *predictions*? Are they not all meere the *uncertaine coniectures* of *Men*, which rarely *hit*, and often *faile*? So in *Beasts*, in *Birds*, in *Dreames*, and all *viary Omens*, they are onely the gessiue *interpretations* of dimy'd *Man*: full of *doubt*, full of *deceit*. How did the *Tuscan* *Southsayers*, and the *Philosophers* that were with *Iulian*, differ about the *wounded Lion*, presented him, when he went to inuade the *Persians*? How, about the *Lightning* that flew *Iouinianus*, and his two *horses*? Yet of the rest, I beleue there is more from the *Stars*, then these other *observations*:  
but



but this is then for *generall inclinations*, not for *particular Euent*s: Those are sure in the hands and Cabinet of the *Almighty*: and none but *Prophets* that he inspires, are able to reueale them. The securest way is to *liue well*: then wee may be sure of a *faire end*, and a *passable way*. Hee that liues *vertuously*, needs not doubt of finding a *happy Fate*. Let my *life* please *God*, and I am sure, the *success*e shall please mee. *Vertue* and *Vice* are both *Prophets*; the one, of *certaine good*; the other, or of *Paine*, or *Penitence*.



## XC VII.

*That 'tis best increasing by a little  
at once.*

**T**HERE is no such *prevalent workman*, as *sedulity*, and *diligence*. A man would wonder at the mighty things, which haue beene done by *degrees*, and gentle *augmentations*. And yet there are, that are ouer-ready in the wayes of *pleasing* and *labour*. When *Diligence* reaches to *humour*, and *flattery*, it growes *poore*, and *unnoble*: And when to *Pride*, and *Curiosity*, it then looses his *praise*. So the *Priest* of *Ammon* would needs salute *Alexander* as a *god*: and *Protogenes* spent seuen yeeres, in drawing *Ialyus*, and his *Dogge*: And a King of *Persia*, would needs for a *Present*, adulterate *Roses* with an artfull *smell*. When these two are *auoided*, *Diligence*, and *Moderation* are the best *steps*, whereby to climbe to any *excellency*.

cellency. Nay, it is *rare* if there bee any other way. The *Heavens* send not downe their *raine* in *floods*, but by *drops*, and *dewy distillations*. A man is neither *good*, nor *wise*, nor *rich* at once : yet softly *creeping* vp these *hills*, he shall euery *day* better his *prospect* ; till at last, he *gaines* the *top*. Now hee learns a *Vertue*, and then he damnes a *Vice*. An *houre* in a *day* may much *profit* a man in his *Study* ; when hee makes it *stint* and *custome*. Euery yeere something laid vp, may in time make a *Stocke* great. Nay, if a man does but *save*, he shall *increase* ; and though when the *graines* are scatter'd, they bee next to nothing : yet together, they will swell the *heape*. A *poore man* once found the *tagge of a Point*, and put it in the *lap* of his *skirt* : one asked him, what hee could doe with it ? He answeres, What I finde all the *yeere*, (though it be neuer so little) I lay it vp at home, till the *yeere* ends ; and with all together, I euery *New yeeres day*, adde a *Dish* to my *Cupboord*. Hee that ha's the patience to attend *small profits*, may quickly grow to thrive and *purchase* : they be easier to accomplish, and come thick r. So, hee that from euery thing collects *somewhat*, shall in time get a *Treasurie of Wisedome*. And when all is done, for *Man*, this is the best way. It is for *God*, and for *Omnipotencie*, to doe *mighty things* in a *moment* : but, *degreeingly* to grow to *greatnesse*, is the course that he hath left for *Man*. And indeed, to gaine any thing, is a double worke. For, first, it must remoue the *hinderances* ; next, it must assume the *aduantage*. All good things that concerne *Man*, are in such a *declining Estate*, that without perpetuall



perpetuall *vigilancie*, they will reside, and fall away. But then there is a *Recompence*, which euer followes *Industrie*: it euer brings an *Income*, that sweetens the *toyle*. I haue often found *hurt* of *Idlenessse*; but neuer of a *lawfull businesse*. Nay, that which is not profitable in it selfe, is yet made so, by being *employment*: and when a *Man* has once accustomed himselfe to *businesse*, he will thinke it *pleasure*, and be ashamed of *Ease*. *Polemon*, ready to *dye*, would needs be laid in his *Grave alieue*: and seeing the *Sunne* shine, hee calls his *friends* in haste to hide him; lest (as he said) it should see him *lying*. Besides, when we gaine this way, *Practice* growes into *Habit*: and by doing so a while, we grow to do so for euer. It also constitutes a *longer lastingnesse*. Wee may obserue, those *Creatures* that are longest in attaining their *height*, are longest in *declining*. *Man* is *twentie yeeres* increasing, and his life is *four-score*: but the *Sparrow*, that is fledged in a *moneth*, is dead in a *yeere*. Hee that gets an *Estate*, will keepe it better, then he that *findes* it. I will neuer thinke to bee perfect at once. If I finde my selfe a *gainer* at the *yeeres end*, it shall something comfort mee, that I am proceeding. I will euery day labour to doe something that may mend mee, though it bee not much, it will bee the surer done. If I can keepe *Vice* vnder, and winne vpon that which is *good*, (though it bee but a little at once) I may come to bee better in time.



## XCVIII.

*Of God, and the Ayre.*

FOR *Man* to pray aright, is *needfull* : but how to pray so, is *difficult*. We must neither mis-conceiue of *God*, nor are wee able rightly to conceiue him. We are told, hee is a *Spirit* : and who can tell what a *Spirit* is ? Can any man tell *that*, which no man euer saw ? *Man* is able onely to comprehend *visible Substances* ; what is *inuisible*, and *spirituall*, hee can but *gesse* and *roue* at. *Spirit* is a word found out, for *Man* to maske his *Ignorance* in : and what hee does not know, he calls it by that name. When we speake of *God*, we are to belecue an *ubiquity* : but then, how are we able to conceiue that this *ubiquity* is ? I speake to *Reason*, not *Faith* : for I know, *this* beleeueth what it sees not : yet something to helpe *Nature* and *Reason*, I would wish a man to consider the *Ayre*. It is euery where : not a *vacuum* in the whole *Natura rerum* : nay, you cannot euade it : Digge the most condensed *Earth*, and it is at the point of your *Spade* : you can see nothing, but before you see it, is open to the *Ayre* ; and yet this *Ayre*, although you know, you cannot see. It is also *inuiolable* : cast a *stone*, and you make no *hole* in't : nay, an *Arrow* cannot pierce it : it clozeth againe, and there is no tracke left. Nay, there bee *Philosophers* that will tell you, the *progressiue Motion* of a *stone* cast, when the *hand*  
ha's



ha's left it, is from the *Ayre* it selfe : that shutting suddenly after, and *Nature* impatient of a *vacuity*, it does with a *coactive power*, thrust it still forward, till it passes against *institutive Nature*, who made it, to incline to the *Center*. Nor is it *corruptible*. We speake falsely, when wee say, the *Ayre infecteth*. They are vnwholsome *Vapours*, and *Exhalations*, that *putrid things* breathe out; and these, beeing carryed by the *motiue Winde* and *Ayre*, flye about, and *infect*, through their rarity and *thinnesse*. The *Ayre* it selfe euer *clarifies* : and is alwaies working out that *taint*, which would mix with it. Next, wee can doe nothing, but the *Ayre* is priuy to't : euen the acts of *lightlesse Clozets*, and the *thick-curtain'd Beds*, are none of them done without it. When *Diogenes* saw a *Woman* bow so much to the *Altar*, as shee left her *back-parts bare*; he asked her, if she were not ashamed, to be so immodest to the *gods* behinde her. Nay, our very *thoughts*, which the *Deuill* (though he be the subtillest of all *malevolent Spirits*) cannot know, are not framed without this *Ayre*. Euery *breath* wee take, it goes vnto our *heart*, to coole it. Our *Veines*, our *Arteries*, our *Nerues*, our inmost *Marrow*, are all viuified by their participation of *Ayre*: and so indeed is euery thing that the *World* holds; as if this were the *Soule* that gaue it *liuelihood*. *Fishes*, though they breathe not perceptibly, yet wee see, the want of *Ayre* kills them : as when a *long Frost* shuts vp a *Pond* in *Ice*. Euen *Plants*, which are but *Vegetatiues*, will not grow in *Caues*, where the *motiue* and *stirring Ayre* is barred from them. Wee may often obserue,

moreouer, that *Heat* and *Moisture* is the only cause of all *Generation*: and these are the qualities proper to the *Ayre* alone. Now, I would not wish a *Man* to compare *God*, the *Creator*, with this *Element*, which is but a *Creature*: but let him consider of these properties, and then by way of *eminencie*, let him in his *Soule* set *God* aboue, and see if by this way, he climbe not neerer *Deitie*, then he shall by any other. If this bee so vniuersall, why may hee not by this, thinke of a *Spirit* more diffusiue and v-biquiarie? That which *Ouid* writ of *Poets*, may be applied to all the *wise*, and come something neere this purpose.

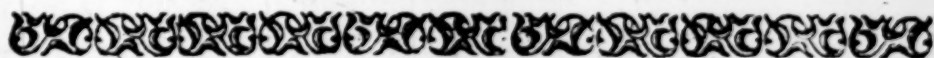
*Est Deus in nobis, sunt & commercia Cæli,  
Sedibus Æthereis, Spiritus ille, venit.*

In vs *God* dwels, *Heauen* our acquaintance is,  
His *Spirit* flowes through *Airy influences*.

Certainely by this way, it is not so difficult for *Reason* to conceit an *Omnipresence*: and if wee haue this, wee may by it peere at his *Omniscience* and *Omnipotence* too: for the one is as hard to conceiue, as the other. Saint *Augustine*, when he has told vs, that *God* is not an *Object* perceiueable by any of the *Outward senses*, sayes; *Tamen aliquid est, quod sentire facile est, explicare non possibile*. So the *wayes of God*, in *Scripture*, are compared to the flight of an *Eagle* in the *Ayre*, which no man can either trace or know. Surely therefore, when we are to speake to him, the best is, humbly to intreat his



his *Spirit* to inspire ours in the way, and apprehension that may best please him. Hee is best able, by his secret *immission*, to direct vs the way hee does best approue of. And this cannot chuse but comfort the *Good*, when they know, the *Searcher* of the *heart* and *reynes* is with them, and beholds them. From this, I will learne to cheere my selfe in *sufferings*, and to refraine from *ill*, euen in *private*. How can man thinke to act his *ill* vnscene, when GOD shall, like the *Ayre* bee *circumspicious* round about him? It is not possible, that such a *Maestie* should either not defend the *Innocent*, or permit an *ill* unpunished.



XCIX.

*Of Contentment.*

THEY that *preach Contentment* to *All*, doe but teach *some* how to dwell in *miserie*: vnlesse you will grant *Content Desire*, and chide her but for *murmuring*. It is not a fault to strue to better our *Estates*: which yet wee should neuer doe, if wee rested fully content with what we enioyed for the present. God hath allotted *Man* a *motiue minde*, which is euer climbing to more *perfection*, or falling into a *lower Vice*. Certainly, that *Content* which is without desiring more, is a kinde of fault in any. *Perfection* is set in that height, that 'tis impossible *mortall bodied man*, should euer reach the *Crowne*: Yet he ought still to bee aiming at it, and

## RESOLVES.

with an *industrious prosecution*, perseuere in the rising way. Wee cannot be too couetous of Grace; wee may well labour for more accomplishments: and by lawfull wayes, and for good intents, there is no doubt, but 'tis lawfull to desire to *increase*, euen in *temporall wealth*. Certainly, a man should be but a dull *Earth*, to sit still and take the present: without either *Ioy* or *Complaint*: without either *feare*, or *appetite*. In this, I like not *Aristippus* his *Doctrine*, who is hot in perswading men, neither to be troubled at what is *past*; nor to thinke of what is *to come*. This were quite to vilifie *Pronidence*: who is one of the *Principall Guards* of *Man*. For, though it be true, that nothing is so *certaine*, but that it may sometimes faile: yet, wee see, it seldom does: and euen *Probabilitie* is almost certain. Let not *Man* so sleepe in *Content*, as that he neglect the *meanes* to make himselfe *more happy* and *blessed*: nor yet when the contrary of what hee look't for comes, let him *murmure* or *repine* at that *providence*, which dispos'd it to crosse his *expectation*. I like the man, that is neuer *content* with what hee does enioy: but by a *Calme* and faire *Course*, has a *Mind* still rising to a *higher happinesse*: but I like not him, that is much *discontent*, as to repine at any thing, that does befall him. Let him take the *present patiently, ioyfully, thankfully*. But let him still bee soberly in *Quest* for better: and indeed, it is impossible to finde a *life* so happy heere, as that wee shall not find something, we would *adde*; something, wee would *take away*. The *world* it selfe, is not a *Garden*, wherein all the *Flowers* of *Ioy* are growing: nor  
can



## RESOLVES.

311

can one man enjoy them, if it were, that all were heere : we may, questionlesse conclude, that there is no *absolute Contentment* here below. Nor can we in *reason* thinke there should bee : since whatsoever is *created*, was *created* tending to *some end* ; and till it ariues at that, it cannot bee fully at *rest*. Now we all know, *God* to be the end, to which the *soule* tends : and till it bee dismanacled of the *clogging flesh*, it cannot approach the *presence* of such *puritye*, such *glorie* : when it meets with *God*, and is vnited to him, who is the *Spring*, and *Source* of all *true happinesse* ; then it may be *calme*, and *pleas'd*, and *quiet* : till then, as *Physicians* hold of *health*, that the best is but *Neutrality* : So it is of *Happinesse*, and *Content*, in the *Soule* : Nay, the most absolute *Content* man can enjoy, in his *corruptible raggs* of *earth*, is indeed, but lesser *discontentment* : That which wee finde heere most perfect, is rather meere *Vtopian*, and *Imaginative*, then *reall*, and *substantiall* : and is sooner found falling from a *Poets* pen, then any way truly enjoyed by him, that swimmes in the deepest streame of *pleasure* ; and of these, in stead of many, you may take that one of *Martials* :

Things that can blesse a *Life*, and please,  
Sweetest *Martiall*, they are these :  
A *store* well left, not gain'd with *toyle* :  
A *house* thine owne, and pleasant *soyle*,  
No *strife*, small *state*, a *minde* at *peace* :  
Free *strength*, and *limbs* free from disease,  
Wise *Innocence*, *friends*, like and good,  
*Vnarted-meat*, kinde *neighbourhood*,

X 4

No

## RESOLVES.

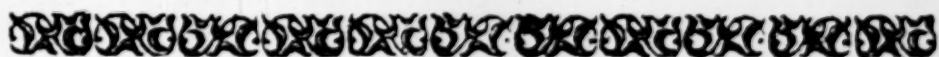
No drunken rest, from cares yet free :  
 No sadning spouse, yet chaste to thee :  
 Sleepes, that long nights abbreviate,  
 Because 'tis, liking, thy wish't State :  
 Nor fear'd, nor ioy'd, at death or fate.

*Vitam qua faciunt beatiorem,  
 Iucundissime Martialis, hac sunt :  
 Res non parva labore, sed relicta :  
 Non Ingratus Ager, Focus perennis,  
 Lis nunquam, Toga rara, Mens quieta,  
 Vires ingenua, Salubre Corpus,  
 Prudens Simplicitas, pares amici,  
 Conuictus facilis sine arte mensa,  
 Nox non ebria, sed soluta Curis :  
 Non tristis torus, attamen pudicus :  
 Somnus, qui faciat breues tenebras.  
 Quod sis, esse velis, nihilq; malis :  
 Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes.*

But where shall you finde a man thus seasoned?  
 if he be for a while, it lasts not : but by one, or o-  
 ther *accident*, hee is tossed in the wauiing *World*.  
 And this made *Diogenes* resolute ; vnto *Fortune*, to  
 oppose his *confidence*, and *resolution* ; to the *Law*,  
*Nature* ; and to his *affections*, *Reason*. This was good,  
 but not well : wee haue *Grace*, and *Scripture* for a  
 better guide then *Nature*. I would bee so content  
 with what I haue, as I would euer thinke the *pre-*  
*sent* best : but then I would thinke it best, but for  
 the *present* : because, whensoever I looke forward,  
 I still see better ; to arriue at which my *Soule* will  
 long,



long, and *comes*. The *Soule* that by but halfe an eye sees *G O D*, will neuer bee but winging, till shee alights on *him*.



C.

*How he must liue, that liues well.*

**W**Hosoever neglects his *duety* to *himselfe*, his *neighbour*, or his *God*; halts in something, that should make life *commendable*. For our *selues*, we need order: for our *neighbour*, *Charity*; and for our *God*, our *Reuerence*, and *Humility*: and these are so certainly linked one to another, as he that liues orderly, cannot but be acceptable, both to *G O D*, and the *world*. Nothing iarres the *Worlds Harmony*, like men that breake their ranks. One *turbulent Spirit* will diffentiate euen the *calmest Kingdome*. We may see the beauty of *order*, in nothing more, then in some *princely Procession*, and though indeed, the *circumstances*, and *complements* belonging to *State*, bee nothing to better *gouernement*; yet by a *secret working* in the *mindes* of men, they adde a *Reuerence* to *State*: and awe, the (else loose) rabble. See a *King* in *Parliament*, and his *Nobles* set about him: and see how *mad* he shoves that wildly *dances* out of his *roome*. Such is *Man*, when he *spurnes* at the *Law*, he liues vnder: Nay, when hee giues himselfe leaue to *transgresse*, hee must needes put others out of their way: and hee that disorders *himselfe* first, shall trouble all the *Company*.

*Company*. Did euery *Man* keepe his owne *life*; what a *Concord* in *Musicke* would a *World*, a *Kingdome*, a *City*, a *Family* be? But being so infinitely disioyned, it is necessary some should helpe it, and bee charitable. If no man should repaire the *breaches*, how soone would all lye flatted in *Demolishments*? *Loue* is so excellent, that though it be but to ones selfe alone, yet others shall partake, and finde the *benefit*. *Posterity* will be the better, for the *Bagges* that the *Couetous* hoorded vp for himselfe. But when a man shall be euer struiuing to doe the *World* a *courtesie*, his *Loue* is so much the more thanke-worthy, by how much, the good is larger. Without *Charity*, a man cannot be *sociable*: and take away that, and there is little else, that a man has to doe in the *World*. How pleasant can good *company* make his life beneath? Certainly, if there be any thing *sweet* in meere *Humanity*, it is in the *inter-courses* of *beloued Society*, when euery one shall bee each others *Councillour*, each others *friend*, and *Mine*, and *solace*. And such a *pleasant life* as this, I take to be best pleasing, both to *God* and *Man*. Nor yet can this be truly pleasant, vnlesse a *Man* bee carefull to giue to *G O D* the *honour* that he owes him. When a *Man* shall doe these, and performe his ducty to his *Maker*; he shall finde a *Peace* within, that shall fit him for whatsoeuer falls. He shall not feare himselfe: for hee knowes his course is *Order*. He shall not feare the *World*: for he knowes he hath done nothing, that has anger'd it. He shall not be afraid of *Heauen*; for he knowes, he there shall finde the fauour of a *Seruant*, of a *Sonne*: and  
bee



bee protected against the *Malice* and the *Spleene* of  
*Hell*. Let me liue thus, and I care not, though the  
*World* should *flout* my *Innocence*; I wish but to obey  
 Saint *Bernard*, then I know I cannot but bee *happy*,  
 both below, and after. *Tu qui in Congregatio-*  
*ne es, benè viue, ordinabiliter, sociabiliter, &*  
*humiliter : ordinabiliter tibi, sociabi-*  
*liter proximo, humiliter Deo.*

\* \*

\*

Omnia Deo.

FINIS.





# RESOLVES: DIVINE, MORALL, POLITICALL.

BY  
OVV. FELLTHAM.

*The second Centurie.*



AT LONDON,  
Imprinted by *Felix Kyngston*, for *Henry Seile*, at the *Tygers*  
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TO THE MOST  
VERTVOVS, DISCREET,  
AND NOBLE; THE LADY  
DOROTHY CRANE, *Daughter to the*  
*Right Honourable, and Religious, the*  
Lord HOBART.

*Madame,*

**I**F euer Resolutions were need-  
full, I thinke they bee in this  
Age of loosenesse; wherein  
'twere some vnhappinesse  
to be good, did not the con-  
sciousnesse of her owne worth, set Vertue  
firme, against all dis-hartnings. This makes  
her of so specious a glory, that though she  
need not the applause of any, to adde to  
her happinesse; yet she attracts the hearts of  
all that know her, to Loue, Seruice, Admira-  
tion. That I haue sacred this offertory of  
my thoughts to your Ladyship, this is reason  
inough; if not, your Loue to my dearest  
Friend

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

*Friend* may second it. To apparell any more in these Paper vestments, I should multiply impertinents; and perhaps displease. For I haue euer found face-comendatiō to die *Wisdoms* cheek of a blush-colour. Discreet Nature is alway modest; and deseruing best, loues least to heare on't. This onely I will truely adde: that I know not a thing of that value, that should make me shrine vp a *Worke* of this nature, to any, in whom I could obserue the possibility of a faile in *Vertue*. Such a Dedication were to put *Vertue* to a Stepdame, that would not nurse, but stifle her. With *Your goodnesse*, I am sure, she shall finde the tenderesse of a *maternall Loue*. And if in these weake extractions, your Iudicious Eye light you to ought, increasing that affection, (all by-respects put away,) my next Petition will be; that it may please you to command

*Your immutable Seruant,*

OVV. FELLTHAM.





## TO THE PERUSER.



*O begin with Apologies, and intreate a kind Censure, were to disparage the Worke, and begge partialitie: equall with Ostentation I ranke them both. If thou bee'st wise, pleasing words cannot blinde thy iudgement from discerning errors, wheresoever they appeare. If thou bee'st foolish, they can neither blanch thy folly, nor make thee think better, than thy indiscretion leades thee to. Requests from others, may sway our words, or actions; but our minds will haue their owne free thoughts, as they apprehend the thing. Internall iudgement is not easily perueried. In what thou shalt heere meete with, vse the freedome of thy native opinion: Et Lectorem, et Correctorem liberum volui. I shalleuer professe my selfe his debtor, that greets mee with reprehensions of Loue. The noblest part of a friend, is an honest boldnesse in the notifying of errors. Hee that telles mee of a fault, ayming at my good; I must thinke him wise and faithfull: wise, in spying that which I see not: faithfull, in a plaine admonishment, not tainted with flattery. That I haue made it publique, I pleade not the importunity of friends: that were to play at Hazzard for folly, if it prooue not. I writ it without encouragement from another; and as I writ it, I send it abroade. Rare,*

## RESOLVES.

*I know it is not : Honest, I am sure it is : I though thou findest not to admire, thou maist to like. What I aime at in it, I confesse hath most respect to my selfe; That I might out of my owne Schoole take a lesson, and should serue mee for my whole Pilgrimage : and if I should wander from these rests, that my owne Items might set mee in heauens direct way againe. We doe not so readily run into crimes, that from our owne mouth haue had sentence of condemnation. Yet, as no Physician can bee so abstemious, as to follow strictly all his owne prescriptions : So I thinke there is no Christian so much his mindes Master, as to keepe precisely all his resolutions. They may better shew what he would be, then what he is. Nature hath too slow a foot, to follow Religion close at the heele. Who can expect, our dull flesh should wing it with the flights of the soule ? Hee is not a good man that liues perfect : but he that liues as well as hee can, and as humane fraileties will let him. He that thus far strives not, neuer began to bee vertuous; nor knowes hee those transcending ioyes, that continually feast in the noble-minded man. All the externall pleasures that mortality is capable of, can neuer enkindle a flame, that shall so brauely warme the soule, as the loue of vertue, and the certaine knowledge of the rule wee haue ouer our owne wild passions. That I might curbe those, I haue writ these : and if in them, thou find'st a line may mend thee ; I shall thinke I haue diuulg'd it to purpose. Reade all, and vse thy mindes libertie ; how thy suffrage falls, I weigh not : For it was not so much to please others, as to profit my selfe.*

*Farewell.*

RE-





# RESOLVES:

## DIVINE, MORALL, POLITICALL.

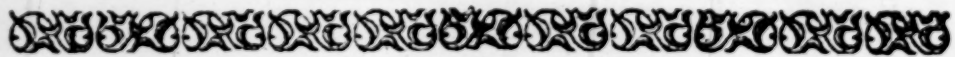


I.

*Of Idle Bookes.*

Idle Bookes are nothing else, but corrupted tales in Inke and Paper: or indeed, Vice sent abroad with a Licence: which makes him that reads them, conscious of a double iniurie: they being in effect, like that sinne of brutish Adulteric. For if one reades, two are catched: he that angles in these waters, is sure to strike the *Torpedo*, that instead of being his food, confounds him. Besides the time ill spent in them, a twofold reason shall make me refraine: both in regard of my *loue* to my owne soule, and *pitty* vnto his that made them. For if I be corrupted by them, the Comprisor of them is mediately a cause of my ill: and at

the day of Reckoning (though now dead) must giue an account for't, because I am corrupted by his bad *example* which hee leaues behind him; So I become guilty by receiuing, and he by thus conueying this lewdnesse vnto me: He is the thiefe, I the receiuer; and what difference makes our Law betwixt them? If one be cut off, the other dyes; both I am sure perish alike. *I will write none*, lest I hurt them that come after me. *I will reade none*, lest I augment his mulct that is gone before mee: neither write, nor reade, lest I proue a foe to my selfe. *A lame hand is better then a lewde pen*: while I liue, I sinne too much; let mee not continue longer in wickednesse, then life. If I write ought, it shall bee both on a good subiect, and from a deliberate pen: for a *foolish sentence drop't vpon paper, sets folly on a Hill, and is a monument to make infamie eternall.*



## II.

*Of Humilitie.*

**T**He humble man is the surest Peace-maker: of all morall vertues, *Humility* is the most beautifull; shee both shunnes Honour, and is the way to it: shee rockes *Debate* asleepe, and keepes *Peace* waking, nay, doth foster, doth cherish her: which is well expressed in a *story* of two Goats, that met at once, on a very narrow Bridge, vnder which there glided a deepe, and violent streame: being both met, the straitnesse gaue deniall to their Journey;



Journey; get backe they could not, the planke was so narrow, for their returning turne: stand still they might, but that could neither bee continuall, nor to purpose: and to fight for the way in so perillous a place, was either to put a wilfull period to their liues, or extremely hazard them. That they may therefore both passe in safety, the one lyes downe, and the other goes over him: so while their passage is *quiet*, their liues are *secure*, from death, from danger. I haue euer thought it idle to continue in *strife*; if I get the victory, it satisfies my minde, but then, shall I haue his malice too, which may endamage me more: so my gaine will be lesse then my hinderance: If I bee overcome vnwillingly, then is the disgrace mine, and the losse: and though I haue not his *malice*, yet shall I not want his *scorne*. I will (in things not weighty) submit freely: *The purest gold is most ductible: 'tis commonly a good blade that bends well.* If I expect disaduantage, or misdoubt the Conquest, I thinke it good wisdom, to giue in soonest; so shall it bee more honour to doe that willingly, which with stiffenesse I cannot but hazard vpon compulsion. *I had* rather be accounted too much *humble*, then esteemed a little *proud*: the Reede is better that bends, and is whole; then the strong Oake, that not bending, breakes: If I must haue one, giue me an vnconuenience, not a mischiefe: the lightest burthen, is the easiest borne.



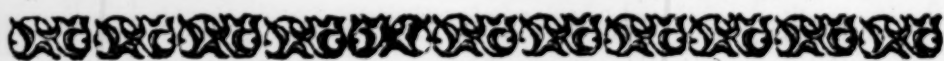
## III.

*To Perfection, what is most necessarie.*

**T**O make a perfect man, there is requisite both *Religion* and *Nature*. *Nature* alone wee know too loose : *Religion* alone will seeme too hard ; some for *Religion* haue I knowne formall, strict ; yet haue so wanted the pleasing parts of a good nature, as they haue bin feared, but not loued : for being of a fiery spirit, euen slender occasions haue made way to the diuulging of their owne imperfections : either by too seuerer a reprehension, or else by too soone sudden Contempt : both which make much for the harbouring of hate against themselves, by making them esteemed either rash *Censurers*, or angry *proud ones* : and wee all know, that as *Iudgement* is neuer shot suddenly, but from a fooles bow ; so blinde choller broke into expression, is the true marke of an intemperate minde ; others there yet rest, whom it tickles much to chatter of their owne merits, and they cannot lay an egge, but they must cackle, or like the boasting *Pharisee*, trumpet out the report of their owne praises : if not out of an affected *singularitie*, and an ouerweeniug opinion of their owne excellence ; yet for lacke of an humble and discreet nature, that should cause their obseruation to bee busied at home. And this is that makes the world disdain, contemne them : *selfe-commendation* is an arrow with



with too many feathers : which, we leuelling at the marke, is taken with the wind, and carried quite from it. Some againe for *Nature*, I haue found rarely qualified : ennobled with such a milde affabilitie, such a generous spirit, and such sweetnesse of disposition, and demeanour, that their *humble* and courteous carriage haue preuailed much in the affection of those with whome they haue had commerce : yet because they haue wanted *Religion*, (that like a good subiect should make an elaborate worke rare) they haue, onely in a superficiall applause, wonne the approbation of the vnsteady multitude : who loue them more for suffering their rudenesse, then for any noble worth that's obuiousto their vndiscerning iudgements. But in all this, they haue got no reuerence, no respect at all. Thus *Religion* without *Nature* (in men meerely naturall) begets a certaine forme of awfull regard : but to them, 'tis like a tyrannicall *Prince*, whom the people obey more for feare of an austere rebuke, then for any true affection they beare to his person. Now *Nature* without *Religion*, oft wins loue: and this is like a Master too familiar with his seruant, that in the beginning gaines loue, but shall in the end finde contempt : and his toleration will be made an allowance of ill. Both together are rare for qualification. *Nature* hath in her selfe treasure enough to please a man ; *Religion* a Christian : the last begets feare, the other loue, together, admiration, *reuerence*. I will like, I will loue them single ; but conioyn'd, I will affect and honour.



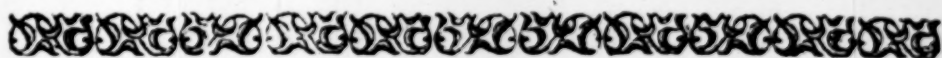
## IIII.

*Of Lyes and Vntruths.*

**I** Finde, to him that the tale is told, beliefe onely makes the difference betwixt a *truth*, and *lies*: for a *lye* beleeued, is true: and *truth* vncredited, a *lye*; vnlesse he can carry his probation in's pocket, or more readily at his tongues end: for as he that tels a smooth *lye*, is iudged to speake *truth*, till some step forth to contradict his vtterance: so hee that tels an vnlikely *truth*, is thought to broach a *lye*, vnlesse he can produce conuincing reason to proue it; onely the guilt, or iustice of the thing rests in the knowing conscience of the Relator. In the hearer I cannot account it a fault: 'tis easie to be deceiued, in miracles, in probabilities: albeit the iudgement that passeth on them, bee both honest, wise, apprehensiue, and cleere. In the teller, iustly; if it be a *lye*, there needs no text to confute it; if it seeme so, and he cannot purge it, discretion were better silent. I will tell no *lies*, lest I be false to my selfe: no *improbable truths*, lest I seeme so to others: If I heare any man report wonders, what I know, I may haply speake; what I but thinke, shall rest with my selfe; I may as well bee too *suspicious*, as ouer-credulous.

Three





## V.

*Three things aggrauate a Miserie.*

**T**Hree things are there which aggrauate a miserie, and make an euill seeme greater then indeed it is. *Inexpectation, Vnacquaintance, want of Preparation.* *Inexpectation*, when a mishap comes suddenly, and vnlooked for: it distracteth the mind, and scarres both the faculties and affections from their due consultation of remedy: whereas an euill foreseene is halfe cured, because it giueth warning to prouide for danger. Thus the falling of a *house* is more perillous then the rising of a *floud*: for, while of the former, the hurt is more vnauoidable, by reason both of the violence, and precipitation: The latter, through the remissenesse of comming, is lesse dangerous, lesse preiudiciall; there being time either to auoyd the place, or to countermeure. If this suffice not: thinke but how odious treason would shew in a deare *friend*, from whom we onely expected the sweete embraces of *loue*: the conceit onely is able to kill, like a mad Dogg's biting, that not onely wounds the body, but insaniates the soule. Secondly, *Vnacquaintance.* *Familiaritie takes away feare*, when matters not vsuall, proue inductions to terror. The first time the *Fox* saw the *Lion*, he feared him as death: the second, hee feared him, but not so much: the third time he grew more bold, and passed by him without

without quaking. The Imbellicke peasant, when hee comes first to the field, shakes at the report of a *Musket* : but after he hath rang'd thorow the fury of two or three *Battels*, hee then can fearelesse stand a breach; and dares vndaunted gaze Death in the face. Thirdly, *want of preparation*. When the *Enemie* besiegeth a *Citie*, not prepared for Warre, there is small hope of euasion, none at all to conquer, none to ouercome. How much more hard is the winter to the *Grashopper*, then the *Pismire*, who before, hauing stor'd her Garner, is now able to withstand a famine? Lest then, I make my *death* seeme more terrible to me, then indeed it is; I will first daily *expect* it : that when it comes, I may not be to seeke to entertaine it : if not with ioy, as being but flesh : yet without sorrow, as hauing a soule. 2. I will labour to bee *acquainted* with it, often before it come, thinking it may come : so when I know it better, I shall better sustaine it: with lesse feare, without terrour. 3. I will *prepare* for it, by casting vp my accounts with *God*, that al things euen and streight betwixt vs, whensoever hee shall please to call for me, I may as willingly lay downe my life, as leaue a prison. Thus shall I make my death lesse dreadfull, and finish my life before I die. *He that dyes daily, seldome dyes dejectedly.*



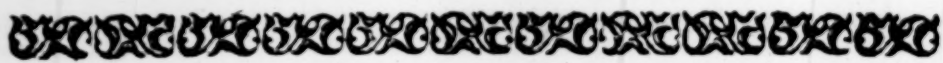


## VI.

*Of Good and Bad Ends.*

**A** Good *beginning* hanc I often seene conclude *ill*. Sin in the bud is faire, sweet, pleasing : but the fruit is death, horror, *hell*. Something will I respect in my *way*, most in my *Conclusion* : in the one, to prevent all wilfull errors ; in the other, to insure a *Crowne*. For as Iudgement hath relation to the manner of dying, so hath Death dependance on the course of liuing. Yet the good end hath no bad beginning ; it once had. A good consequence makes the premises so esteemed of, and a sweet rellish at the leauing off, makes the draught delightfull, that at the first did taste vnpleasant. That is well that ends well: and better is a bad beginning that concludes well, then a prosperous onser that ends in complaint. What if my *beginning* hath been ill : sorrowes ouer-blowne, are pleasant ; that which hath beene hard to suffer, is sweet to remember. *I will not much care what my beginning bee, so my end be happy*. If my Sunne set in the new *Ierusalem*, I haue liu'd well, how-euer afflictions haue sometimes clouded my course.

*Extreme*



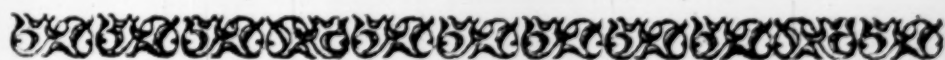
## VII.

*Extreme Longings seldome seene to succede well.*

**E***x*tr<sup>e</sup>m<sup>e</sup> longings in a Christian, I seldome see succeed well: surely *God* meanes to temper his, as hee would not haue their affections *violent*, in the search of a temporall blessing: or else hee knowes our frailetie such, as wee would bee more taken with the *fruition* of a benefit, then the *Author*. *Prosperities are strong pleaders for sinne: Troubles bee the surest Tutors of goodnesse.* How many would haue died ill, if they had liu'd merrily? *God* hath seuerall waies to reduce *his* to his owne orders; among which, I am perswaded, none is more powerfull, then *restraint of our wills*. It sends the soule to meditation, whereby shee sees the worlds follies in such true colours of vanitie, that no sound discretion can thinke them worth the doting on: and though our discontentments so transport vs, as we see not the good wee reape by a *Deprivation*: yet sure wee are happier by this want: for we are like women with Child, if we had the things we long for, how soone should wee eate and surfet? When *nature* findes her ardent desires fulfilled, shee is rauenous, and greedy, yea then shee hath so little moderation, as 'tis not safe to satisfie her. If I can, I will neuer extremely couet: so though I meete with a *Crosse*, it shall neither distemper nor distract mee: but if my desires out-strip my intention, I will



will comfort my selfe with this, that the enioyment might haue added to my content, and endangered my soule: but the want shall in the end bee a meanes to embetter them both. *Gods Saints* shall with ioy subscribe to his will: though heere for a time it may seeme to thwart them.

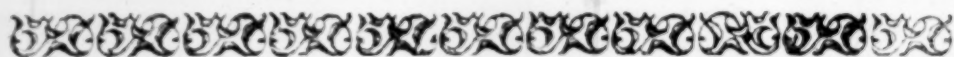


## VIII.

*Of Silence. Of Babbling.*

**A** Worthy A& hath hee done, that hath learned to refraine his *tongue*: and surely much euill hath he preuented, if hee knowes when to be well *silent*. Vnkindnesses breed not so many Iarres, as the *multiplying of words* that follow them. How soone would these coales dye, if the *tongue* did not enkindle them? *Repentance* often followes *speaking*; *silence* either seldome, or *neuer*: for while our words are many, *sinne* is in some, in most. Goe to the *Crane*, thou *Babbler*, reade her storie, and let her informe thee: who flying out of *Sicily*, puts little stones in her mouth, lest by her owne garrulity she bewray her selfe as a prey to the *Eagles* of the mountaine *Taurus*: which, with this policie, she flies ouer in safety: euen silence euery where is a safe safeguard: If by it I offend, I am sure I offend without a *witnesse*: while an vnruely *tongue* may procure my ruine, and proue as a sword to cut the thrid of my life in two: 'tis good alwayes to speake well, and in season: and is it not as  
safe

safe sometimes to say nothing? hee that speakes little, may mend it soone: and though he speakes most faults, yet he exceeds not: for his wordes were few. To speak too much, bewrayes *folly*; too little, an vnperceiuing *stupiditie*: I will so speake, as I may be free from babbling *Garrulitie*: so be silent, as my Spectators may not account me blockishly *dull*. *Silence* and *speech* are both as they are vfed, either tokens of *Indiscretion*, or badges of *Wisdom*.



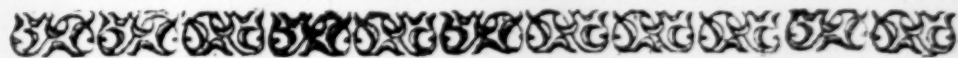
## IX.

*Of Prayer.*

**T**Is a hard thing among men of inferiour ranke, to speake to an earthly *Prince*: no *King* keepes a *Court* so open, as to giue admittance to all comers: and though they haue, they are not sure to *speed*; albeit there bee nothing that should make their petitions not grantable. Oh how happy, how priuiledged is then a *Christian*? who though he often liues heere in a slight esteeme, yet can he freely conferre with the *King of Heauen*, who not onely heares his intreaties, but delights in his requests, inuites him to come, and promiseth a happy *welcome*; which he shewes in fulfilling his desires, or better, fitter for him. In respect of whom, the greatest *Monarch* is more base, then the basest vassaile in regard of the most mighty and puissant *Emperour*. Man cannot so much exceed a beast,  
as



as *God* doth him : what if I be not knowne to the *Nimrods* of the world, and the Peeres of the earth? I can speake to their better, to their *Master* ; and by *prayer* be familiar with him : importunity does not anger him ; neither can any thing but our sins make vs goe away *empty* ; while the game is playing, there is much difference between the *King* and the *Pawne* : that once ended, they are both shuffled into the bag : and who can say whether was most happy, saue onely the *King* had many *checks*, while the *Pawne* was free, and *secure* ? My comfort is, my accessse to heauen is as free as the Princes : my departure from earth not so grievous : for while the world smiles on him, I am sure I haue lesse reason to loue it then hee. *Gods* fauour I will chiefly seeke for ; *mans*, but as it fals in the way to it : when it prooues a hinderance, I hate to be loued.



## X.

*A Vertuous Man is a Wonder.*

**T**He *vertuous* man is a true wonder : for it is not from himselfe, that he is so. But that I see so many wicked, I maruell not. 'Tis easier running downe the hill, then climbing it. They that are this way giuen, haue much the aduantage of them that follow *goodnesse*. Besides those inclinations that sway the soule to vice, the way is broader, more ready : he that walkes thorow a large field, hath

hath only a narrow path to guide him in the right way : but on either side, what a wide roome hee hath to wander in? Euery *vertue* hath two vices, that cloze her vp in curious limits : and if shee swerues, though but a little, she suddenly steps into errour. *Fortitude* hath *Feare* and *Rashnesse* : *Liberality*, *Auarice* and *Prodigality* : *Iustice* hath *Rigor* and *Partiality*. Thus euery good mistresse hath two bad seruants : which hath made some to define *vertue* to be nothing but *a meane betweene two vices*, whercof one leades to *excesse*, the other to *defect* : making her like the roose of a Church, on whose top, we scarce finde roome to turne a foot in : but on either side a broad road to ruine : in which, if we once be falling, our *stay* is rare, our *reconerie* a miracle. The man that is *rare* in vice, I will neuer admire : if hee goes but as hee is driuen, hee may soone bee witty in euill : but the *good man* I will worthily magnifie : hee it is can saile against the wind, make the thorny way pleasant, and vnintangle the incumbrances of the *World*.



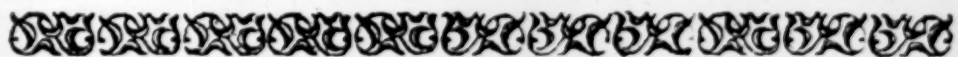
## XI.

*Of Veniall Sinnes.*

**W**Hat sinne is there, that we may account or *little*, or *veniall*, vnlesse comparatiuely ; seeing there is none so small, but that (without repentance) is able to sinke the soule in eternall *Damnation* ? Who will thinke That a slight wound, which



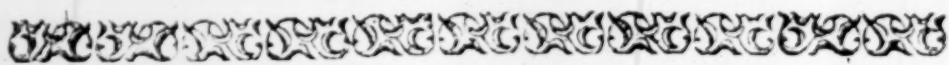
which giues a sudden inlet to *Death*? But should wee grant this errour, yet these of all other, I obserue the most dangerous, both for their *frequencie* and *secrecie*; the one increasing them to a large heape, the other so couering them, as wee see not how they wrong vs. The *raine* that falls in smallest drops, moistens the earth, makes it mire, slimy, and durty: whereas a hard showre, that descends violently, washes away, but soakes not in. Euen the *smallest letters* are more hurtfull to the sight, then those that are written with a text pen. *Great* sinnes, and *publike*, I will auoid for their *scandall* and *wonder*: *lesser* and *priuate*, for their *danger* and *multitude*: both, because my *God* hates them. I cannot, if I loue him, but abhorre what hee *loathes*.



XII.

*Of Memorie and Forgetfulnesse.*

**M***emorie* and *Forgetfulnesse*, are both in friendship necessary. Let me *remember* those kindneses my friend hath done to mee, that I may see his loue, and learne gratitude. Let me *forget* those benefits I haue performed to him, lest they shuffle out the effect of my loue, and tell me, hee is requited. Thus may we together increase our friendship and comforts: otherwise, a man may haue many acquaintances, but no *friends*; though vnthankfulnesse banisheth loue, *Gratitude* obtaines a *repeale*.



## XIII.

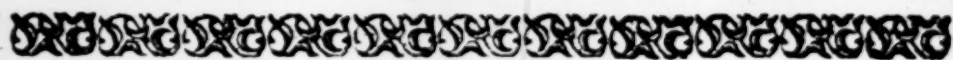
*A Christians Valour and True Fidelity.*

**I** Obferue, befides the inward contents of a peaceable *conscience*, two things, wherein a *Christian* excels all other men. In true *Valour* : In *Fidelity*. In true *Valour* ; that is , in a *iust quarrell* : for if his caufe be naught, there is none more timorous then he ; and indeed to fhew much Courage , in a bad matter, is rather a token of a desperate folly, then any badge of a *magnanimous* minde ; but in a *iust caufe*, he is bold as a *Lion*. Nothing can daunt his euer-vndaunted minde. Not *Infamy* ; for he knowes in this, his fhare is not worfe then his *Masters* ; and while it is for his Names fake, he knowes he is in it, *blessed*. If there be any *Nectar* in this life, 'tis in forrowes we indure for goodneffe. Befides, hee weighes not how he falls to the world and men ; fo he may ftand firme to his heauenly *Father*. That *God* we fight for, is able enough to vindicate all our wrongs. Not *afflictions* ; how many did *Iob*, and the *Apostles* wade thorow with *Courage*, with *Content* ? Thefe he knowes are here but for a time, tranfient, and momentany ; neither fhall the *Ifraelites* liue alwayes vnder the tyranny of *Pharaoh*, or the trauels of the *Wilderneffe* : He knowes alfo, the more abundant in forrowes heere, the more abundant in ioyes hereafter ; His teares fhall returne in fmiles, his weepings in a ftream of pleasures. *God* doth



doth not recompence with a niggardly hand; he shall finde his ioyes as an ouerflowing Sea; and his glory beyond thought, exuberant. Not *Death*; for he knowes, That will be his happiest day, and his *Bridge*, from *woe*, to *glory*. Though it bee the wicked mans *shipwracke*, 'tis the good mans putting into *harbour*: where striking *Sayles*, and casting *Anchor*, he returnes his lading with aduantage, to the Owner; that is, his soule to *God*; leaving the bulke still mored in the *Hauen*; who is vnrigg'd, but onely to be new built againe, and fitted for an eternall voyage. Had not *Christians* had this solace; how should the *Martyrs* haue dyed so merrily, leaping for ioy, that they were so neere their home, and their heauen; dying often like *Samson* among his enemies, more victory attending their end, then proceedings? Ah peerelesse *Valiance*! vnconquerable *Fortitude*! Secondly, in *Fidelity*. There is no friendship like the friendship of *Faith*. *Nature*, *Education*, *Benefits*, cannot altogether tye so strong as this. *Christianitie* knits more sure, more indissoluble. This makes a knot that *Alexander* cannot cut. For as grace in her selfe is farre aboue *nature*, so likewise is she, in her effects: and therefore vnites, in a farre more durable bond. And a *Christian*, though he would resolue with himselfe, to deale double; yet if he be sincere, in spight of his resolution, his conscience will rate him, checke him, and deny him to doe it; nay, though he would, hee cannot resolue. He that is borne of *God*, sinnes not; and the Spirit of Sanctification will not let him resolue vpon ill. This is that *Fidelity* that we

finde, and admire in many, that haue chosen rather to embrace the flame, and dye in silence, then to reueale their Companions, and Brethren in *Christ*. Tyrants will sooner want inuention for torments, then they with tortures bee made trecherous. The *League* that heauen hath made, hell wants power to breake. Who can separate the coniuncti-  
ons of the *Deitie*? Againe, as well in reproofe, as in kindnesse, doth his *loue* appeare. For howsoeuer he conceales his friends faults, from the eye of the world; yet he affectionately tels him of them, in priuate: not without some sorrow on his owne part, for his brothers fall. *He scornes to be so base as to flatter: and hee hates to be so currish as to bite*. In his reprehensions, he mingles *Oyle* and *Vineger*: he is in them, plaine, and louing. *Inniolable amitie! In-  
uuable loue!* Heere is met *Courage* and *Constancy*; one to withstand an *Enemy*, another to entertaine a *Friend*. Giue me any *Foe*, rather then a *resolved Christian*: no friend, vnlesse a man *truely honest*. *A father is a ready treasury; a brother an infallible comfort; but a friend is both.*



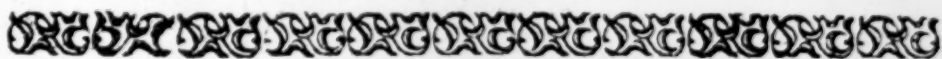
## XIII.

*In Losses what to looke to.*

**I** Will in all *losses*, looke both to what I haue *lost*, and to what I haue *left*. To what I haue *lost*: that if it may be, and be good, I may recouer it: if not, that I may know what I haue forgone. To what I haue



haue *left*: that if it be much, I may bee thankfull, that I *lost* no more, hauing so much, that I might haue beene depriued of: if little, that I may not repine; because I haue yet something: if nothing but my life, that I may then be glad: because that will be the next thing I shall lose. Which whensoever it happens, will with double ioy recompence all the rest. Gods presence is abundant plenty: hauing that, I know nor *want*, nor *losse*, nor *admission of ill*.



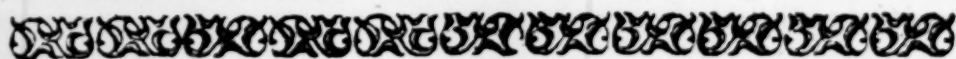
## XV.

*How to establish a troubled Government.*

**A** Man that would establish a troubled Government, must first *vanquish* all his foes. *Factionous heads*, must be higher by a Pole then their bodies. For how will the *Folds* be quiet, while yet among them there be some *Wolues*? Hee that would rule ouer many, must fight with many, and conquer: and be sure, either to cut off those that raise vp *tumults*: or by a Maiesticke awe, to keepe them in a strict subiection. *Slacknesse*, and *conniueance*, are the ruines of vnsettled *Kingdomes*. My *passions* and *affections* are the chiefe disturbers of my *Ciwill State*: What peace can I expect within mee, while these *Rebels* rest vnouercome? If they get a head, my *Kingdome* is diuided, so it cannot *stand*. *Separations* are the wounds of a *Crowne*; whereby (neglected) it will *bleed* to death. Them will I striue to subdue.

## RESOLVES.

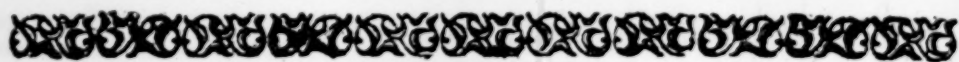
If I cut them not off, I will yet reſtraine them. 'Tis no cruelty to deny a Traytor liberty. I will haue them be my *Subiects*, not my *Prince*: they ſhall ſerue me, and I will ſway them. If it cannot be without much ſtriuing; I am content with a hard combate, that I may haue a happy raigne. 'Tis better I endure a ſhort ſkirmiſh, then a long ſiege: hauing once wonne the field, I will hope to keepe it.



## XVI.

*Death is the beginning of a Godly Mans Ioy.*

**D**eath to a righteous man, whether it commeth ſoone or late, is the beginning of ioy, and the end of ſorrow. I will not much care, whether my life be *long* or *ſhort*. If *ſhort*; the fewer my dayes be, the leſſe ſhall bee my miſery, the ſooner ſhall I be happy. But if my yeeres be *many*, that my head waxe gray, euen the long expectation of my happineſſe, ſhall make my ioy more welcome.



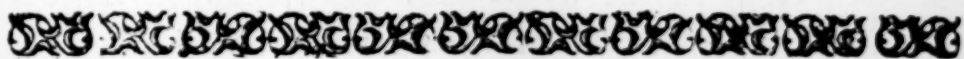
## XVII.

*Of doing Good with Labour, and Euill  
with Pleaſure.*

**T**Was anciently ſaid, That whatſoeuer good worke a man doth with *labour*, the *labour* vaniſheth, but the *good* remaines with him that wrought



wrought it. And whatsoeuer *euill* thing hee doth with *pleasure*, the *pleasure* flyes, but the *euill* still resteth with the Actor of it: goodnesse making *labour* sweet; euill turning *pleasure* to a burthen. I will not care how laborious, but how *honest*, not how pleasurable, but how good my actions bee. If it could be, let me be good without pleasure; rather then lewd with much ioy. For though my good be at first tedious; I am sure in time it will yeeld me *content*: whereas the euill that now is delightfull, cannot but proue a *woe* to my soule. The sweetest liquor is not alwayes the most wholsome. The *Lymon* is more tart, yet excelleth the *Orange* that delighteth the taste: Poyson may a while seeme pleasant, and a weake stomacke thinke a Cordiall fulsome.



## XVIII.

*Of being the Worlds Favorite without  
Grace.*

**W**Hat if I were the Worlds chiefeſt *Fauo-rite*? endowed with the chiefeſt ornaments her Treasurie could afford me, *adorned* with beauty, *imbelliſht* with a faire proportion, in policie *ſub-till*, in alliance *great*, in reuenue *large*, in knowledge *rich*, famed with *honour*, and honoured with attendants; and to all theſe, had adioyned the prolonged yeeres of *Methuſelah*, yet if I wanted *grace*, they would all turne to my greater diſgrace and

confusion. Good parts imployed ill, are weapons, that being meant for our owne defence, we madly turne their edges, and *wound* our selues: they might make mee faire in show, but in substance more polluted: they would bee but as a saddle of gold to the backe of a gall'd Horse; adorne mee they might, better me they could not. *Grace* onely can make a man *truly happy*: what she affordeth, can content sufficiently, and with ease furnish the vast roomes of the mind: without her, all are nothing: with her, euen the smallest is true *sufficiecie*: how fully can shee bee rich in the penurie of these outward Royalties? something indeed they adde to her *ornament*, but 'tis from *her* that they assume their *goodnesse*. For though *Heauen* hath made them so in their owne nature, yet it is from her that they proue so to me. Doe we not oftner finde them lights, to *blinde* vs, then to *direct* vs? I will neuer thinke my selfe neerer *Heauen*, for hauing so much of *Earth*. A weake house with a heauie rooffe is in most danger. He that gets *Heauen*, hath plenty enough, though the *Earth* scornes to allow him any thing: he that failes of *that*, is truly-miserable, though shee giues him all shee hath. *Heauen*, without *Earth*, is perfect: *Earth* without *Heauen*, is but a little more cheerefully *hell*. Who haue beene more splendent in these externall flourishes, then *Heathen*? but in the other, 'tis the *Christian* onely can challenge a *felicitie*. Hauing these, I might win *applause* with *men*; but the other wanting, I shall neuer gaine *approbation* with *God*. And what will all their allowance auaille, when



when the *Earths* Creator shall Iudge and Condemne? 'Tis a poore reliefe in *Miserie*, to bee onely thought well of by those that cannot helpe mee.

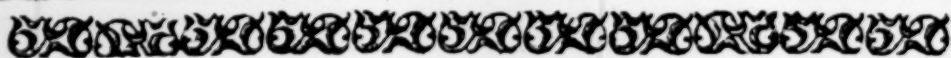


## XIX.

*Humanitie and Miserie, are Paralells.*

IS not a man borne to *trouble*, as the sparkes flye upward? is not his time *short*, and *miserable*, his dayes *few* and *euill*? What madnesse then were it in me, to hope for a freedome from *sorrows*, or to thinke my selfe exempt from the common appointment of the most *High*? It hath beene censured as *phrensie*, to vndertake to expell *nature*; what shall I thinke it, to hope to frustrate the designement of the *Lord* of *Nature*? *Humanity* and *Misery*, are alwaies *paralels*: sometimes *indiuiduals*: and therefore when wee would put *Sorrow* in an *Embleme*, we paint him in a *Man*. If I haue but few *Crosses*, I will truly then account my selfe fauoured: if I haue *many*, and be sometimes free; Ile thinke I escape well, being so vntoward. If I haue *nothing* but troubles, yet may I not complaine: because my *sinne* hath deseru'd *more* then heere I can be able to suffer. Had I but a beeing, though full of woe, yet were I beholding to God for it. His very least, and meanest *gift*, exceedeth much, euen all, my best *desert*. I doe infinitely want, how to merit a *permission* to liue.

of



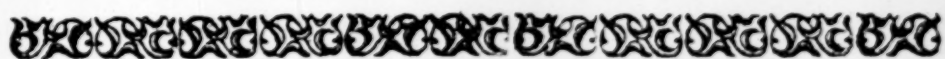
## XX.

*Of Reputation : Or, A good Name.*

**T**O haue euery man speake *well* of mee, is impossible : because howsoever I carry my selfe, some *Cynicke* will barke at my course. Who can scape the lash of *Censure* ? If I should be *vicious* and *profuse*, I should be loued of *some* ; but not the *best*, not the *good*. If I should, *Camelion*-like, change my selfe to euery *object*, if I were not extraordinary wearie, I might soone counterfet some mans humour false, and that would bane my *drift*. For both to *Virtue* and to *Vice*, is *Flatterie* a false *Glasse*, making the one seeme *greater*, the other *lesse* then it is : and if it lights on a noble *discretion*, it is euer so vnhappy, as to beget the *ruine* of it selfe. But imagine I could doe it with such exactnesse, that euen the eye of *Lyncaus* could not espy it : yet when one should commend me for one thing, and another for the contrarie ; what would the *World* thinke of mee, that could thus in one, bee *hot* and *cold* ? Should I not be censured as a *Tymorist* ? Yes surely, and that *iustly* : neither could it but bee iust with *God*, at last to vnmaske my *Flatterie*, and vnrippe my *folly*, in the view of the *multitude*. *Private sinnes* are punished with a *publike shame*. A supposed *honest man* found *lewd*, is hated as a growne *Monster*, discovered by the blabbe of *Time*. Sinne is a concealed *fire*, that euen in *darknesse* will so worke, as to bewray it selfe. If I liue *vertuously* and with *pie-*  
*tie,*



tie, the *World* will hate mee, as a *Separatist*: and my *Reputation*, will be traduced by the Ignominious asperſion of *malevolent tongues*. To bee good, is now thought too neere away to *contempt*: That which the *Ancients* admired, we laugh at. A good *honest man* is a *foole*. What then? ſhall I, to pleaſe a *man*, diſpleaſe a *Chriſtian*? I had rather liue *hated* for *Goodneſſe*, then be *loued* for *vice*. He does better that pleaſeth one *good man*, then hee that contents a thouſand *bad ones*. I would, if it could bee, pleaſe *all*: yet I would winne their loues with *honesty*: otherwiſe, let their *hate* wound me, rather then their *loue* embrace. What care I for his friendſhip that affects not *vertue*? hauing his *hate*, hee may hurt me outwardly: but enioying his *loue*, I will iuſtly ſuſpect my ſoule of ſome ill. For if his *affection* be toward me, 'tis ſure becauſe hee ſees ſomething in me that pleaſeth himſelfe: but while he ſees euery thing *vnlike* him; how is't poſſible I ſhould be *beloued* of him? ſince *diuerſities breed nothing but diſ-union*: and *sweet Congruity is the Mother of Loue*.

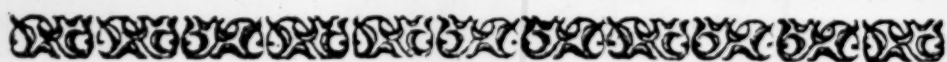


## XXI.

*Sinne brings Sorrow.*

**V**Ho admires not the Wiſdome of *Demoſthenes*, in the anſwer he returned to *Corinthian*, *Lais*? [*Pœnitere tanti non emo.*] Certainly, had he not knowne it from a ſelfe-experience, 'tis not poſſible

possible a *Heathen* should haue spoke so *diuinely*. All our *dishonest actions*, are but *earnests* laid downe for *griefe*. *Vice* is an infallible forerunner of wretchednesse. Let the *Worldling* tell me, if he findes it not true, that all his vnwarrantable *aberrations*, wherein he hath dilatedly tumbled himselfe, end at last, either in *anguish* or *confusion*; Sinne on the best condition brings *repentance*: but for *sinne* without *repentance*, is prouided *Hell*. 'Tis not folly, but madnesse, euen the *highest*, that makes a man buy his vexation. I will force my selfe to want that willingly, which I cannot enioy without future distaste. Though the *Waspe* falls into the *honey*, that after drownes her: yet the *Bee* chuseth rather to goe to the *Flowre* in the field, where she may lade her thighs securely, and with leasure, than to come to the shop of the *Apothecarie*, where shee gets more, but makes her life hazzardable.



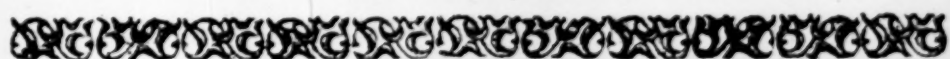
## XXII.

*Of Workes without Faith, and of Faith  
without Workes.*

**W**orkes without *Faith*, are like a *Salamander* without *fire*, or a *Fish* without *water*: In which, though there may seeme to be some quick actions of *life*, and symptomes of *agilitie*: yet they are indeed, but fore-runners of their *end*, and the very presages of *Death*. *Faith* againe without *Works*, is like a *Bird* without *wings*: who, though she may hoppe



hoppe with her companions here vpon *earth*; yet if she liue till the world ends, shee'l neuer fly to *heauen*. But when both are ioyn'd together, then doth the *soule* mount vpto the *Hill* of eternall *Rest*: these can brauely raise her to her first *height*: yea carry her beyond it; taking away both the *will* that *did* betray her, and the *possibilitie* that *might*. The *former* without the *latter*, is *selfe-coozenage*; the *last* without the *former*, is meere *hypocrisie*: together, the excellencie of *Religion*. *Faith* is the *Rocke*, while euery good action is as a *stone* laid; one the *Foundation*, the other the *Structure*. The *Foundation* without the *walls*, is of slender value: the *building* without a *Basis*, cannot stand. They are so inseparable, as their coniunction makes them good. Chiefly will I labour for a sure *Foundation*, *Sauing Faith*; and equally I will seeke for strong *Walls*, *Good Workes*. For as man iudgeth the *house* by the *edifice*, more then by the *foundation*: so, not according to his *Faith*, but according to his *Workes*, shall God iudge *Man*.



## XXIII.

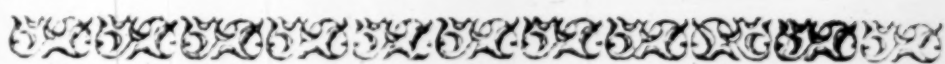
*A rare thing to see a Rich Man Religious.*

**T**Is a rare thing to see a rich man *religious*; we are told, that his *way* is difficult: and not many *mighty* are chosen. For while the *earth* allowes them such *ioyes*, 'tis their *Heauen*; and they looke for no other: Their *pleasures* are sufficient vnto them,

them, both for *honour*, *solace* and *wealth*: who wonders to see them carelesse of the *better*, when they dote vpon the *worse*? neither the *minde*, nor *affecti-  
on* can be seriously diuided at once. Againe, euen low *Commons* whom they thinke meanelly of, are *higher* often in *vertues* of the *minde*; are *dearer* vn-  
to *God* then they: and shall sit in *heauen* aboue them. Are there not many *seruants*, that in their life time haue borne the burthen, now crowned with vn-  
ending *Ioyes*, while their *Masters* are either in a lower degree *glorious*, or excluded that *cælestiall so-  
ciety*? I dare make it a part of my *faith*, yet auouch my selfe no *Hereticke*. Euen in the meanest things, *God* shewes his mighty *power*: *Impossibilities* are the best aduancers of his *Glory*. For what we *least* be-  
leeue can be *done*, we most admire, being *done*. Yet in this obserue the *mercy* of *God*, that though the *Worldling* hath not *pietie* in his thoughts, yet *God* giues him all these *good things* that he hath no right to: albeit by his owne *ill*, he, like *enuy*, extracts *e-  
uill* out of *good*: so they proue in the end, nothing but *paper pillers*, and *painted fruit*. Let all men blesse *God* for what they enioy: they that haue wealth, for their *riches*: I will praise him that he hath kept them from *me*. I haue now what is good for mee: and when my time comes, my *ioy* shall abound.

What





## XXIII.

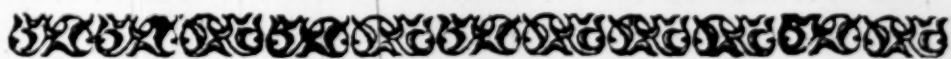
*What a Vertuous Man is like, in the Puritie  
of a Righteous Life.*

**A** *Vertuous Man*, shining in the puritie of a *righteous life*, is a *Light-house* set by the *Sea-side*, whereby the *Mariners* both saile aright, and auoid danger: But he that liues in noted *sinnes*, is a false *Lanthorne*, which shipwrackes those that trust him. The *vertuous man* by his good carriage winnes more to *godlinesse*, and is the occasion of much good, yea it may be, so long as the *Moone* renews: For his *righteousnesse* dyes not with him: those good *examples* which he liued in, and those pious *workes* which he leaues behind him, are imitated and followed of *others*, both remaining and succeeding. So they are conueyed from one *generation* to another: and *hee*, next *God*, is a primary cause of a great deale of the *good* they atchieue. So wee cannot but grant, that while here his *memory* weares out, his *Glory* in a better *World* augments daily: either by his *good presidents*, his *pious institutions*, his *charitable deeds*, or his *godly workes*; each of which, with *Gods blessing*, are able to kindle some heat in the cold zeale of posteritie. *Examples* are the best and most lasting *lectures*; *vertue* the best *example*. Happy man that hath done these things in *sinceritie*: Time shall not out-lie his worth: he liues truly after death, whose *pious actions* are his  
pillars

*pillars* of remembrance: though his flesh moulders to drosse in the graue, yet is his happinesse in a perpetuall growth: no day but addes some *graines* to his *heape* of *glory*. *Good workes* are *seedes*, that after *sowing* returne vs a continuall *haruest*. A man liues more renowned by some glorious deeds, then euer did that *Carian*, by his *Mausolean monument*. On the contrary, what a wofull course hath he runne, that hath *liued* lewdly, and *dyes* without repentance: his example infects others, and they spread it abroad to more: like a man that dyes on the *Plague*, hee leaues the infection to a whole *Citie*: so that euen the sinnes of thousands, he must giue an account for. What can we thinke of such as haue beene the inuentors of vnlawfull *Games* and *callings* that are now in vse? sure they haue much to answer for, that thus haue occasioned so much ill: yea better had it beene they had not *beene* at all, then *being*, to be loaden with the sinne of so many. Miserable man! that when thy owne burthen is insupportable, thou yet caushest others to adde to thy weight; as if thou wouldest be sure desperately to make thy *rising* irrecoverable: are the *waters* of thy owne sinnes so low, that thou must haue *streames* from euery place, to runne into thy *Ocean*? Who can without a showre of *teares*, thinke on thy deplorable state; or without *mourning*, meditate thy sad condition? Oh! Let me so liue, as my life may be *beneficiall*, not hurtfull to other. Let my *glory* increase, when my *life* is done: I am sure, *satiety* in *Heauen* is not capable of either *complaint* or *discontent*: but as for spoyling others



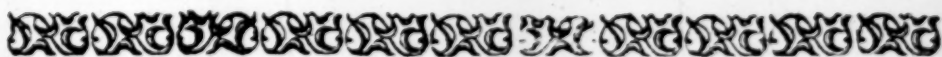
thers by my owne *confusion*, *sinne*, I should thinke *Death* a faire *preuention*. I loue not that *life* which makes *death* eternall. I haue sinne enough of mine owne, to sigh, and sorrow, and mourne for: I need not make *others* mine by my owne bad actions. A little of this is too much; yea, hee hath enough that hath none; he hath too much, that hath any at all.



XXV.

*Of being Proud, by being Commended.*

**H**EE deserues not *commendation*, that for being *commended* growes *proud*: euery good thing a good man speakes of me, shall, like the blast of a *Trumpet* in warre, incite and encourage mee, to a closer pursuit of more nobler *vertue*: not like *Bucephalus* trappings, blow me vp in a higher conceit of ouerprizing my owne weaknesse: So while some speake well, let my deeds exceed their tongue. I had rather men should see more then they expect, then looke for more then they shall finde.



XXVI.

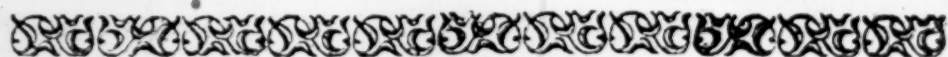
*Of Secresie in Proiecting ought.*

**W**HEN a man hath the *project* of a course in his minde, 'tis good wisdom to resolve of *secresie*, till the time his intent be fulfilled: neither

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can

can he chuse but be foolish, that *brags* much, either of what hee *will doe*, or what he *shall haue*: For if what he speakes of, falls not out accordingly, then will the world *mocke* him with *derision* and *scorne*: and oftentimes his *liberall tongue*, may be an occasion of some ones sudden intercepting his *aime*: divulged intentions seldome proceed well: multitudes make a iarre in businesse; their opinions or *Councels* either distract *Iudgement*, or diuert *resolution*: But howsoeuer, if what we boasted of cometh to passe, yet shall we be reputed *vaine-glorious, boasters, vnwise*. *Braggers* lift vp *expectation* so high, that shee ouerthinks the birth: and many times the *childe* which indeed is *faire*, we thinke not so, because we were possesst with hopes of finding it *rare*. *Secresie* is a necessary part of *policie*: things *untold*, are yet *undone*: then to say nothing, there is not a lesse labour. I obserue, the *Fig-tree* whose *fruit* is most pleasant, *bloomes* not at all: whereas the *Sallow* that hath glorious *palmes*, is continually found *barren*. I would *first* be so wise, as to be my owne *Councillor: next*, so secret, as to be my owne *Councill-keeper*.



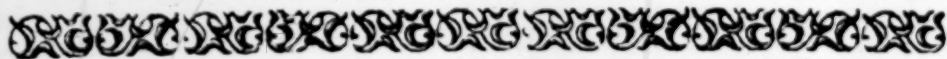
## XXVII.

## A Rule in reading Authors.

SOME men reade *Authors* as our *Gentlemen* vse *Flowres*, onely for delight and smell, to please their *fancie*, and refine their *tongue*. Others like the  
Bee,



*Bee*, extract onely the *honey*, the *wholesome precepts*, and this alone they beare away, leauing the rest, as little worth, of small value. In reading I will care for *both*, though for the *last, most*: the one serues to instruct the minde; the other fits her to tell what she hath learned: pittie it is, they should be diuided: he that hath worth in him, and cannot expresse it, is a *chest* keeping a rich *lewell*, and the *key* lost. Concealing goodnesse, is *vice*; *Vertue* is better by being communicated. A good *stile*, with *wholesome matter*, is a *faire woman* with a *vertuous soule*, which attracts the eyes of *all*; The *good man* thinkes chastly, and loues her *beauty* for her *vertue*; which he still thinkes more *faire*, for dwelling in so *faire* an out-side. The *vicious man* hath lustfull thoughts; and he would for her *beauty* faine destroy her *vertue*: but comming to sollicite his purpose, findes such *Diuine Lectures* from her *Angels* tongue, and those deliuer'd with so sweet a pleasing *modesty*, that he thinkes *vertue* is dissecting her *soule* to him, to rauish man with a *beauty* which he dream'd not of. So he could now curse himselfe for *desiring that* lewdly, which he hath learn'd since onely to *admire* and *reuerence*: Thus he goes away *better*, that came with an intent to be *worse*. Quaint Phrases on a good subiect, are *baits* to make an *ill* man *vertuous*: how many *vile* men seeking *these*, haue found themselves *Conuertites*? I may *refine* my speech without harme: but I will indeuour more to *reforme* my life. 'Tis a good grace both of *Oratory*, or the *Penne*, to speake or write proper: but that is the best worke, where the *Graces* and the *Muses* meet.



## XXVIII.

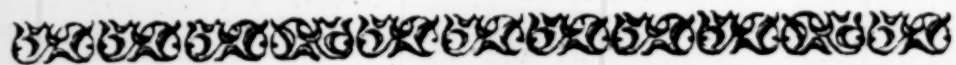
*A Christian compared in a three-fold  
condition to the Moone.*

**W**E see in the *Moone* a threefold condition; her *Wane*, her *Increase*, her *Full*: all which lively seeresembled in a *Christian*, three causes working them: *Sinne*, *Repentance*, *Faith*. *Sinne*; which after the *Act*, when hee once considers, it makes him like the *Moone* in her *Wane*, or state of *Decrement*, obscuring, and diminishing that glorious light of the *Spirit*, which whilome shined so brightly in him: nay, sometimes as the *Moone* in her latest state of *Diminution*, hee seemes quite gone, resting for a time like a *man* in a trance, like a *tree* in Winter, or as *fire* buried in concealing *Embers*, without either *sence*, or *shew*, of either *light* or *heat*. But then comes *Repentance*, and casts water in his face, bedewes him with teares, rubbes vp his benumbed soule; that there is to bee seene some tokens, both of *life* and *Recovery*: This makes him *Spring*, causes him to begin to *bud* againe, vnburies his *lost light*, and by little and little, recollects his decayed strength of the apprehension of *Gods Spirit*: so sets him in the way to ioy, and renewed courses. But lastly, *Faith* appeares, and perfects what *Repentance* began, and could not finish: shee cheeres vp his drooping hopes, brings him againe to his wonted solace, spreads out his *leaves*, blowes



vp his fainting *fire* to a bright *flame*: makes him like the *Moone* in her full glory, indues him with a plenteous fruition of the presence of the *Almighty*, and neuer leaues him till he be resettled in his *full ioy, contentment, happinesse*. Thus while he *sinnes*, he is a *Decressant*; when hee *repents*, a *Cressant*; when his *faith* shines cleere, *at full*. Yet in all these, while he liues heere, he is subiect to *change*: sometime like a *Beacon* on a *Hill*, hee is scene afarre off, and to *all*: sometime like a *Candle* in a *house*, neerer hand, and onely to his *familiars*: sometimes like a *Lampe* vnder a *busshell*, hee is obscur'd to *all*; yet in *all* hee burnes: though in *some*, insensibly: and is neuer without one sound consolation, in the worst of all these: for as the *Moone* when she is *least visible*, is a *Moone* as well as when wee see her in her *full proportion*; onely the *Sunne* lookes not on her with so *full an aspect*, and she reflects no more, then she receiues from him: So a *Christian* in his lowest *ebbe* of sorrow, is the *Child of God*, as well as when hee is in his greatest *flow* of comfort, onely the *Sunne of Righteousnesse* darts not the beames of his *loue* so plentifully, and he shewes no more then *God* giues him. When *God* hides his face, *Man* must languish: his *with drawings*, are our *miseries*: his *presence*, our *unfailing ioy*. *Sinne* may cast me in a trance, it cannot slay mee: it may bury my heart for a time, it cannot extinguish it: it may make me in the *Wane*, it cannot *change* my being: it may *accuse*, it shall not *condemne*: Though *God* deprive me of his *presence* for a time, he will one day re-inlighten me, pollish me, and crowne me for euer: where

the *Moone* of my inconstant ioy shall change to a *Sunne*, and that *Sunne* shall neuer set, beclouded, or eclipsed.



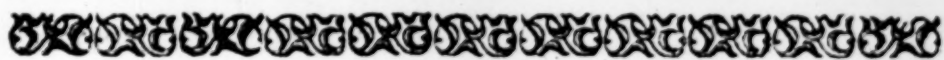
## XXIX.

*A Rule for Spending and Sparing.*

**I**N expences I would be neither *pinching* nor *prodigall*: yet if my meanes allow it not, rather thought too *sparing*, then a little *profuse*: 'tis no disgrace to make my *ability* my *Compassse* of faile, and line to walke by. I see what I may do; others, but what I doe: they looke to what I spend, as they thinke me able; I must looke to what my estate will beare: nor can it bee safe to straine it at all: 'tis fit I should respect my owne *abilitie*, before their forward *expectation*. Hee that, when hee should not, spends *too much*, shall when hee would not, haue *too little* to spend. 'Twas a witty reason of *Diogenes*, why hee asked a halfe-penny of the *thrifty* man, and a pound of the *prodigall*; the first, hee said, might giue him *often*, but the other ere long, would haue *none* to giue. Yet say, I had to dispend *freely*; as to be *too neere*, hauing enough, I esteeme *sordid*: so to spend *superfluously*, though I haue *abundance*, I account one of *Follies* deepest *ouer-sights*. There is *better* vse to bee made of our *talents*, then to cast them away in *waste*: God gaue vs *them*, not to spend *vainely*, but to imploy for *profit*, for *gaine*.

of



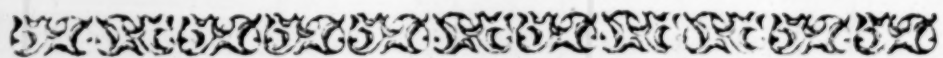


## XXX.

*Of a Christians Settlednesse in his Sauiour.*

**A**S the Needle in a Diall remoued from his point, neuer leaues his quiuering motion, till it settles it selfe in the iust place it alwaies stands in: So fares it with a Christian in this world; nothing can so charme him, but he will still minde his Sauiour: all that put him out of the quest of Heauen, are but disturbances. Though the pleasures, profits, and honours of this life, may sometime shuffe him out of his vsuall course; yet hee wauers vp and downe in trouble, runnes to and fro like Quicksiluer, and is neuer quiet within, till hee returnes to his wonted life, & inward happinesse: there he sets downe his rest, in a sweet, vnperceiued, inward content: which though vnseene to others, hee esteemes more then all that the world calls by the name of felicity, they are to him as May-games to a Prince; fitter for children, then the Royalty of a Crowne. It shall not more grieue me to liue in a continued sorrow, then it shall ioy me to finde a secret perturbation in the worlds choicest solaces. If I finde my ioy in them without vnquietnesse, that will proue a burthensome mirth: For finding my affections settle to them without resistance, I cannot but distrust my selfe, of trusting them too much. A full delight in earthly things, argues a neglect of heauenly. I can hardly thinke him honest, that loues a Harlot for her brauery, more

then his *Wife* for her *vertues*. But while an *inward* *d:staste* shewes mee these *Cates* *vnfauory*, if my *ioy* be *vncompleat* in these *terrene felicities*, my *inward vnsettlednesse* in them, shall make my *content* both *sufficient* and *full*.



## XXXI.

*The Worlds enchantment, when she smiles on vs.*

**S**Trange is the *enchantment* that the world works on vs, when shee *smiles* and lookes *merrily*: 'tis iustly matter of *amazement*, for a man to grow *rich*, and retaine a *minde* *vnaltered*: yet are not all men *changed* alike, though all in something admit *variation*. The *Spider* kills the *man*, that cures the *Ape*. *Fortunes effects* are *variable*, as the natures she works vpon: *some*, while their *baskets* grow more full, their *mindes* are higher, and rise: they now know not those *friends*, that were lately their *companions*: but as a *Tyrant* among his *Subiects*, growes *haughty* and *proud*: so they, among their *familiars*, *scorne* and *contemne*: spurning those with *arrogant* *disdain*, which but of late, they thought as *worthy* as themselves, or better: *high fortunes* are the way to *high mindes*: *pride* is vsually the *childe* of *riches*. *Contempt* too often sits in the seat with *Honour*. Who haue we knowne so imperious in *Offices*, as the man that was borne to *Beggery*? As these rise, so some fall: and that which should satiate their *desire*, increaseth it: which is euer accompanied with  
this



this *unhappinesse*, that it will neuer bee *satisfied*: this makes them *baser*, by being *wealthier*: *Profit* (though with drudgery) they *bugge* with close *armes*. All *vices* debase man, but this makes a *master* a slave to his *servant*, a *drudge* to his *slave*; and him that *God* set over all, this puts vnder all. Pittifull! that *Man* when *good things* are present, should search for *ill*: that he should so care for riches, as if they were his *owne*: yet so vse them, as if they were *anothers*: that when hee might be *happy* in spending them, will be *miserable* in keeping them: and had rather *dying* leaue wealth with his *enemies*, then being *alivie* relieue his *friends*. Thus as one *aspires*, the other *descends*: both extremes, and iustly blameable. If my *estate* rise not, I hope my *mind* will bee what it is, not *Ambitious*, nor *Auaricious*. But if the *Divine providence* shall, beyond either my desert or expectation, *blesse* mee, I will thinke, to grow *proud*, is but to *rise* to *fall*: and to proue *covetous*, only to possesse wealth, that the *Nobler minds* may hate and scorne me. For what is there they esteeme more *sordid*, then for a mans minde to bee his moneys *Mercenarie*?

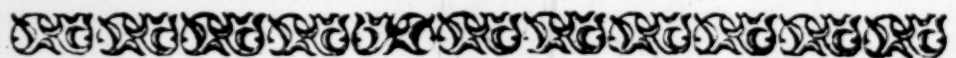


## XXXII.

*The Christians Life what.*

**A** Weake Christians life, is almost nothing but a *vicissitude* of sinne, and sorrow. First, he *sinnes*, and then hee *laments* his folly: like a negligent

gent Schoole-boy, hee displeaseth his Master, and then beseecheth his remission with teares. Our owne corruptions are diseases incurable: while we liue, they will breake out vpon vs, we may correct them, we cannot destroy them: they are like the feathers in a Fowle: cut them, they will come againe: breake them, they will come againe: plucke them out, yet they will come againe: onely kill the Bird, and they will grow no more. While bloud is in our veynes, sinne is in our nature: since I cannot auoide it, I will learne to lament it: and if through my offences my ioy bee made obscure, and vanish, that sorrow shall new beget my ioy, not because I haue beene sinfull, but because for sinne I finde my selfe sorrowfull. All other sorrowes are either foolish, fruitlesse, or beget more: onely this darke Entry leades the way to the faire Court of happinesse. God is more mercifull in giuing repentance to the Delinquent, then in granting remission to the Repentant: He hath promised pardon to the Penitent, no Repentance to the Peccant.



## XXXIII.

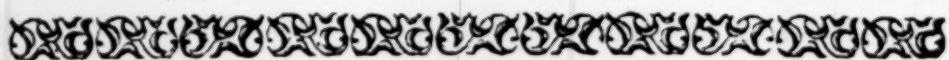
*A good Rule for chusing a Friend.*

**I**N chusing friends, there be two sorts of men, that I would for euer auoyd: For besides the learning of their vices, I dare not trust them with a secret. There is the Angry man, and the Drunkard: The first in his fit is meereley mad, he speakes not a word



word by *reason*, but by *brutish passion*: not vpon pre-meditated termes, but whatsoeuer his *memory* on the sudden catches, his violent *passion* driueth out, be it knowne, or hidden: so oft in a brawle he blabs out *that*, which being cooled, he much repents to haue named: committing that in his sparkling fury, which his appeased soule will tremble to thinke of. *Anger* is the *feauer* of the *soule*, which makes the *tongue* talke idle: it puts a man into a tumult, that he cannot heare what *Counsell* speaks: 'tis a raging *Sea*, a troubled *water*, that cannot bee wholsome for the vse of any: and if it be true which *Hippocrates* tels, that those *diseases* are most *dangerous*, that alter the habit of the *patients* countenance: this must needs be most *perillous*, that voyce, colour, countenance, pace, so changeth, as if *fury* dispossessing *reason*, had set a new *Garrison* in the *Citadell* of *Man*. This he knew, that gaue vs that Precept, *Make not friendship with an angry man*. The *other* hath no *memorie* at all: For the abundance of *wine* hath drown'd vp that noble *Recorder*: and while *Bacchus* is his chiefe god, *Apollo* neuer keeps him company: *Friends* and *foes*, *familars* and *strangers* are then all of equall esteeme: so hee forgetfully speakes of that in his *cups*, which if he were *sober*, should be buried in silence. First hee speakes he knowes not *what*, nor after, can he remember *what* that was he spake. He *speakes* that he should *forget*, and *forgets* that which he did *speake*. *Drunkennesse* is the *funerall* of all intelligible *man*, whom onely *time* and *abstinence* can resuscitate. A *Drunkards minde* and *stomacke* are alike; neither  
can

can retaine what they receiue. I would be loth to admit of a *familiar* so infectious as either; more vnwilling to reueale my selfe to any so open. What *friend* soeuer I make choice of, I will be sure he shall haue these two properties, *Mildnesse, Temperance*: otherwise, 'tis better to want companions, then to be annoyed with either a *mad-man*, or *foole*. *Clitus* was slaine by a *drunken Master*, the *Thessalonians* massacred by an *angry Emperour*; and the deaths of either lamented by the *Agents*.



## XX XIII.

*Liberty makes Licentious.*

**I** See, *liberty* makes *licentious*, and where the *reines* are giuen too loosely, the *affections* runne wildly on, without a *guide*, to ruine: For mans *will*, without *discretion*, that should adde *limits*, is like a blind *horse* without a *bridle*, that should guide him aright: hee may goe fast, but runnes to his owne ouerthrow, and while he mends his *pace*, he hastens his owne *mischiefe*. Nothing makes vs more wretched, then our owne vncontrolled *wills*. A loose *will* fulfilled, is the way to worke out a *woe*. For besides this folly in beginning wrong, the greatest danger is in continuance: when like a *Bowle* running downe a *Hill*, he is euer most violent, when he growes neerest his *Center* and *Period* of his aime. These follies are prettily shadowed in the sports of *Actaon*, that while hee suffer'd his eye



eye to roue at *pleasure*, and beyond the pale of expedience, his *Hounds*, euen his owne *affections*, ceaze him, teare him, proue his decay. Let it be my vigilance to curbe my beginning *desires*, that they may not wander beyond *moderation*; if my owne *will* be a blind conductor, *good precepts* to an ingenious nature, are *bitts* that restraine, but hurt not. I know, to follow a soothing *fancy*, cannot be but ridiculously *ill*: and this inconuenience besides haue I seene, That hee which *may* doe more then is *fit*, *will* in time doe more then is *lawfull*. He that now exceeds the *measure*, will ere-long exceede the *manner*. *Vice* is a *Peripateticke* alwayes in *Progreſſion*.



## XXXV.

*That All secrets should not be imparted to the faithfulleſt Friend.*

**E**VEN betweene two *faithfull friends*, I thinke it not conuenient that *all secrets* should bee imparted: neither is it the part of a *friend*, to fish out *that*, which were better concealed. Yet I obserue some, of such *insinuating dispositions*, that there is nothing in their *friends* heart, that they would not themselves know with him: and *this*, if I may speake freely, I count as a *fault*. For many times by too farre vrging, they wring *blood*, from whence onely *milke* should flow: knowing that by their *importunitie*, which not only breedes a dislike in them to heare; but also when their conference is ended,

ended, begets a *repenting sorrow* in him that told it : and makes him wish, he had lockt vp his *lips* in *silence*, rather then haue powred out his *heart* with such *indiscretion*. How many haue bewayled the vntimely disclosures of their *tongue* ? how many haue scrow'd out *secrets*, that would haue giuen thousands to haue return'd them vnknowne ? If I haue a *friend* that I care not to lose, I will neuer ingage my selfe *so much*, as to be beholding to him to know *all*. If I haue one that is *faithfull*, I will not wrong him so much, as to wrest *that* from him, should cause him be *sorrowfull*. If he reueales ought vn-vrged, my aduice is *faithfull*, and free : otherwise, to presse out a *secret* that may proue preiudiciall, I esteeme as the beginning of the breach of *Amity*, and the primary breeder of a *secret dislike*.



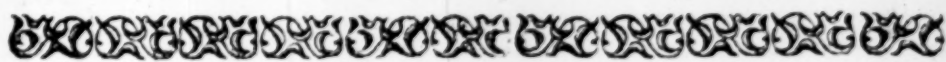
## XXXVI.

*What losse comes by the gaining either of the  
Pleasure or Profit of the World.*

**W**Ee know 'tis sometimes better to sound a *retreat*, and so *retire*, then 'tis to stay in the *Field* and *conquer* : because it may so fall out, that the *prize* we win, cannot counteruaile the *losse*, that by this *Warre* we shall sustaine : so like the foolish *Mariner*, that seeing a *Fish* in the *Sea*, leapes into the water to catch *that*, which together with his *life* he loseth. We often loie an eternall *Kingdome*, for the gaine of *toyes* and *vanities*. Who is there  
that



that hazzards not his *soule* for the *pleasures* or *profits* of *sinne*? which when they haue, what haue they got, but *shaddowes* or *vexations*? The wealthy man is like a *powder-master*, who hath prouision against an *Enemie*, but is euer in danger of being *blowne vp*. As for *pleasure*, 'tis at best but a hilded *vessell*; which though it please the palate for a *cup* or two; yet the *Lees* are at hand, and they marre it: a little *disturbance* turnes it into *distaste*. What a *Foole* were I, to cast away my *soule* on such transitorie *trifles*? which when I haue, I am neither sure to *enjoy*, nor to finde *commodious*: what I cannot *keepe* without *danger*, I will neuer earnestly *seeke*. To lose a *Crowne* of gold for a *counterfeit*, is more thē a childish fondnesse. I had better *sit still*, and be quiet in *peace*, then *rise* to conquer a petty *Village*, when my losse is a *large Citie*.

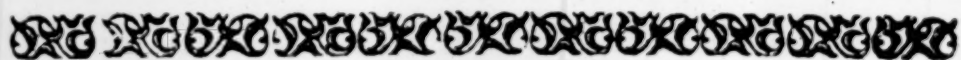


## XXXVII.

*Of vsing Meanes.*

**C**HRI<sup>S</sup>T healed *Diseases* three manner of waies; *with meanes*, as the *Leper* in the eighth of *Matthew*; *without meanes*, as the ten *Lepers* in the seuen-teenth of *Luke*; *against meanes*, as the man borne blinde, in the ninth of *Iohn*. I will looke to *meanes*, as being more ordinary, more reuealed: but if my blinde eye see not that present succour, my feare is not more, nor my grieve. 'Tis as easie to God to work *without meanes*, as *with* them: and *against* them,  
as

as by either: 'Tis all one to him, *Bee cleane*, or, *Goe wash*. Yea, though euery Argument concludes danger, let not my hopes faile me yet, his *omnipotency* is beyond that feeble stay of the soule: nor yet will I so depend on his *will hidden*, as I neglect to practise his *will reuealed*. For as to dis-regard his appointed *meanes*, is a supreme contempt; so to depend too much on things vnsearchable, is rather a badge of rash *presuming*, then any notable courage of *faith*. I must looke to *my way*, and let him alone in *his*.



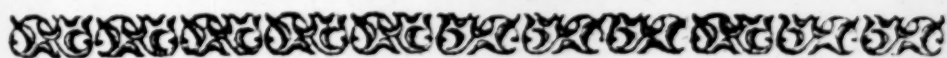
## XXXVIII.

*The Misery of being Old and Ignorant.*

'TIs a Capitall misery for a man to be at once both *old* and *ignorant*. If he were onely *old*, and had some *knowledge*, he might abate the tediousnesse of decrepit age, by the diuine raptures of *Contemplation*. If he were *young*; though he knew nothing, yet his yeeres would serue him to *labour* and *learne*: whereby in the *Winter* of his time, hee might beguile the wearinesse of his *pillow* and *chaire*. But now his *body* being withered by the stealing length of his dayes, and his limbes wholly disabled, for either motion, or exercise: *these* together with a minde vnfurnished of those contenting speculations of admired *Science*, cannot but delineate the portraicture of a *man* wretched. A *gray head* with a *wise minde*, is a *treasure* of *grau* *Precepts* *experience*.



*experience, and iudgement*: But foolish *old age*, is a barren *Vine* in *Autumne*: or an *Vniuersitie* to study folly in: euery *action* is a patterne of *infirmities*: while his *body* sits still, he knowes not how to find his *minde* action: and tell me, if there be any life more irkesome then *idlenesse*. I haue numbred yet but a few *dayes*; and those, I know, I haue neglected: I am not sure they shall bee *more*, nor can I promise my *head*, it shall haue a snowie *haire*. What then? *Knowledge* is not hurtfull, but helps a good minde: any thing that is *laudable*, I desire to *learne*. If I dye to morrow, my life to day shall bee somewhat the sweeter for *knowledge*: and if my *day* prooue a *Summer* one, it shall not be amisse, to haue prouided something, that in the euening of my *Age* may make my mind my *Companion*. Notable was the answer that *Antisthenes* gaue, when hee was asked what fruit hee had reaped of all his *studies*? By them, saith he, I haue learned, both to liue, and to talke with my selfe.



## XXIX.

*A two-fold way to Honour.*

There is a two-fold way to Honour: *Direct*, when *God* calls: *indirect*, when *man* seekes it, without the *Lords* warrant: *Dauid* went the first, and his *Crowne* departed not from his head, till *Nature* had payed her debt, and his *life* dissolued: and when he is gone, his *Issue* succeedes him. *Abolon*

B b

went

went the *other*, but his finnes pulled him downe with vengeance, and onely a dumbe *Pillar* speakes his memory. *God* cannot endure the aspiring *spirit*, that would climbe the hill of preferment without his leaue. *Theeves* of *Honour* seldome finde *ioy* in their purchases, *stability*, neuer. Besides, I obserue, the *man* that is fit for a *place* of note, neuer seckes it so much, as he is sought for, for it: whereas euer the *Bramble*, that is low and worthlesse, cries out aloud, *Make mee a King*: tis incident to a weake minde to ouer-value it selfe. How many would be *Magistrates*, that know not how to bee *men*? *Moses* obiects much, when *God* himselfe imposeth a charge: for a man of vnderstanding knowes, that 'tis better to liue in the *Valley*, where the times *tempests* blow ouer him; then to haue his seat on the *Mountaines* top, where euery *blast* threatens both his *ruine* and *fall*: howsoeuer others measure him, hee knowes his owne height, and will not exceed it. Yet being placed by an *Almighty hand*, He that set him there, can keepe him secure. But he must then beware, that hee makes not that his *King*, that should be his *Subiect*: that hee giues not the *reines*, where hee should vse the *checke*: and that hee playes not the *Ape* too much, either by too idle *imitation*, or by doting too fondly on his *darling Honour*. Thus cautelous, may hee liue safe: When hee that reacheth *promotion* without *Gods* calling him, may flourish a while, but not thriue. In ascents, those are the *safest*, that are *broadest*, and least *sudden*, and where the *light* is open: how soone is a fall caught in those *stayres* that are



are *darke, narrow, and quickly rising*? I will as well looketo the *way*, as the *thing*: There is no path to *happy preferment*, but that which *Vertue* treads: which was well noted by the *Heathen*, when they built the *Temple of Honour* so, that none could enter it, but they must first passe thorow that of *Vertue*. I had rather live *honestly*, though *meanely*; then by vnlawfull practices vsurpe a *Crowne*.

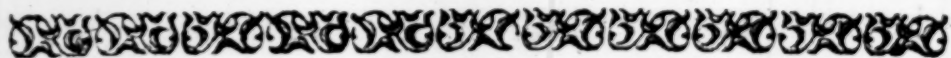


## XL.

*Cowardice woriblesse.*

**N**Othing more dis-worths a man, then *Cowardice*; and a base *feare* of *danger*: the smooth way it makes difficult, the difficult inaccessible. The *Coward* is an vnfinisht man; or else one which *Nature* made lesse then others: If euer he did any thing well, *Fortune* was his guide, not *Wisedome*. His *feare* in him begets *delay*, and *delay* breeds that he feares, *danger*: the *Souldier* that dares not fight, affoord the *Enemie* too much aduantage for his *preparation*; both for directing his *Souldiers*, plotting his *Stratagems*, strengthening his *Files*, ordering his *Campe*, or doing any thing may turne disaduantage vpon his *Foe*: when as the *Valorous Warriour* giues most discomfiture in his suddenest *onset*, where he takes away the time for *fortification*. If it bee by speech a man is to *act* his *part*, feare puts an *Ague* in his *tongue*, and often leaues him, either in an amazed distraction, or quite elingued. For the

too serious apprehension of a possible *shame*, makes him forget *that*, should helpe him against it: I meane, a *plaine boldnesse*, bequeathing a dilated *freedomie* to all his faculties and senses: which now with a cold *feare*, are frozen and congealed. If not *this*, out of an vnmeasured care to doe well, it driues a man into *affectation*: and that, like misshapen *apparell*, spoiles the beauty of a well-limb'd *body*: For *Nature* will not endure the *racke*: when you set her too high, she prooues *untuneable*, and instead of a sweet *cloze*, yeeldes a *cracke*: shee euer goes best in her owne free pace: I will neither stay her so long, as to meete delay: nor run her so farre, as to doe ought affectedly, *I had rather be confidently bold, then foolishly timorous: hee that in euery thing feares to doe well, will at length doe ill in all.*



## XLI.

*Of Lamenting the losse of Trifles.*

**M**Any haue much lamented the losse of *trifles*, when they might haue gained by such *damaiges*, had they not with them, lost *themselves*: I meane, their *quiet mindes*, and *patience*. Vnwise so to debarre themselves of *rest*, when their vexation cannot yeeld them *profit*: if *teares* could either recouer a *losse*, or recall time, then to *weepe* were but to purpose; but things past, though with *prudence* they may be *corrected*, yet with greatest griefe they cannot bee *recalled*: make them better wee may,



may, but to make them not to bee at all, requires more then a *humane* strength, or a *finite* power. Actions once done, admit a *correction*, not a *nullity*. Although I will endeavour to amend what is gone by *amisse*, yet will I labour neuer to *griue* for any thing *past*, but *sinne*: and for *that* alwayes. A small *losse* shall neuer trouble me: neither shall the greatest *hinderance* make my heart not mine owne. He spake well, that said, *Hee which hath himselfe, hath lost nothing.*

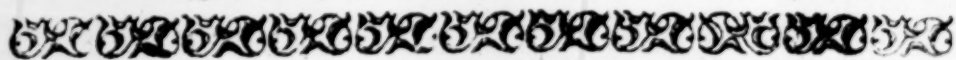


## XLII.

*A Practice with } Friendship.  
A Rule of }*

SOME men are of so *Noble* and free a *disposition*, that you cannot, being a *friend*, aske ought, to receiue a *deniall*: it being one part of their happiness, to pleasure the *man* they *loue*. Yet *these* in the end, and *these times*, are the onely *unhappy* men. For being exhausted by the necessities of others, and their base working on a *free nature*, an vnwelcome *want*, at once vndoes *them*, and the goodness of their *d sposition*. Pitty such willing *courtesies* should be cast away in such vngratefull *ground*; that like an vnbottomed *Gulfe*, swallowes, but returns not: or that a mans firme loue should make him do that, should *kill* himselfe in future. Contrarie to these, you haue another sort as fast and holding: and though sometimes they might pleasure a *friend*, without a selfe-preiudice: yet their inbred

crabbednesse referues *all*, with a close hand. And while the other ruines with a *faire affection*, hee thrives with a *vulgar hate*, and *curses*; such as the *first*, are best to *others*: such as the *last*, to *themselves*. I will so serve *others*, as I iniure not my *selfe*; so my *selfe*, as I may helpe *others*.



## XLIII.

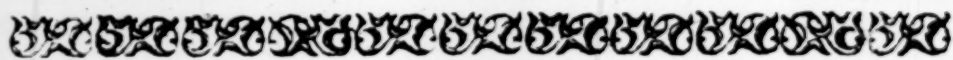
*Sinne by but Once committing, gaines a  
Pronenesse to Reiteration.*

**A**S there is no feat of *Actiuitie* so difficult, but beeing once done, a man ventures on it more freely the second time: so there is no *sinne* at first so hatefull, but beeing once committed willingly, a man is made more prone for a *reiteration*. For there is more desire of a knowne *pleasure*, then of that which only our eares haue heard report of. So farre is *Ignorance* good, that in a calme it keepes the *minde* from *distractiō*; and *Knowledge*, as it breeds desire in all things, so in *sinne*. Bootlesse therefore shall euer bee that cunning fetch of *Satan*, when he would induce me once to make a triall of *sinne*, that I might thereby know more, and bee able to fill vp my mouth with discourse, my minde with fruition; bearing mee in hand, I may at my pleasure giue it the hand of *parting*, and a finall *farewell*. Too often (alas) haue I beene de-  
ceiued with this beguiling perswasion, of a power to leaue, and a *will* to returne at my *will*. Hence-  
forth



forth shall my care bee to refraine from *once*. If I grant *that*, stronger perswasions will pleade for a *second* action : 'tis easier to deny a *Guest* at first, then to turne him out, hauing stayed a while. Thou knowest not, sencelesse man, what *ioyes* thou lovest, when thou fondly lashest into new *offences*. The *World* cannot repurchase thee thy pristine *integrity*: thou hast hereby lost such hold of *grace*, as thou wilt neuer againe be able to recouer. A mind not conscious of any foule *enormities*, is a faire *temple* in a durty *street* : at whose doore, *Sinne*, like a throng of rude *plebeians*, knockes incessantly : while the *doore* is *shut*, 'tis easie to keepe it so, and them out ; *open* that, but to let in one, thousands will rush in after him, and their tramplings will for euer soile that vnstained *floore* : while thy conscience is vnspotted, thou hast *that* can make thee smile on the *Racke*, and *flames* ; 'tis like *Homers Nepenthe*, that can banish the *saanesse* of the *minde*. But when thou woundest *that*, thou buriest thy *ioyes* at once : and throwest a *jewell* from thee, is richer then the wealth of *Worlds*. *Foole* that thou art, that wandring in a darke *wilderneffe*, dost wilfully put out thy *candle*, and thinkest cold water can slake thy thirst, in the burning fit of an *Ague* ; when it onely breedes in thee a desire to powre in more. Hee that neuer tasted the pleasures of *sinne*, longs lesse after those banefull *discontenting contents*. What *sweetes* of *sinne* I know not, I desire still to bee vn-experienc'd in. I had rather not *knowe*, then by *knowledge* bee *miserable*. This *Ignorance* will teach mee *Knowledge*, of an vnknowne *Peace*. Let mee

rather be outwardly *maimed*, and want discourse; then bee furnisht of that, and possesse a wound that bleedeth within.



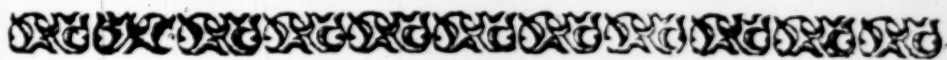
## XLIV.

*Of purchasing Friends, with large Gifts.*

**T**Is foolish, and fauours not of common policy, to purchase *Friends* with large *gifts*: because hauing once vsed them to *rewards*, they will still expect more: and *custome* that pleaseth, is seldome omitted without either *discontent* or *danger*. If then our *loues tokens* shall seeme to *diminish*, *friendship* likewise will *decrease*: and if not quite *consume*, yet casily bee drawne to allow harbour to base *disrespect*: which what a thorne it is to an *affectionate minde*, I desire rather to know by iudicious *observation*, then by reall *experience*: but sure I am, it no way can be *small*: yet most true must it needs bee, that *friendship* wonne by large *gifts*, resembles but the *straw fire*, that hauing matter to feede vpon, burnes brightly: but let new *fewell* bee neglected, it dyes, consumes, and quite *goes out*. Nor further can this *amity* be euer approued, or sure, or sincere. For he that loues mee for my *gifts* sake, loues my *gifts* about my *selfe*: and if I should happen to light on *aduersity*, I should not finde him then to appeare: there being no hope of a gainefull *requitall*. If I giue any thing, it shall be because he is my *friend*; not because I would haue him so: not so much that



that I *may haue* his *loue*; but that already hee *hath* mine. I will vse them sometimes to continue *friendship*, neuer to begin it. I do not hold him *worthy thanks*, that *professe*th me *kindnesse* for his *owne ends*.

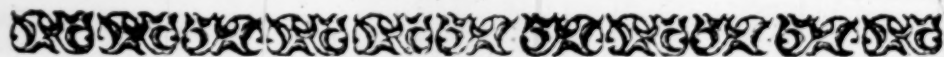


XLV.

*Iust Shame in a good man, saddens his soule.  
Of Credit or Good Name,  
vid. pag. 346.*

**N**Othing more *saddens* the soule of a good man, then the *serious* apprehension of a *iust shame*. If it were *false*, his *owne cleerenesse* would be a *shield* strong enough to repell the darts of *slander*. For man is neuer *miserable*, till *Conscience* turnes his *Enemy*. If it were but the losse of *riches*, there were a *possibility* of a *recovery*: if of *friends*, he might finde more, or content himselfe with the knowledge of their *happinesse*, in that glorious *Mansion* of the *Saints*: if of *corporall* anguish, a *quiet minde* might mitigate his paines, or industry with time, take a *truce* with sorrowes: but this misery is *immedicable*. *Credit* once lost, is like water so *diffusiuely* spilt, that 'tis not in *humanity* to recollect it. If it be, it hath lost the *purity*, and will for euer after, be full of *soile*: and by how much his *honesty* was more noted; by so much will his *shame* bee more, and his *griefe*. For see what a *horror* he hath before him; all will be now ready to *brand* him with the *odious*, and *stigmaticall* name of an *Hypocrite*. His  
Reputa-

Reputation ( which though it bee not dearer then his *soule*, yet he prizeth aboue his *life*) will be blacked with an eternall *staine*: which nor *absence*, *time*, *endeuour*, nor *Death*, can wash away. If he *lines*, and could in himselfe *forget it*: yet the *enuious* world will keepe it vpon *Record*: and when he mindes it not, rub it on his *galled* soule. If he could flye from his *Countrey*, that would like a *Bloud-hound* follow him: if he dyes, that will suruiue him, and make his very *grau*e contemptible: nay, so farre will it spread, as somewhat to infect his friends: and though haply in himselfe he may be bettered, by so rash a fall: yet the *cruell*, and *uncharitable* world will euer thinke him worse. In this I dare not follow *it*: in doing that may cause this, I hope I shall not. I will *first* striue to bee voyd of the *act* might bring shame, *next*, not to cast it in the *dish* of the penitent. If my sufferings bee *uniust*, I am sure in the *end* I shall finde them *comfortable*. If *God* hath pleas'd to remit *offences*, why should I commemorate *them*? A good *life* is a fortresse against *shame*: and a good man's *shame* is his *benefit*: the one keepes it *away*; the other when it *comes*, makes it proue *profitable*.



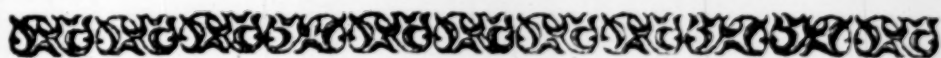
## XLVI.

*The Will accepted with God for the Deed.*

**T**He *will* for the *deed*, is oft with *God* accepted: and hee that is a thankfull *Debtor*, restores a *benefit*.



*benefit.* Many *benefits*, nay, all I possesse, O Lord, from thee I know I haue receiued: *requite* them I cannot, *returne* them I may not, and to rest *ingratefull*, were a sinne *inexcusable*. Since then I cannot retaliate thy *loue*, or retribute thy *fauours*: yet Lord, will I *owe* them, with a desire to *pay*.



## XLVII.

*Concealed Grudges the Grangrene of  
Friendship.*

**T**Here is not any thing *eates* out friendship, sooner then *concealed* grudges. Though *reason* at first produceth opinion, yet opinion, *after*, seduceth *Reason*. *Conceits* of vnkindnesse harboured and beleued, will worke euen a *steady* loue, to hatred. And therefore, reserued *dispositions*, as they are the best keepers of *secrets*: so they are the worst increasers of *loue*. Betweene friends it cannot *be*, but discourtesies will *appeare*: though not intended by a willing *act*, yet so taken by a wrong *suspect*: which smothered in silence, increase daily to a greater *distaste*: but reuealed once, in a *friendly* manner, oft meet with that satisfaction, which doth in the disclosure *banish* them. Sometimes *ill* tongues, by *false* tales, sow *Discord* betweene two *Louers*. Sometimes *mistakes* set the minde in a *false* beliefe. Sometimes *iealousies*, that flow from loue, *imprint* suspition in the thoughts. All which may find ease in the *uttering*: so their discouery being  
mild-

*mildnesse*; otherwise, choller casts a *mist* before the eyes of the *minde*, and when it might see *cleerely*, will not let it. If between my *friend*, and my *selfe*, a priuate thought of vnkindnesse arise, I will presently tell it, and be *reconciled*: if he be *cleere*, I shall like him the better when I see his *integrity*: if *faulty*, confession gaines my pardon, and *bindes* mee to loue him: and though we should in the discussion *iarre* a little, yet will I be sure to *part* friendly. Fire almost *quench't*, and laid abroad, *dyes* presently: put together, it will *burne* the better. Euery such breach as this, will vnite *affection* faster: a little shaking prefers the *growth* of the tree.



## XLVIII.

*Of Affecting an High seat of Honour.*

**I** Haue sometimes *wish't* my selfe in some high seate of *honour*: with what *folly*, I haue after seene, and beene *displeased*, with my *selfe*, with my *desires*: so vnbecfitting *wisedome*, so dissonant from *Christianitie*. For what can a high *place* conferre vnto me, that can make my life more truly happy? if it addes to my *ioyes*, it increaseth my *feare*; if it augments my *pleasure*, my *care* is more, and my *trouble*. But perhaps I shall haue *reuerence*, weare *rich apparrell*, and fare *deliciously*: alas! cold *flames*, wet *rayment*. Haue I not knowne some inioying *all*, and neuer found other *fruit*, but *enuy*, *beggery*, and *disease*? so haue in the end, wished to change, for  
*lower*

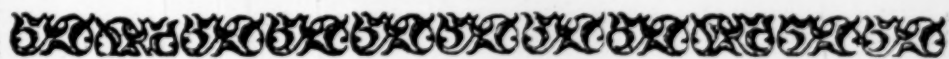


lower honours, for *meaner* dignities, accounting themselves as the *flag* on the top of a *shipmast*, as more high, and more visible; so more, and euer open, to the *wind*, and *stormes*: beeing as a worthy *Iudge* once answered one, that gaue him his title of *Honour*: True, *Honourable* seruants: to poast through the *toyles* of a circuit, and thinke on any mans businesse but their owne. Ah Tissue *couer*, to a straw *Cushion*! But I shall haue more *meanes*, so shall I doe the more *good*: I grant; but may I not doe as *much* good, with *lesse* *meanes*? 'Tis a question who shall haue more *reward*, of him that does most in *quantity*, or most according the *proportion* of his *meanes*; If *Christ* may be admitted as *arbitrator*, the *poore* Widdow gaue more, then all the *rich* ones. I feare, if I had *more*, I should spend *more* in waste: sure I am, I should haue *more* to answer for. Besides, who knowes what a change *wealth* might worke in me? what a *snare* hath it proued to many, that like the *Sunne*, haue in the *morning* of their time, *mounted* themselves to the highest *pitch* of *perspicuity* and *brightnesse*? which when they haue once *attained*, they *decline*, *fall*, *vanish* and are *gone*; leauing nothing behinde them, but *darke* night, *blacke* reputation. If not this, what can I tell, but that I might gather like a *Sponge*, to bee *squeezed* out againe, by some *grinding* oppres-  
 for? So bee more *vexed* with an vnexpected *losse*, then *pleased* with my short *inoyment*. The Thiefe that meets with a full *purse*, takes away it, and returns a *stabbe*; while the empty *pocket* makes the life *secure*: then perhaps we could wish to be *poore*,  
 but

but cannot : that so wee might lessen our *griefe*, by the *sorrow* for our *losse*. Tell me then, *O my soule* ! what should make thee wish to *change* ? I liue in a *ranke*, though not of the *highest*, yet affording as much *happinesse*, more *freedome* : as beeing exempt from those *suspicious cares*, that pricke the *bosome* of the *wealthy* man : 'tis such as might content my better, and such as heauen smiles on, with a gracious promise of blessing, if my carriage be *faire* and *honest* ; and without *these*, who is well ? I haue *necessaries*, and what is *decent* ; and when I desire it, something for *pleasure*. Who hath more that is *needfull* ? If I be not so *rich*, as to sow *almes* by sackfuls, euen my *Mite* is beyond the superfluity of *wealth* : and my *pen*, my *tongue*, and my *life*, shall (I hope) helpe some to better *treasure* then the *earth* affords them. I haue food *conuenient* for mee : and I sometimes finde *exercise* to keep my *body* healthfull : when I doe, I make it my *recreation*, not my *toyle*. My raiment is not *worst*, but *good* ; and then *that*, let me neuer haue better. I can bee as warme in a good *Kersey*, as a Prince in a *Skarlet robe*. I liue where is much meanes of true saluation : my liberty is mine owne, I *can* both frequent them, and desire to profit by them. I *haue* a minde can bee pleased with the *present* ; and if time turnes the wheele, can endure the change, without desiring it. I *want* nothing but abundance ; and this I *need* not, because want herein, I *account* much better then reall possession : if it had beene fit for mee, I *know*, my God would haue bestowed it on me. He neuer was so carelesse of a childe of his, as to let him



him misse *that*, hee knew might make for his *good*. Seeing then, he sees it *inconuenient*, it shall bee my ioy to liue without it; and henceforth, will I not long any more to *change*. He is not a compleat *Christian*, that cannot be contented with *that* he inioyes. I will rather settle my minde to a *quiet rest*, in that I finde: then let her wander in a wearied sollicitude, after *ungotten plenty*. That estate that *God* giues me, euer will I esteeme best: though I could not thinke it so, I am sure it is so: and to *thinke* against knowledge, is a *foolish* suspition.

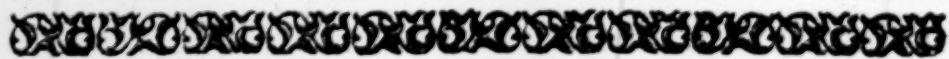


XLIX.

*Of Iealousie of an Other.*

**T**Is a *precept* from a perfidious minde, that bids vs thinke all *knaues* we deale with: so by distrusting, to hinder deceit. *I dare* not giue my mind that liberty, lest I iniure *charity*, and runne into *error*. *I will* thinke all *honest*, if strangers: for so I'm sure they should be; onely let me remember, they are but *men*: so may vpon *temptation*, fall with the *time*; otherwise, though they want *Religion*, *Nature* hath implanted a morall *iustice*, which vnperuerted, wil deale square. *Christ's* Precept was found in the mouthes of *Heathen*: *Doe not to another, what thou wouldst not hane done to thy selfe*.

*The*



## L.

*The great Euill that Neglect brings both to  
Body and Soule.*

**T**Hough the *bodies excretions* grow but insensibly, yet vnlesse they be daily taken away, wee see they make men *monstrous*: as *Nebuchadnezzars haire* were like *Eagles feathers*, and his *nailes* like *birds claws*, in his *seuen yeeres bestialitie*. So that those things which *Nature* with due ordering, hath made for vse and *ornament*; with a carelesse neglect, grow to mischief and *deformitie*. In the *soule* I finde it yet worse: and no *Vice* so soone steales on vs, as the abuse of *things* in themselves *lawfull*: For *Nature*, euer since her first depriuation, without a corrigible *hand* to restraine her, runnes into wide extremities. I know, 'tis good the *Vine* should flourish; but let it alone, and it *ruines* it selfe, in superfluous *branches*. Our *pleasures* we see, are sometimes the enliuenings of a drooping *soule*: yet how easily doe they steale away our *minde*s, and make vs with a mad affection, *dote* vpon them, none suspecting in so faire a semblance, a *Sinon*, that should gull vs with such dilusue postures: but because we know them lawfull, wee boldly and heedlessly vse them: and as *Providence* is the mother of *happinesse*: so *Negligence* is the Parent of *misery*. I will euer be more circumspect in things veyled with either *goodnesse* or *sweetenesse*.  
Nothing



Nothing steales more *soules* from *God*, then *lewd courses* that are outwardly glorious. *Reason* hath not so dull an eye, but shee may see those things that are apparantly *ill*: but those that are so, onely by their accident, haue power to blinde her sight: so require more care, more *vigilancie*. I'll onely vse them, to make me better: when they leaue *that*, I'll leaue them: and deale with 'vm, in a wise discretion, as the Emperour *Commodus* did with his seruants, in a *wicked iest*, banish them: not for the *ill* they *haue done mee*; but for the *harme* they *may doe*. Since all my *goodnesse* cannot make one sinne *good*: why should an accidentall *sinne* spoyle *that*, which is *good* in it *selfe*?



## LI.

*Of Solitarinesse and Companionship.*

**T**Here is no man that liues well, but shall bee suspected for *selfe-conceited*, vnlesse he can liue like an *Hermite*, in a *Cell*: or like some *Satyre*, in an vnfrequented *Desart*. He cannot for his life so carry himselfe, but he shall sometimes light on *lewd* company: such as he neither *loues*, nor *cares* for. If he continues *society* with them, hee endangers his *soule*: either by *participating* of their *bad actions*, or else by *conniuing* at those *offences*, he sees they delight in: either of *which*, not onely cast a present *guilt* on the *soule*, but euen worke it to such a *temper*, as makes it apt to receiue the impression of

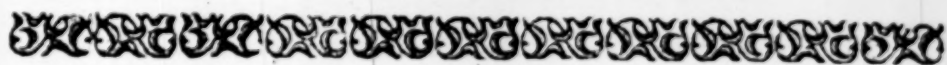
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any

any ill; So secretly insinuating, till it come from *toleration*, to *allowance*, *Action*, *Custom*, *Delight*. Bad *Companions* are like *Traitors*, with whom if we *act*, or *conceale*, we are *guilty*: this *Pitch* will defile a man. If hee shall out of an *honest* care of his *soules* welfare, and his loue to *Religion*, labour to auoid such *bad associates*: or being *unhappily* fallen among them, seeke for a *present escape*: Then *pride*, and a high *conceit* of himselfe is guesse the onely *mo-tiue* of his *bodies* departure: when indeed 'tis only goodnesse that *importunes* his absence. But tell me now, is't not better I leaue them, and be thought *proud* wrongfully: then stay with them, and bee knowne *bad* certainly? He's a foole that will sell his *soule*, for a few *good* words, from a mans tongue. What is't to me, how others *thinke* me, when I *know*, my intent is *good*, and my wayes warrantable? A good conscience cares for no *witnesse*: that is alone, as a thousand. Neither can the worlds *Calumnies*, worke a *change* in a *mind resolved*. Howsoeuer here my *Reputation* should be soiled vnworthily, yet the *time* is not farre off, when a freedome from *sinne* will be more worth, then a *perpetuated fame* from *Adam*, till *Doomes-day*. While *heauen* and my *Conscience* see me *Innocent*, the worlds suppositions cannot make me *culpable*. He that is *good*, and *ill* spoken of, shall reioyce for the *wrong* is done him by others. He that is *bad*, and *well* reported, shall grieve for the *iniury* he does himselfe. In the *one*, they would make me what I am not: in the *other*, I make my selfe what I should not. Let me rather *beare* ill, and *doe* well: then *doe* ill, and be *flattered*.

Better

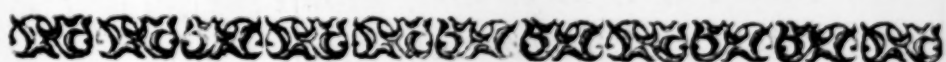




## LII.

*Better to suffer Iniuries then offer them.*

**F**OR iniuries, my opinion is with Socrates: 'Tis better to suffer, then to offer them. Hee may be good that beares them: he must be ill that proffers them. Saul would slay David, when himselfe onely is vicious, and ill. Vice is accompanied with iniustice; Patience is an attendant on Vertue.



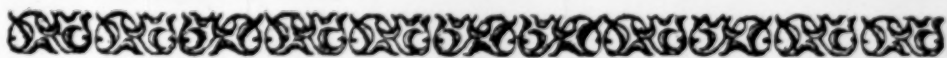
## LIII.

*Government and Obedience the two causes of a Common Prosperitie.*

**I**N all Nations, two things are causes of a common prosperity: Good Government, and good Obedience: A good Magistrate, ouer a peruerse people, is a sound head, on a surfettid body. A good Communalty, and a bad Ruler, is a healthfull body, with a head aching: either are occasions of ruine: both sound preseruatiues. A good Gouverneur, is a skilfull Shipmaster, that takes the shortest, and the safest course: and continually so steeres, as the Rockes, and Shelues which might shipwracke the state, be auoyded: and the voyage euer made, with the soonest speed, best profit, most ease. But a wicked Magistrate is a Wolfe made leader of the fold: that both satiates his cruelty,

ty, and betrayes them to danger. To whom if you adde but *ignorance*, you may vpon certaine grounds prophesie *destruction*. *The Iudges insufficiencie, is the Innocents calamitie*. But if the *Common-wealth* be obedient, and the *Ruler* worthy, how durable is their *felicitie* and *ioy*? *Solon* might well say, That *Citie* was safe, whose *Citizens* were obedient to the *Magistrates*, and *Magistrates* to the *Laws*. What made the *Maiores* so victorious, but his *wisdom* in directing, and his *Souldiers* willingness in obeying, when he could shew his *Troopes*, and say, *You see, not a man among all these, but will, if I command him, from a Turret throw himselfe into the Sea*? The inconuenience of *stubbornnesse*, that *Consull* knew, who meeting with an obstinate *Youth*, sold both him, and his *goods*, saying, He had no need of that *Citizen*, that would not obey. As it is in the larger and more spacious *World*; so is it in the little *world* of *Man*. None, if they serue their true *Prince*, but haue a *Gouernour* compleatly perfect. *Criticisme* it selfe, cannot finde in *God* to cauill at. Hee is both *iust* and *mercifull*, in the *Concrete*, and the *Abstract*, he is both of them. Who can taxe him with either *crueltie* or *partialitie*? though my *obedience* cannot answer his *perfection*; yet will I endeavour it. If *Christ* be not my *King* to gouerne, he will neither be my *Prophet* to forewarne, nor my *Priest* to expiate. If I cannot come neere it, in effect, as being *impossible*: I will in desire, as being *conuenient*: so though lesse, yet if *sincere*, I know, he will accept it: not as *meritorious*, but respecting his *promise*.

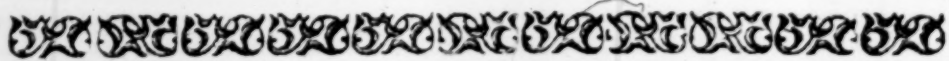




## LIIII.

*Of a Fruitlesse Hearers danger.*

**T**Is an *Aphorisme* in *Physicke*, that they which in the beginning of sicknesse *eate* much, and *mend* not, fall at last to a generall loathing of *food*. The *Morall* is true in *Divinity*. He that hath a sicke *conscience*, and liues a hearer vnder a fruitfull *Ministry*, if hee growes not *sound*, hee will learne to despise the *Word*. Contemned *blessings* leaue roome for *curses*. Hee that neglects the *good* he may haue, shall finde the *euill* he would not haue. Iustly hee sits in *darkenesse*, that would not light his *Candle* when the *fire* burned cleerely. He that needs *counsell*, and will not heare it, destines himselfe to *miserie*, and is the willing *Author* of his owne *woe*. Continue at a stay hee cannot long: if hee could, not to proceed, is backward. And this is as dangerous to the *soule*, as the other to the *body*. Pittifull is his *estate*, that hates the thing should helpe him: if euer you see a drowning man refuse *helpe*, conclude him a *wilfull murtherer*. When *God* affords mee plentifull *meanes*, woe bee to mee if they prooue not profitable: I had better haue a *deaf eare*, then heare to *neglect* or *hate*: to the burying of such *treasures* there belongs a *curse*; to their mispending, *Iudgements*.



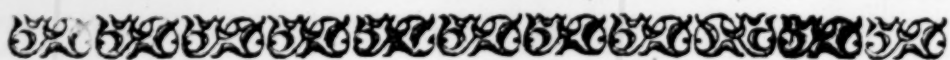
## LV.

*Of Gods gifts which are common to All,  
and Peculiar to the Elect onely.*

**G**OD giues three kinds of Gifts; *Temporall*, *Spirituall* and *Eternall*; *Temporall*, as *Wealth*, *Pleasure*, *Honour*, and such like. *Spirituall*, as *Sauing faith*, *Peace of conscience*, and *assurance of saluation*. *Eternall*, as *Glory* and *happinesse* in *Heauen* for euer. The first is common to the *wicked* as well as the *godly*; and they mostly flourish in these *terrene beauties*. For who so great in fauour with the *world* as they? They *live*, become *old*, and are mighty in *power*; as *Iob* speaks in his 21. yet all these *sweetes* passe away like a *vapour*, and though they reuell out their dayes in mirth, yet in a moment they goe downe to the *Graue*. The two other *God* bestowes onely vpon his *Elect*: all that heere he often giues them, is onely one of these, some *spirituall fauours* he bestowes vpon them, the other he reserues for them, when *Earth* cannot call them her *Children*. One hee giues them not, till they bee gone from hence; the *other*, when they haue it, the *World* sees it not. What difference can a blinde man perceiue betweene a sparkling *Diamond*, and a *worthlesse peble*? or what can a naturall man spie in an humble *Christian*, that euer hee thinkes may make him bee happy? *Afflictions* heere are the *Lot* of the righteous, and they dimme those splendid beauties, that  
speake



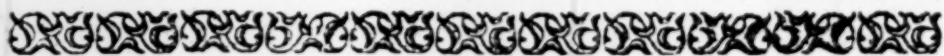
speake them faire in the eye of the *Almighty*: they  
 are sports of the *pruie Chamber*, that these *Kings*  
 ioy in: the vnciuill Vulgar see not the pleasures of  
 their *Crowne*: Wheras the *wicked* and God-forsaken  
 man, spreades out his plumes, and seemes euen to  
 checke the Sunne in his glory. *Vice* loues to seeme  
 glorious, yea more to seeme, then to be. What a  
*Lustre* these *Glow-wormes* cast in darkenesse, which  
 yet but touched, are extinct? A poore reckoning  
 alas in the end! when all these counterfeit *Jewels*  
 shall be snatched from him, and he answer for all  
 strictly, at the vnauoidable Barre of the last *Iudge-*  
*ment*. They had need haue some pleasure heere,  
 that can haue nothing but woe heerafter. *Flesh*,  
 rebellious *flesh*, would sometime set me to murmur  
 at their prosperitie; but when my minde in her  
*Clozet* reuolues their fickle estate, and findes all  
 their good in present and outward, I see nothing  
 may bee a mid-wife to the least repining enuy.  
 When my soule solaceth her selfe in those rauish-  
 ing delights that exhilarate a *Christians* mind, how  
 poorely can I thinke of those lamentable *ioyes*?  
 The spirituall man lookes on the flourishes of this  
 life with *pitty*, not *desire*. If *God* giues the wicked  
 one, and mee two, why should I complaine? but  
 when the least of mine is infinitely better then his  
 all, let me neuer grudge him so poore and so short  
 a heauen. If *God* affords me his *Childrens* fauours,  
 (though oppressed with *pouerty*) I am richer  
 then all their *gawdy adulations* can make mee: be-  
 cause I haue already the earnest of a *World* of *Ioy*,  
 which the *wicked* shall neuer obtaine.



## LVI.

*Of Libelling against them that are false.*

**I** Wonder what *spirit* they are indued withall, that can basely *libell* at a man that is *false*! If they were *heavenly*, then would they with him condole his *disasters*, and drop some teares in pittie of his *follie* and *wretchednesse*: If but *humane*, yet *Nature* neuer gaue them a minde so cruell, as to adde *weight* to an ouercharged *beame*. When I heare of any that fall into *publike disgrace*, I haue a minde to commiserate his *mis-hap*, not to make him *more disconsolate*. To inuenome a *name* by *libels*, that already is openly tainted, is to adde *stripes* with an *Iron rod*, to one that is flayed with *whipping*: and is sure in a *minde* well temper'd, thought *inhumane*, *diabolicall*.



## LVII.

*The vanitie and shortnesse of mans Life.*

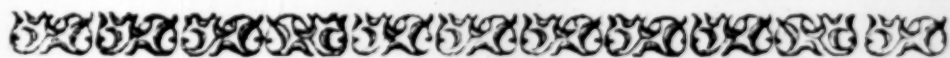
**O**Vr yeeres at full are *fourescore and tenne*: much *time* compared to a *day*; but not a *minute* in respect of *eternitie*: yet how few liue to tell so large a succession of *time*? One dyes in the *bud*; another in the *bloome*; some in the *fruite*; few like the *sheafe*, that come to the *barne* in a full age: and though a  
man



man liues to enioy *all*, see but how little hee may call as his *owne*. He is first *Puer*, then *Iuuenis*, next *Vir*, and after, *Senex*; the *first* hee rattles away in *toyes* and *Fooleries*, and ere he knowes where he is, spends a great part of his precious *time*: he playes, as if there were no *sorrow*; and *sleepes*, as if there would neuer be *ioy*. The *next*, *pleasures* and *luxurie* shorten and hasten away: vnchecked *heate* makes his nimble *spirits* boyle; hee dares then *doe* that, which after hee dares not *thinke* of: hee does not then *liue*, but *renell*; and cares not so much for *life*, as for that which steales it away, *Pleasure*. Hee hath then a *soule* that thinkes not of it selfe, but studies onely to content the *body*: which with her best *indulgence*, is but a piece of *actiue earth*: when she leaues it, a *lumpe* of *nastinesse*. The third *Cares of the world*, and *posteritie*, debarre of a *solliid content*: and now when hee is mounted to the *height* of his *way*, hee findes more *mifery*, then the beginning told him of. What *iarres*, what *toyles*, what *cares*, what *discontentmēt*s, and what vnexpected *distracti- ons*, shall hee light vpon? If *poore*, hee's *miserable* and *ridiculous*: if *rich*, *fearefull* and *sollicitous*: this being all the difference betweene them; the *first* labours how to *liue*; the *other* studies how to *continue liuing*. In the last, *nature* growes weake & irkesome to her selfe, venting her distaste with *Salomon*, and mournes that now she findes her *dayes* that bee vnpleasing. Hee that liues long, hath only the happinessse to take a larger taste of *mifery*: what before hee thought hurled about with more then a *sphericall* swiftnesse, he now thinkes more tedious then

then a tyred *Hackney* in foule waies: *Time*, that before he hath wooed to stay for him, now he could on his knee sue to, to haste him away. But if (that *honey* of all *humanitie*) *Learning*, hath taught him a way to coozen his *sorrowes*, hee could then with old *Themistocles*, finde in his heart to weepe, that he must then *leane life*, when he begins to *learne wit*. Thus all Man's *ages* are so full of troubles, that they filch away his time of *living*. The *first* is full of *folly*: the *second*, of *sinne*: the *third*, of *labour*: the *last*, of *griefe*. In *all*, he is in the *Court* of this *world*, as a Ball bandyed betweene two Rackets, *Ioy* and *Sorrow*: If either of them strike him ouer, he may then *rest*: otherwise his time is nothing but a constant motion in *calamity*. I haue only yet run thorow the *first*, and passed my *Puerilia*; whether my *life* or my *youth* shall bee ended first, I neither *know* nor *care*. I shall neuer bee sorrowfull for leauing too soone, the *tempests* of this tumbling *Sea*. But if I see my *Summer* past, I hope in *Autumne* *God* will ripen me for himselfe, and hather mee: if my *Maker* and *Master* saw it fit, I could bee content neither to see it, nor *Winter*, I meane the *winter* of *Age*: but if hee shall appoint mee so large a time, I shall willingly pray, as my *Sauour* hath taught mee, *His will bee done*: though I wish not the full fruition of all, yet doe I desire to borrow a *letter* from each: So in stead of *Puer*, *Iuuenis*, *Vir*, & *Senex*; giue mee the foure first *letters*, which will make mee *Pius*.

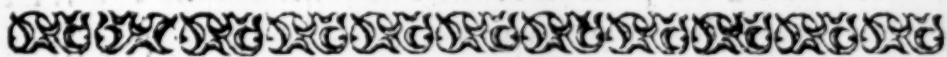




## LVIII.

*A good Rule in wearing of Apparell.*

**T**Wo things in my apparell I will onely aime at ; *Commodiousnesse, Decencie* : beyond these, I know not how ought may bee commendable; yet I hate an *effeminate sprucenesse*, as much as a *phantasticke disorder*. A neglectiue *comlinesse* is a mans best ornament. *Sardanapalus* was as base in his *feminine vestures*, as *Heliogabalus* was mad, when hee wore *Shoes of Gold*, and *Rings of Leather* : the one shew'd much *pride*, the other more *wantonnesse* : let mee haue *both these* excluded, and I am pleased in my *Garments*.



## LIX.

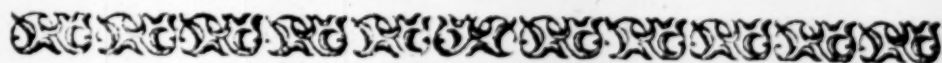
*The good vse of an Enemie.*

**T**Hough an *Enemie* be not a thing necessary; yet is there much good vse to bee made of *him* : yea, sometimes hee doth a man a greater *pleasure*, then a *dearer friend*. For, whereas a *friend*, out of a feare to displease, and a kinde of conniuing *partiality*, speakes onely *Placentia*, and such as he thinkes, may not giue a *distaste*; an *Enemie* vtters his opinion boldly; and if any *act*, misbeseeming *vertue*, spring from a man, he will be sure to finde it, and blow it abroad.

abroad. So that if a man cannot knowe by his *friends*, wherein hee *offends*; his *emie* will bee so much his *friend*, as to shew him his *folly*, and how hee failes. 'Twas a good speech of *Diogenes*, *Wee haue need of faithfull friends, or sharpe enemies*. Euery man hath vse of a *monitor*: yet I see in all, such a naturall and wilfull blindness through selfe-loue, that euery man is *angry* when his *enemy* reuiles him, though iustly: and all *pleased*, when a *friend* commends, though his *Encomion* bee false, and desertlesse. I will entertaine both with an equall *welcome*: neither, without some meditation and good vse. If one *praise* mee for the thing *I haue not*, my first following endeouour shall bee to get what hee commends me for; lest when the time comes that I should shew it, hee reape disgrace by reporting *vntruths*, and I lose my *credit*, by wanting that, I am supposed to possesse. If for that *I haue*: I will strue to attaine it in a measure more large: so shall his *words* bee truth, and my *deeds* proue them. If my *emie* vpbraides mee, let me see if it bee *iustly*. It was an argument of much worth, in that renowned *Macedonian*, which made him (when he was told *Nicanor* rayled on him) say, *I beleue hee is honest, and feare I haue deserued it*. If it bee so, I will labour to shake off that *corruption*, and be glad I haue so discouer'd it. But if iniuriously he reports foule, it shall be my ioy to beare contentedly, the vniust *asperisions* of malicious *Censure*: who euer was, that was not slandered? Though he should be *beleened* a while: yet at last my *actions* would out-weigh his *words*, and the *disgrace* rest, with the *intender* of the  
ill.



*ill. So that webbe of scandall, they would iniekt vp-  
on mee, my life shall make a garment for themselves  
to weare. That stone that iniurie casts, euer in the  
end lights on her selfe.*

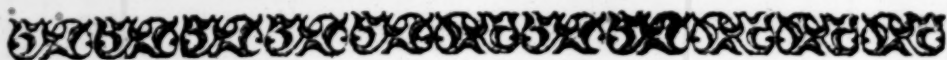


## LX.

*Inward Integritye and outward Vprightnesse  
ought to be respected, whilst  
we liue heere.*

**T***Wo things a man ought to respect while he liues  
heere; his inward integritye, and his outward  
uprightnesse: his pietie toward God, and his reputa-  
tion among men. The one is by performance of re-  
ligious duties; the other by obedience to the lawes  
publike: the one makes his life famous; the other,  
his death happy: so both together, bring credit to  
the name, and felicity to the soule. I will so be alone,  
as I may be with God: so with company, as I may  
please the godly; that, report from good men may  
speake me vertuous. Thus whensoever my breath  
shall be made but ayre, they shall beleue, and I  
know my selfe to be blessed. The death of a good  
man is like the putting out of a wax perfumed Candle;  
he recompences the losse of light, with the sweete  
odour he leaues behind him.*

*of*



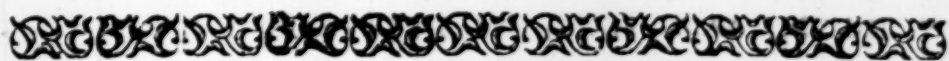
## LXI.

*Of the danger of Neglecting the duty  
of Prayer.*

**A**S it fareth betweene two *friends*, that haue  
beene ancient *familiars*, yet dwelling afunder;  
the one, out of a carelesse neglect, forgets and omits  
his vsuall duty of *visitation*; and that so long,  
that at last he forbears to goe at all: so their *loues*  
decay and diminish: not proceeding from any  
*Iarre*, but onely out of a *stealing neglect*, of renuing  
their *loues*: Euen so it falls out betweene *God*, and  
the carelesse *Christian*: who when he hath omitted  
the duty of *Prayer*, and perhaps hath some  
small motiues of a happy returne; the *Deuill* asks  
him with what face he can now repaire vnto Him,  
hauing beene so long a stranger, both to him, and  
to that *holy duty*. *Dis-respect* is the way to lose a  
*friend*: he that would not continue a *friend*, may  
*neglect* him, and haue his aime. Experience hath  
taught me how dangerous *negligence* hath beene,  
how preiudiciall: how soone it breedes *custome*;  
how easily and insensibly *Custome* creepes into *Nature*;  
which much labour and long endeuour cannot alter,  
or extirpate. In this cause there is no remedy but  
violence, and the seasonable acceptance of opportunitie:  
The vigilant *Mariner* failes with the first *wind*, and  
though the *gale* blow somewhat aduersely, yet once  
lanched forth, he may either  
finde



finde the *blast*, to wombe out his *sailes* more fully, or else helpe himselfe, by the aduantage of *Sea-roome*: whereas, he that tides still *anchor'd* in the *Riner*, and will *saile* with none, but a *wind* faire, may either lie till he lose his *voyage*, or else rot his *Barke* in the *Harbour*. If a *supine neglect*, runne me on these *sands*, a *violent blast* must set me afloat againe. In things that must be, 'tis good to bee *resolute*. I know not whether I shall haue a second *call*, or whether my first motion shall dye *Issuelesse*. I am sure I must returne, or perish: and therefore *necessitie* shall adde a *foote* to my weake *desires*; yet I will striue more to preuent this, by frequent *familiari- tie*; then being an estranged *friend*, to renue old loues: not that after *error*, I would not returne; but that I would not *stray* at all.

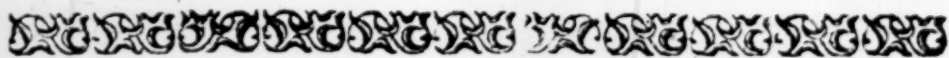


## LXII.

*A good mans Ioy in his many sorrowes.*

**T**He *good man* hath many sorrowes, that the *wicked man* neuer knowes of: his *Offences*, the *sinnes* of the *Time*, the dishonour of *God*, the daily increa- sing of *Satans* kingdome, and the present misery of his *Fathers* children: So that many times, when the *prophane man* is belching out his *blasphemies*, hee inwardly drops a teare in his *soule*, and is then peti- tioning heauen for his *pardon*. But to strengthen him vnder the burthen of all these, he hath one *joy* (that were all his sorrowes doubled) could make

him *lightly* beare *them*: and this is the truth of Gods promises. If I haue more troubles then another, I care not; so I haue more ioyes. *God* is no Tyrant, to giue mee more then my *load*. I am *well* in the midd'ft of *all*, while I haue *that*, which can vphold me in *all*. Who deserues most *honour*, of the *slugard* that hath kept his *bed warme*, or the man that hath *combated* a *monster*, and master'd him? *Iob* was not so *miserable* in his *afflictions*, as he was *happy* in his *patience*.



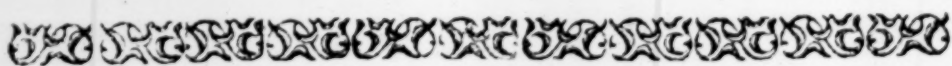
## LXIII.

*Enuy a Squint-ey'd Foole.*

**T**He *enuious man* is a *squint-ey'd foole*; and must needes want both *wit* and *honesty*: for as the *wise man* hath alwayes his minde fixed most on his owne affaires: so on the contrary, he obserues other mens; while those that are *proper* and *pertaining* to himselfe, inioy the least of his *counsell* and *care*. He *sees* others, and is *blind* at home; he *lookes* vpon others, as if they were his, and *neglects* his owne, as if they were anothers. Againe, that which he intends for *mischiefe*, and a secret *disgrace*; euer addes some *splendor* to the *brightnesse* of his worth, he doth so *unjustly* maligne: as if wishing him *infamous*, he would labour to make him *famous*: or desiring to *kill* him, would prescribe him a *Cordiall*. *Enuy*, like the worme, neuer runnes but to the *fairest* and the *ripest fruit*: as a cunning *Blood-hound*, it singles



singles out the fattest *Deere* of the *Herd*: 'tis a *pitchy smoake* which wheresoever we finde, we may be sure there is a *fire of vertue*. *Abrahams riches* were the *Philistines enuy*. *Jacobs blessing* bred *Esaus hate*. Hee's a *man* of a strange constitution, whose *sicknesse* is bred by anothers *health*; as if *nature* had made him an *Antipathite* to *vertue*; If he were good, or meritorious, he would neuer grieve to haue a companion: but being bad, and shallow himselfe, he would damme vp the *streame*, that is *sweete* and *silent*: so by enuying another, for his *radiant lustre*, he giues the world notice, how *darke* and *obscure* he is in himselfe. Yet to all these *blurres*, if it were a *vice*, that could adde but a *dramme* of *content*, there might something be spoken in way of *Apologie*; But whereas all other *vices* are retained, either for *pleasure* or *profit*; this onely like a *barren field*, brings forth nothing but *bryers*, and *thornes*: nothing but a *meager leanness* to the *pined corps*, accompanied with *griefe*, *vexation*, *madnesse*. If another excell me in goodnesse, Ile make him my *example* to *imitate*: not my *blocke* to *stumble on*. If in *wealth*, I shall with him *blesse God* for his plenty, neuer grudge at those faire fauours of heauen: *God* hath enough both for *me*, and *him*: but if he deserues *better*, let me applaud the *diuine Iustice*, not *taxe* it. If the *vice* it selfe shall not cause me to shunne it; yet the *folly* of it shall awe me so much, as not to *shake hands* with a *Serpent* so *foule*: 'tis onely the *weake-sighted*, that cannot endure the *light*. A strong eye can vnhurt gaze the *Sunne*.



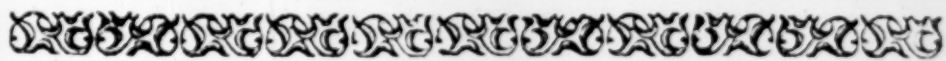
## LXIII.

*Gods Law our Looking-glasse.*

THE counsell the *Philosopher* gaue the young men of *Athens*, may with much profit, be applied by a *Christian*: viz. That they should often view themselves in a glasse, that if they were faire, and well featured, they should doe such things as should bee besecming their amiable shape: but if foule, and ill fauoured, that then they should labour to salue the bodies blemishes, by the beauties of a minde, accoutred with the ornaments of vertue, and good literature. The Law is the *Christians* looking-glasse; which will shew all, without either flattery, or partialitie. 'Tis a globe hung in the midd'ist of the roome, which will shew thee euery durty corner of thy soule. If thou hast wandred in a darke way, this will tell thee thy aberrations, and put thee againe into true path. In it will I often behold my selfe: that if I bee free from the outward actuall violation of it, any thing faire, or haue some beauties, I may study daily, how to maintaine them, how to increase them. But if I finde my selfe like a *Leopard* in his spots, or an *Ethiopian* in his hiew naturall, blacke and deformed (as I cannot bee otherwise in my selfe) it shall yet make me see my defects, and striue to mend them. Knowne deformities incite vs to search for remedy: The knowledge of the disease, is halfe the cure.

*The*

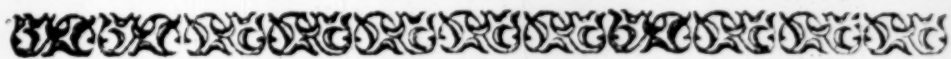




## LXV.

*The Maiestie of Goodnesse.*

**T**Here is no man so *badly* inclin'd, but would gladly be thought *good*: no man so *good* already, but would bee accounted somewhat *better*: Which hath oft made mee sit downe with *wonder*, at the choise excellency of *religious vertue*; that euen those which in heart contemne this *Princesse*; yet cannot but thinke it an honour, to be counted as attendants to *her*. Such a *diuine*, and *amazing* Maiestie there is in *Goodnesse*, that all desire to weare her *Liuey*, though few care to performe her seruice: Like proud *Courtiers*, they would faine be *Fauorites*, but scorne to attend. If then they cannot but *affect* her, that are her *enemies*; how should they *loue* her that ioy to be *friends*? If I be *bad*, let my care be to be *good* indeed, not thought so. If any *good parts* already shine in *mee*; I had rather in *silence* know my selfe *better*, then hrue the vnconstant deeme *me*, either *rare* or *excellent*.



## LXVI.

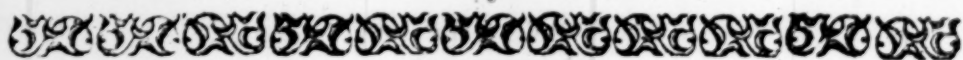
*The true cause of a wicked mans short Life.*

**I**T was well said of *Dauid*, *The wicked man shall not line out halfe his dayes*: for by his *intemperancy*, he

puls on himseife either *diseases* or *iudgements* ; which *cut* him downe before hee bee fully growne. And though his *dayes* be *multiplied*, he makes them seeme much *shorter*, then indeed they are. For besides the being taken away by *untimely accidents*, there be *two things* that seeme to contract *time*, in a more compendious *scope*. Either *excessive* and *secure ioy* : or else a sure *expectation* of ill. One of these in euery wicked man hath *residence* : The *former* is too ordinary : the *latter* not so *common*, nor fully so *dangerous*. The *first* hath his conscience so cast in a sleepe, that it feeles not those *priny* and *perillous wounds*, that *sinne* impaires it withall. All is *frollicke*, *iocund*, *merry* : and hee swimmes in the fullest *delights* inuention can procure him : his eye's *inchan- ted* with *lasciuious objects* ; his eares *charmed* with *scurrilous talke* ; his taste *glutted* with *luxurious ryots* ; his smell *filled* with *artificiall perfumes* ; and his armes *beated* with the *wanton Imbraces* of *lust* : euery sence hath his seuerall subiect of *solace* : and while in all these, his *affections* are wholly taken vp in the present apprehension of *pleasure* ; how can he count of the preticipate pace of *time*, that like an *Arrow*, from a strong bent Bow, *sings* with the speed of his *course* ? If his delights would giue him leisure, to *meditate* a little on this, hee might bee so much himseife, as to know how his *time* *posteth* : But letting it passe, as a thing vnthought of, his end steales on him *vnlookt for*, *vnwelcome*, *vnawares* : and all those voluptuous merriments, wherein in his *lifetime*, he imbaded himseife : now seeme as a day that, is past, whose *Sunne* declin'd at noone. But if  
otherwise,



otherwise, this *sensualitie* blinds him not, or that his *conscience* bee awake already: then alas! how timorous and terrifi'd he is, with the expectation of his *doome*, and finall *confusion*? wishing that hee were either some sencelesse stone, that the bitter *throes* and *pangs* of *despaire* might not freely pierce him; or else that he had such wings, as could procure his escape from *Death*, and marrow-searching *Iudgement*. So like a condemned man, that knowes the date of his *dayes*, hee lies telling the *clocke*, and counting the *houre*; which hee spends, in wishing euery *day* a *yeere*, euery *houre* a *day*, euery *minute* an *houre*, that still he might a while enioy the *sweet possession* of his deare and beloued *life*. Thus either while his *soule* cleaues to the midd'ft of his mirth, his *way* beguiles him: or else while he *quiuers* with the *consideration* of the *shame* that attends him, hee *sayles* with such *fear*, that he mindes not his *voyage*; so is suckt into *Gulfe*, ere euer hee bee *aware*. A full swinge in *pleasure*, is the *way* to make man *sencelesse*: A confident perswasion of vnauoydable *miserie*, is a ready path to *despaire*. Those *potions* that are good but *tasted*, are mortall *ingurgitated*. *Pleasure* taken as *Physicke*, is like a *cordiall* to a weakened *body*: and an expedient thought of our dissolution, may be as a *corrasieue plaister* to eate away the deadnesse of the *flesh*. Both are commendably vsfull. I will neither bee so *louiall*, as to forget the *end*; nor so *sad*, as not to remember the *beginning* of life, *God*.



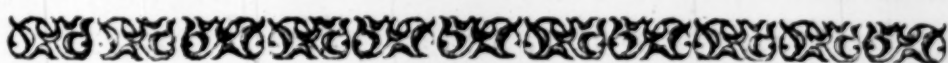
## LXVII.

*Prayer more needfull in the Morning,  
then Euening.*

**T**Hough *Prayer* should be the *key* of the *day*, and the *locke* of the *night*: yet I hold it more needfull in the *morning*, then when our *bodies* doe take their *repose*. For howsoeuer *sleep* bee the *Image* or *shadow* of *Death*, and when the *shadow* is so neere, the *substance* cannot bee farre: yet a *man* at rest in his *chamber*, is like a *sheepe* impenn'd in the *fold*; subiect onely to the vnauoydable, and more immediate hand of *God*: whereas in the *day*, when hee roues abroad in the open and wide *pastures*, hee is then exposed to many more vnthought of accidents, that contingently and casually occurre in the *way*: *Retirednesse* is more safe then *businessse*: who beleeueth not a ship secuter in the *Bay*, then in the midst of the boyling *Ocean*? Besides, the *morning* to the *day*, is as *youth* to the *life* of a man: if that be begun well, commonly his age is vertuous: otherwise, *God* accepts not the latter *seruice*, when his enimie ioyes in the first *dish*. Hee that loues *chastitie*, will neuer marry *her* that hath liued a *Harlot* in youth. Why should *God* take thy *dry* bones, when the deuill hath suckt the *marrow* out?

*The*



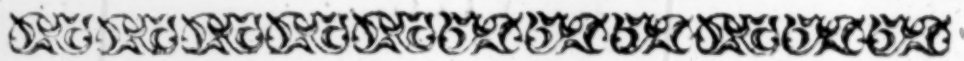


## LXVIII.

*The three bookes, in which God may bee easily found.*

**G**OD hath left *three bookes* to the world, in each of which *hee* may easily be found: The *Booke* of the *Creatures*, the *Booke* of *Conscience*, and his *written Word*. The *first* shewes his *Omnipotency*. The *second* his *Iustice*: The *third* his *Mercy* and *Goodnesse*. So though there bee none of them so *barren* of the rudiments of *knowledge*, but is sufficient to leaue all without *excuse*, *apologies*: yet in them all, I finde all the good, that euer either the *Heathen*, or the *Christian* hath publisht abroad. In the *first*, is all *Naturall Philosophy*: in the *second*, all *Morall Philosophy*: in the *third*, all true *Diuinitie*. To those admirable *Pillars* of all humane learning, (the *Philosophers*) God shew'd himselfe in his *Omnipotency* and *Iustice*, but seemed, as it were, to conceale his *Mercy*: to vs *Christians* hee shines in that which *out-shines* all his *Workes*, his *Mercy*: Oh! how should we regratulate his *fauours* for so *immense* a *benefit*, wherein secluding himselfe from others, he hath wholly *imparted* himselfe to vs? In the *first* of these I will admire his *workes*, by a serious meditation of the wonders in the *Creatures*. In the *second*, I will reuerence his *Iustice*, by the secret and inmost *checkes* of the *conscience*. In the *third* imbrace his *Loue*, by laying hold on those promises, wherein hee

hath not onely left mee meanes to *know* him, but to *loue* him, *rest* in him, and *injoy* him for euer.



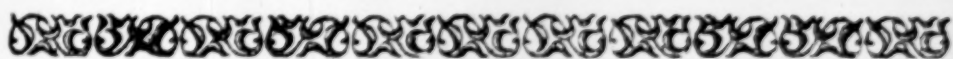
## LXIX.

*The praise of Learning, yet without Grace,  
it is a Mischiefe.*

**I**F the fault bee not in the *misapplication*, then it is true that *Diogenes* spake of *Learning*; That, *It makes young men sober, old men happy, poore men rich, and rich men honourable.* Yet in any without *grace*, it proues a double *mischiefe*; there is nothing more *pestilent*, then a ripe *wit* applyed to *lewdnesse*. Because hee that knowes himselfe to bee *quicke* and *acute*, relies on his owne *braine*, for euasion from all his *villanies*; and is drawne to the practice of much *vice*, by the too-much presuming on his owne *dexterity*. *Ability* and a wicked *will*, is *fuell* to burne the world with; *wit* and *wantonnesse* are able to intice a *chaste one*. *Resolution* and *policy* can cast broyles in *Christendome*, and put ciuill men into ciuill warres; if you beleeeue not this, examine the *Iesuite*. On the contrary, where *grace* guides *knowledge*, and *Religion* hath the reins of *Art*: there, though on *earth*, the man is made *beauenly*; and his life is truly *Angelicall*. Hee does good by the instinct of *Grace*, and that good hee doth well, by the skilfull direction of *Learning*: *Religion* is as *Grammar*, that shewes him the *word*, and the *ground*; while *knowledge*, like *Rhetoricke*, doth pollish it with be-  
seem-  
ing



ing ornaments. He that giues almes, does *good*, but he that giues willingly to the needy, and in season, does *better*. I will set my selfe to attaine both: for as he can neuer be a good *Orator*, that wants either *Grammar*, or *Rhetoricke*: So there is no man can be a compleat *Christian*, without *Grace*, and some *knowledge*. *Vzzah* intended well, but did not know so; and want of goodnesse spoyled *Achitophels* counsell. How can we either *desire* or *loue* him that we doe not know? since *affectus motus est Cordis, à notitia & cognitione obiecti exercitatus*.



L X X.

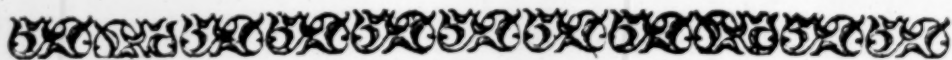
*A Couetous Man can be a friend to None.*

**T**He *couetous* man cannot bee a true or faithfull friend to any: for whiles he loues his *mony* better then his *friend*, what expectation can there bee of the extent of his *liberality*? In aduersity, and the time of *tempest*, when he should be a *Hauen* to rest in, and an *Alter Idem*; he will either like the *Crocodile* ceaze on him in the fall, and take the advantage of his necessities: or else out of a lothnesse to lose any thing by his disbursement, rather see him macerated by a consuming *want*, then any way send him a salue for *distresse*. Words from a *dead man*, and *deedes of charitie* from a *man couetous*, are both alike *rare*, and hard to come by. 'Tis a miracle if he speaks at all; but if he doth breake silence, 'tis not without *terror* and *amazement* to the *hearers*.

A

## RESOLVES.

A conetous mans kindnesse is like the Fowlers shrape, wherein he casts meate, not out of charitie to relieue them; but treacherie to insnare them. He reaches thee bread in one hand, and shewes it; but keepe a stone in the other, and hides it. If yet his courtesies were without danger, I would rather endure some extremitie, then be beholding to the almes of Auarice. He that ouer-values his benefit, neuer thinkes he hath thanks sufficient. I had better shift hardly, then owe to an insatiable Creditor.



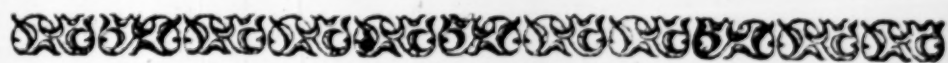
## LXXI.

*The folly of contemning the Poore in Christ.  
Magnanimitie and Humilitie  
Cohabitants.*

I Haue seene some high-minded Roysters, scornefully contemne the lowly poore of Christ; as if they were out of the reach of the shattering wind of Iudgement, or thought it an impossibility, euer to stand in neede of the helpe of such humble shrubbs. Fooles, so to contemne those, whose ayde they may after want: 'tis no badge of Nobility to despise an inferiour. Magnanimitie and Humility are Cohabitants: Courtesie is one of the fairest Iemmes in a Crowne: 'twas Casars glory, to saue his Countrey-men, which liues still in that speech, which sayes, He pardoned more then he ouercame: True Honour is like the Sun, that shines as well to the Peasant in the field, as the Monarch in his Throne: hee that with-holds his



his *clemency*, because the *subiect* is base, denyes a *remedy* to his *wounded foote*; because 'tis an *inferiour part*: so he may iustly after complaine and want it: When the *Lyon* was caught in a snare, 'twas not the spacious *Elephant*, but the little *Mouſe*, that restor'd him his wonted libertie: though the *head* guides the *hand*, the *hand* defends the *head*.

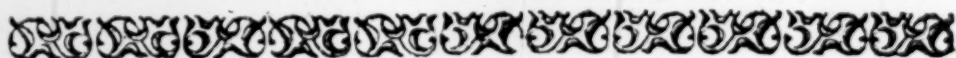


## LXXII.

*Sudden Occasion of Sinne dangerous.*

**A**S *sudden passions* are most violent; so *sudden occasions* of sinne are most dangerous: for while the senses are let vpon by vnthought of *objects*, *Reason* wants time to call a *Counsell*, to determine how to resist the *Affault*: 'tis a *faire Bootie* makes many a *Thiefe*, that if he had missed of this accidet, would perhaps haue liu'd honestly. *Opportunity* is a *wooer*, that none but *heauen* can conquer. *Humanity* is too weake a *spell* for so powerfull a *charme*: she casts a fury into the *blood*, that will teare out a way, though the *soule* be lost by it. The *Racke* is easier then her importunity; *flames* are *Snow-balls* to it: sure, if the *Deuill* would change his properties, he would put himselfe into this *subtill thing*: she puls vs with a thousand chaines; at euery *nerue* shee hangs a *poize* to draw vs to her *sorcerie*: and many times in our *gaine*, we are *lost* for euer. What *tortures* cannot force vs to, shee will smoothly per-swade: she breakes all *bonds, lawes, resolutions, oathes*.  
Wife

Wise was the abstinence of *Alexander*, from the sight of *Darius* his *Daughters*; lest their beauty should incite him to *folly*: shee runnes vs into *errors*, and makes vs so desperate, as to dare any thing: If shee offer me her seruice to *ill*, Ile either *kick* her as a *Bawd* to *Vice*; or else *winke* when shee shewes me her *painting*. *Occasion* is a *Witch*, and Ile be as heedfull in auoyding *her*; as I will be warie to eschew a *sinne*. But if I be constrained to heare the *Syren* sing, *Vlisses* was wise, when he tyed himselfe to the *Mast*.



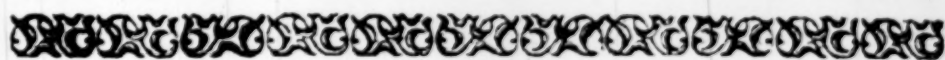
## LXXII.

*Of being Vices Friend, and Vertues Enemy.*

**M**Y hatred to my *Enemy* shall be but *in part*, my *loue* to my *friend*, whole and *intire*: for howsoever I may *hate* my *Enemies vices*, and his ill *conditions*; yet will I *loue* his *person*, both as he is a *man*, and my *brother*. His *detestation* is too deepe, that will burne his *linnen*, because 'tis *foule*; they may both returne to their former *purity*, & then to *hate*, is *sinfull*. But as for my *friend*, I will *loue* both his *person*, and his *qualities*: his *qualities* first, and for *them*, his *person*. Yet in neither will I so *hate*, as to be a foe to *Goodnesse*; nor so *loue*, as to foster *Iniquitie*: 'Tis a question which is the worst of the two, to be *Vices Friend*, or *Vertues Enemy*.

' *Next*



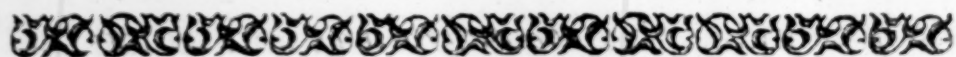


## LXXIV.

*Next God, the good man is the onely Friend.*

**N**Ext God, the *good man* is the onely friend: for when all other flinke out of the way, hee onely is a secure *Harbour* for a *shipwrackt soule* to ride in; if hee be *upright* that is fallen in distresse, hee then relieues him, as a *brother*, as a *member*: If *lewd*, yet necessity induceth a *commiseration*; and seeing the glorious *Impresse* of the *Almighties Image* in him, hee cannot, but for his *Fathers* sake, affect him. If hee be *poore*, of *Gods* making, by the vnauoydable *designement* of a *supreme prouidence*, *Nature* incites a *reliefe*: For hee knowes not how soone, a like *lot* may fall in his owne *ground*. The same *Sunne* saw *Iob* both *rich* and *poore* to a *Prouerbe*. If his owne ill courses haue brought his *decay*; he is not so obdurate and flinty, but that he can afford him a hand of *compassion*, to strengthen him a little in the midd'lt of *disasters*: hoping that his *charity* may either worke his *returne*, or stay him from speedy *ruine*. If hee bee *ill*, he is a *Magistrate*, to correct and reclaime him: if *good*, hee is a *Father*, to vphold and loue him: if *rich*, he readees him a *Lecture* of *moderation*, and *discreet disposure*; tels him, not *possession*, but *use*, diuitiates a man more truely: if *poore*, hee sets him to *Sthoote* with *Paul*, there to learne, *Content is plenty*; tel's how that *Pagan Cynicke* could laugh at *riches*, when he call'd them nothing but *fortunes*.

*fortunes vomit*; if *wise*, hee is his *delight* and *solace*; euen the *Garner*, where hee leaues his *load*, and lockes his *store*: if *ignorant*, hee *instructs* him with the *Oracles* of *God*; *dictitates* *Sentences* vnto him, and speakes all, *tangquam ex tripode*. Euery way I find him so *beneficiall*, that the *pious* wil not liue but *with him*; and the *bad man* cannot liue *without* him. Who had salu'd the offending *Israelites*, had not *Moses* stood vp to intercede? It shall more ioy to me to liue with *Christians*, then *men*.



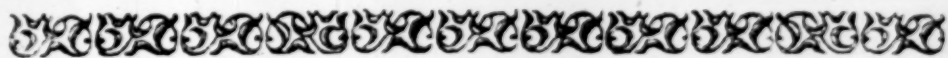
## LXXV.

*The hard-hearted man hath Misery almost in Perfection.*

**T**He hard-hearted man hath *miserie* almost in *perfection*: and there is none more *wretched*, then a man with a conscience seared. Other sinners march in the high way to *ruine*; but he, as he goes, buildes a *wall* at his backe, that he cannot retire to the *Tent*. Neither *Mercies*, nor *Iudgements*, winne him at all. Not *Mercies*: those, his *pride* makes him thinke but his *due*; and while they are but common ones, they passe away with his common thoughts. *Benefits* seldome sinke deepe in *obdurate mindes*: 'tis the *soft nature* that is soonest taken with a *courtesie*. Not *Iudgements*; for either he *reuerberates* them backe, before they *pearce*, as a *wall* of *steele* doth a *blunt-headed Arrow*: or if they doe perhaps finde entrance, like the *Elephant*, with the convulsion of his *nerues*, and his *bodies* contraction;



tion; hee casts out the *shaft* that stickes within him: so still he rests vnmollified, for all this *raine* and *haile*. *Warnings to peruerse dispositions*, are the meanes to make them *worse*: Those *plagues* and *wonders* that would haue *melied* a *milder soule*, onely reduced *Pharaoh's* to a more hard and desperate *temper*. Strange! that he should locke out of his *owne good*, with so strong a *key*, so sure a *Ward*; when e- uery *Vice* that defiles the minde, finds both ready and free welcome. If I liue in *sinne*, *Gods* first call is *mercy*; I had better goe willingly, then be led by constraint: 'tis fit he should know the smart of *torture*, that nothing will cause to confesse but the *Racke*: If I finde *God* whippes me with any sensible *stroke*, I will search the *cause*, then seeke the *cure*: such blowes are the *Physicke* of a bleeding *Soule*: but neglected, my *sinne* will be more, and my punishment: 'Tis in vaine to be stubborn with *God*: he that can crush vs to *nothing*, can turne vs to *any thing*: let me rather returne speedily, and preuent *Iudgements*, then stay obstinately, and pull downe *more*: as 'tis a happy *fear*, which preuents the *offence*, and the *Rod*: so that is a miserable *valour*, which is bold to dare the *Almighty*.



LXXVI.

*Of Censure and Calumnie.*

**S**OME mens *Censures* are like the blasts of *Rammes Hornes*, before the Walles of *Iericho*: all the strength

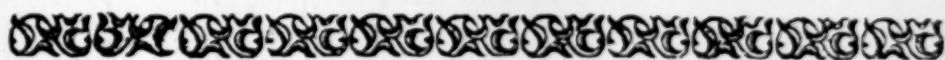
strength of a mans *vertue* they lay *leuell* at one vtterance : when all their *ground* is only a *conceited fancy*, without any certaine *basis* to build on. What religious minde will not with amazement shudder, at the *peremptorie conclusions*, where they haue set their *period*? Wondring, *Man* that knowes so *little*, should yet so speake, as if hee were priuie to *All*. I confesse, a man may roue by the outward linements, what common inclinations rule within: yet that *Philosopher* did more wisely, that seeing a *faire face*, with a *tongue* silent, bade him *speake*, that he *might see him*. For the *cheeke* may be dimpled with a pleasing smile, while the *heart* throbs with vndiscerned *dolours* : and as a *cleere face* shewes not alwayes a *sound body* : no more is an *ingenious looke*, alwayes the Ensigne of a *mind vertuous*. I will onely walke in *Christs* path, and learne *by their fruit to know them* : where I want experience, *charitie* bids me thinke the *best*; and leaue what I know not, to the *Searcher of hearts*. *Mistakes*, *Suspect* and *Enuie*, often iniure a cleere fame; there is least danger in a charitable construction.

*In part hee's guilty of the wrong that's done,  
Which doth beleue those false reports that runne.*

I will neither *beleue* all I *heare*, nor *speake* all I *belceue*; A mans good *name* is like a milke-white ball, that will infinitely gather soyle in tossing. The act of *Alexander* in this cause, merits an eternall memory; that hauing read a *Letter* with his Fauourite *Hephaestion*, wherein his Mother calumniated  
*Antipater*,



*Antipater*, tooke his *Signet* from his finger, and appressed his lips with it: Coniuring as it were, the strict silence of anothers disgrace. Oh *Alexander*! this very *action* was enough to make thee famous: who should not in this admire and imitate thee? A desire to disgrace another, cannot spring from a good *roote*: *Malice* and *basenesse* euer dwell with *calumnie*. I will iudge *well* of euery man, whom his owne bad *life* speakes not *ill* of: if he be bad, Ile hope *well*; what know I how his end may prosper? I had better labour to amend him to *himselfe*, then by publishing his *vices*, make him odious to *others*. If he bee good, and belongs to *God*, how can I chuse but offend much, when I speake ill of a *childe* that is indeared to such a *Fathers* affection? *God* loues his owne tenderly; and whosoever offers a disgrace to them, shall bee sure to pay for't, either by *teares* or *torment*.



LXXVII.

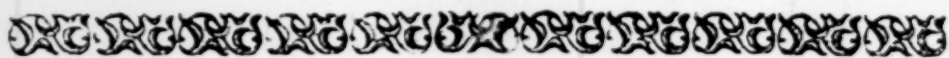
*Three things that a Christian should specially knowe.*

**T**Here are three things especially that a *Christian* should know: *His owne miserie*; *Gods Loue*; *His owne thankfull Obedience*. His *Misery*, how iust; *Gods loue*, how free, how vnderferued; his owne *thankfulnesse*, how due, how necessarie. *Consideration* of one, successiuelly begets the *apprehension* of all: Our *misery* shewes vs his *Loue*: his *loue* cals for

Ee

our

our acknowledgement. *Want* makes a *bountie* weightier : if we thinke on our *needs*, wee cannot but admire his *mercies* : how dull were wee, if wee should not value the reliefe of our necessities ? hee cannot but esteeme the *benefit*, that vnexpectedly helps him in his deepest distresse : That *Loue* is most to be prized, whose onely motiue is *goodnesse*. The thought of *this*, will forme a disposition gratefull : who can meditate so vnbottomed a *loue*, and not study for a thankfull demeanour ? His minde is crosse to *Nature*, that requites not *affection* with *gratitude*. All *fauours* haue this successe, if they light on good ground, they bring foorth *thanks*. Let mee first thinke my *misery* without my Sauiours *mercy* : next, his *mercy*, without my *merits* : and from the meditation of these two, my sincerer thanks will spring. Though I cannot conceiue of the former as they are ; *Infinite*, and beyond my thought : yet will I so ponder them, as they may enkindle the fire of my vnfained and zealous *thanksgiuing*. That time is well spent, wherein wee studie *thankfulnesse*.



## LXXVIII.

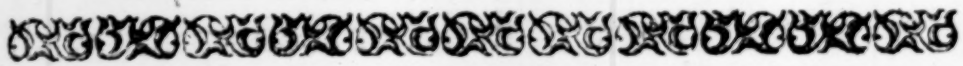
*Fooles great esteeme of outward beautie.*

**T**Hough the *fooles* of the World thinke *outward beauty* the onely *Iewell* that deserueth wearing; yet the *wise man* counts it but an accident; that can neither adde nor diminish, to the worth of *Vertue*,



as shee is in herselfe: so as hee neuer esteemes her more or lesse, but as he finds her accomplisht with *discretion, honesty, and good parts*. If my friend bee *vertuous, and nobly-minded*, my soule shall loue him, howsoeuer his *body* be framed: and if *beauty* make him amiable, I needes must like him much the better: The *Sunne* is more glorious in a cleere *Sky*, then when the *Horizon* is clouded. *Beauty* is the *wit* of *Nature* put into the *Frontispice*. If there bee any humane thing may reach *Faith* reason, this is it: in other things we *imagine* more then we *see*: in this wee *see* more then wee can *imagine*. I haue seene (and yet not with a partiall eye) such *features*, and such *mixtures*, as I haue thought impossible for either *Nature* to frame, or *Art* to counterfet; yet in the same *face*, I haue seene that, which hath out-gone them both, the *Countenance*. Oh! if such glory can dwell with *corruption*, what celestiall excellencies are in the *Saints* aboue? Who would not gaze himselfe into admiration, when hee shall see so rich a *treasure* in so pure a *Cabinet*, vnmatched *vertue*, in matchlesse *beauty*? But if my Friends *body* hath more *comelineesse*, then his *soile, goodnesse*; I like him the worse, for beeing but outwardly faire. *Wickednesse* in *beauty*, is a *Traytour* of the *Bed-chamber*; poyson in sweet meates. A vicious *soule* in a beautifull *body*, I account as a *Iesuite* in the Robes of a *Courtier*; or somewhat more fitly, a *Papist*, that will goe to *Church*.

of



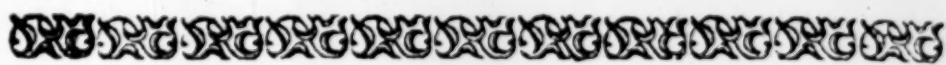
## LXXIX.

*Of Beeing, and Seeming to Bee.*

AS I thinke, there are many worse then they seeme ; so I suppose there are some, better then they shew : and these are like the growing *Chestnut*, that keepes a sweet and nutrimentall kernell included in a rough and prickely huske. The other, as the *Peach*, hold a rugged and craggie stone, vnder the couer of a *Veluet Coate*. I would not deceiue a good man either way : both offer a wrong to *vertue* : The *one* shewes her worse then she is ; dulling her *beauty* with dimme colours, and presenting her with a harder *sanctity* then her owne : The *other* doth varnish ouer the rottennesse of *Vice*, and makes *goodnesse* but the vizor of *hypocrisie*. Eyther are condemnable : painting the *face*, is not much worse then wiltull soiling it. Hee is as well a *murderer*, that accuseth himselfe falsly, as hee that did the act, and denyes it. *One* would obscure *goodnesse*, with *Vice* ; the other would palliate *Vice*, with *Goodnesse*. *Fraud* is in both : and I am sure no *Pleasure* can make *Deceit* allowable. I will therefore strue to auoide both ; and with *Chrysostome*, either seeme as I am, or bee as I seeme. But if I should erre on one side, I had rather resemble a plaine *Countrey-man*, that goes in *Ruffet*, and is rich in *Reuenues* ; then a *riotous Courtier*, that weares *glorious apparell*, without *money* in his purse.

*Sanctitie*



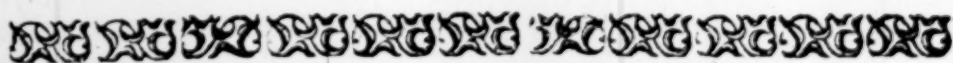


## LXXX.

*Sanctitie is a Sentence of three Stops.*

**A** *Christians* voyage to *Heauen*, is a *Sentence* of three *Stops*; *Comma*, *Colon*, *Periodus*. He that *repents*, is come to the *Comma*, and begins to speake sweetly, the language of *Saluation*: but if he leaues there, *God* vnderstands not such abrupt *speeches*: sorrow alone cannot expiate a *Pirates* robberies: he must both leaue his theft, and serue his *Countrey*, e're his *Prince* will receiue him to *fauour*. 'Tis he that *confesseth* and *forakes* his *sinne*, that shall *finde mercy*: 'tis his leauing his *wickednesse*, that is as his *Colon*: and carries him halfe way to *heauen*. Yet heere also is the *Clause* vnperfect, vnlesse he goes on to the *practice of righteousness*, which as a *Period* knits vp all, and makes the *Sentence* full. *Returne* and *penitence* is not sufficient for him that hath fled from his *Soueraignes* Banner; he must first doe some *valiant act*, before by the Law of *Armes*, he can be restored to his former bearing. I will not content my selfe with a *Comma*; *Repentance* helps not, when *sinne* is renewed; nor dare I make my stay at a *Colon*; not to doe good, is to commit euill, at least by omission of what I ought to doe: before I come to a *Period*, the constant practice of *Pietie*, I am sure, I cannot be sure of *complete Glorie*. If I did all strictly, I were yet *vnprofitable*; and if *God* had not appointed my faith to perfect me, *miserable*.

If he were not full of *mercies*, how vnhappy a creature were *man*?



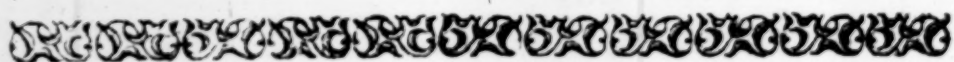
## LXXI.

*The great Good of Good Order.*

**E**VEN from naturall reason, is the *wicked man*, prou'd to be *sonne* vnto *Satan*, and *heyre* of *Hell*, and *torments*. For not to speake of *Heauen*, (where the *blessed* are happy, and all things beyond apprehension excellent,) euen in the *Firmament*, we see how all things are preserued by a glorious *order*: the *Sunne* hath his appointed circuit, the *Moone* her constant change, and euery *Plannet* and *Starre* their proper course & place. For as they are called *fixed Starres*, not because they moue not at all, but because their *motion* is insensible, and their distances euer the same, by reason of the slow motion of the *eighth Sphere*, in which they are: So they are not called *wandring Planets*, for that they moue in an vncertaine *irregularity*; but because those seuen inferiour *Orbes*, wherein they are set, are diuersly carried about; which makes them appeare sometimes in one place, sometimes in another, yet euer in the settled place of their owne *Orbe*, whose *Revolutions* also, are in most strict, and euer certaine times. The *Earth* likewise hath her vnstirred *Station*; the *Sea* is confin'd in *limits*; and in his ebbings and flowings, dances as it were after the influence, and aspect of the *Moone*; whereby it is both kept  
from



from *putrification*, and by struggling with it selfe, from ouer-flowing the *Land*. In this *World*, *Order* is the life of *Kingdomes*, *Honours*, *Arts*: and by the excellencie of it, all things flourish and thriue. Onely in *Hell* is *confusion*, *horroure*, and *amazing disorder*. From whence the wicked man shewes himselfe sprung; for there is nothing that like him liues so irregular, and out of *compasse*. *Disorder* is a Bird of the *Diuels* hatching: I feare lest those that rent the *Church* for *Ceremonie*, haue some affinitie with that Prince of mis-rule: we oft finde the *parents* disposition, though not propagated to the *childe*, yet followed by him. I doe not *censure*, but *doubt*. We haue seldome knowne him *good*, that refuseth to obey *good orders*. Who can expect a fruitfull *crop*, when the *field* is sometimes blasted with *Lightening*, sometimes drenched with *inundations*, but neuer cherished with a kindly *Sunne*? things vncapable of a true forme, are euer mending, yet euer vnperfect: when the *rankes* are broken, the *victorie* is in hazzard. One bad *voyce*, can put twenty good ones out of tune. I will first order my minde by good *resolution*; then keepe it so by a strong *constancie*. Those *Souldiers* dyed brauely, that where they stood to *fight*, they fell to *death*.



## LXXXII.

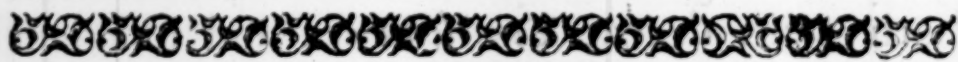
*Three things encounter our Consideration,  
and these three haue three  
Remedies.*

**I**N euery man there be three things that encounter our Consideration; *The Minde*, the *Behaviour*, the *Person*. A grosse blemish in any of which, stickes some disgrace on the vnhappy owner. If the *Minde* be vicious, though the carriage be faire, and the *Person* comely; *Honesty* esteemes not outward parts, where inward *Grace* is wanting. If his *minde* be good, and *carriage* clownish, his outward bad *demeanour* makes his inward *worth* ridiculous: and admit he hath *both* deseruing *applause*; yet a surfeited and diseased *body*, makes all dis-regarded, while the approach of his presence may prooue preiudiciall, infectious, noysome. To remedy the defects of all these, I finde three noble Sciences: *Diuinity*, *Philosophie*, *Physicke*: *Diuinity*, for the *Soule*; to preserue that vnstain'd and holy; as also to indue it with vnderstanding; for *God* with his *Graces* instils *Knowledge*: it was the keeping of his *Law*, made *Dauid* wiser then those that taught him. *Diuine Knowledge* is not without *humane*: when *God* giues the first, in some measure he giues both: and therefore we seldome finde the ignorant man *honest*: if he be *mentally*, yet he failes *expressly*. *Philosophie*, for his manners and demeanour, in the  
many



many contingent things of this life; to fit him both with decent *Complements*, and sufficient *staidnesse*: neither *saououring* of *Curiosity*, nor *rusticity*: Nor was euer *Religion* found a foe to *good manners*; For she shines brightest in a braue *behaviour*, so it be free from *affectation*, *flattery*. *Philosophy* is the *salt of life*; that can dry vp the crude humors of a *Novice*, and correct those *pestilent qualities* wherewith *Nature* hath infected vs: which was ingenuously confest by *Socrates*, when *Zopyrus* by his *Phisiognomie* pronounced him fouly vicious. *Physicke*, to know the state of the *body*; both to auoyde distempers in *health*, and to recouer *health* in wearying *diseases*; 'tis the restitution of decaying *Nature*: when shee is falling, this giues her a hand of *sustenance*: it puts away our *blemishes*, restores our *strength*, and rids vs of *that*, which would rid vs of our *lines*. In all these though a man bee not *so Learned*, as to *teach* them to *others*; yet in *all* I would know *so much*, as might serue to direct mee in mine *owne occasions*. 'Tis commendable to know any thing that may beare the title of *Good*; but for these so *pleasing Sciences*, I will rather study with some paines, then want experience in things so necessarie. Thus shall I fit my *minde* for *God*, my *body* to my *minde*, my *behaviour* to both, and my *friends*.

How



## LXXXIII.

*How the distempers of these times should  
affect wise men.*

**T**He distempers of these times would make a wise man both merry and mad: merry, to see how Vice flourishes but a while, and being at last frustrate of all her faire hopes, dyes in a dejected scorne; which meetes with nothing in the end, but beggery, baseness, and contempt. To see how the world is mistaken in opinion, to suppose those best that are wealthiest. To see how the world thinks to appall the minde of Noblenesse with misery; while true resolution laughs at their poore impotency, and flights euen the vtmost spight of tyranny. To see how men buy Offices at high rates, which when they haue, proue ginnes to catch their soules in, and snare their estates and reputations. To see how foolishly men coozen themselues of their soules, while they think they gaine, by their cunning defrauding another. To see how the projectors of the World, like the spoke of the Wheele of Sesostris Chariot, are tumbled vp and downe, from beggery, to Worship; from worship, to honour; from honour, to baseness againe. To see what idle Complements are currant among some that affect the Phantasticke garbe: as if friendship were nothing but an Apish salute, glossed ouer with nothing but the varnish of a smoothe tongue. To see a strutting Prodigall ouer-looke a Region, with his wa-  
uing



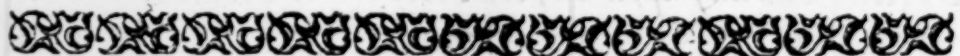
*wing plume*; as if he could as easily shake *that*, as his *Feather*; yet in priuate will creepe like a *crouching Spaniell*, to his base muddy *Prostitute*. To see how *Pot-valor* thunders in a *Tauerne*, and appoints a *Duell*, but goes away, and giues *money* to haue the *quarrell* taken vp vnder-hand. *Mad* on the other side, to see how *Vice* goes trapped with *rich furni- ture*, while poore *Vertue* hath nothing but a *bridle* and *saddle*, which onely serue to increase her *bondage*. To see *Machiauels Tenents* held as *Oracles*; *Honesty* reputed *shallownesse*; *Iustice* bought and sold; as if the *World* went about to disprooue *Zorobabel*, and would make him confesse, *money* to be stronger then *Truth*. To see how *flattery* creepes into *fauour* with *Greatnesse*, while *plaine-dealing* is thought the enemy of *State* and *Honour*. To see how the *Papists* (for promotion of their owne religion) inuent *lyes*, and *print* them; that they may not onely coo- zen the *present age*, but gull *posterity*, with *forged actions*. To see how well-meaning *simplicity* is *foot- ball'd*. To see how *Religion* is made a *Politicians vi- zor*; which hauing helpt him to his *purpose*, he casts by, like *Sunday apparell*, not thought on all the *weeke* after. And, which would *mad* a man more then all, to *know* all this, yet not *know* how to helpe it. These would almost distract a man in himselfe. But since I finde they are *incurable*; I'll often pray for their a- mendment in priuate; neuer *declaime*, but when I am call'd to't. Hee loseth much of his comfort, that without a iust *deputation*, thrusts himselfe into *dan- ger*. Let me haue *that* once, and it shall neuer grieue me to dye in a *warrantable Warre*.



## LXXXIV.

*To reuenge wrongs, what it sauiours of.*

**T**O reuenge a wrong, is both *easie* and *vsuall*; and as the *World* thinkes, sauiours of some *noblenesse*: But *Religion* sayes the contrarie, and tels vs, 'tis better to *neglect* it, then *requite* it. If any man shall *willingly* offer mee an *iniurie*, he shall *know*, I can *see* it, but withall, he shall *see*, I *scorne* it: vnlesse it bee such, as the bearing is an offence. What neede I doe that, which his owne *minde* will doe for me? If hee hath done ill, my *reuenge* is within him: if not, I am too blame in seeking it. If *unwillingly* he wrongs mee, I am as ready to *forgiue*, as he to *submit*: for I know, a good *minde* will bee more *sorrowfull*, then I shall be *offended*: *With his owne hand he rebateth his honour, that kills a prisoner humbly yeelding*: Who but a *Deuill*, or a *Pope*, could trample on a prostrate *Emperour*?



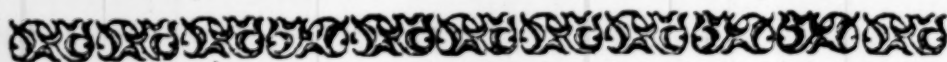
## LXXXV.

*Who is most subiect to Censure.*

**I** Obserue none more lyable to the *Worlds* false censure, then the *upright nature*, that is *honest* and *free*. For many times, while he thinkes no *ill*, hee cares not though the *World* sees the worst of his *actions*;



*actions*; supposing he shall not be iudged worse then hee knowes himselfe: but the *World* beeing *bad* it selfe, guessees at *others* by his *owne*: so concludes *bad* of those that are not. Some haue I knowne thus iniur'd, that out of a *minde* not acquainted with *ill*, haue by a *free demeanour*, had infinite *scandals* cast vpon them; when I know, the *ignorant* and *ill World* is much *mistaken*, and coniectures false. I will neuer *censure*, till I see *grounds* apparant: hee that *thinks ill* without this, I dare pawne my *soule*, is either *bad*, or would be so, if *opportunitie* but seru'd him. In things vncertaine, a *bad construction* must needes flow from a *bad minde*: who could imagine *private vice* which they doe not see, by a *harmelesse carriage* which they doe see, vnlesse either their *owne ill practice*, or *desires*, had prompted them? *Vice* as it is the *Deuils issue*; so in part it retaines his *qualities*; and *desiring* others *bad*, *beleeu*es them so. But *Vertue* had a more *heauenly breeding*: she is warie, lest shee *censure* rashly: and had rather *straine* to *saue*, then *erre* to *condemne*. If my *life* bee free from *villany*, and *base designs*, I know, the *good* will speake no *worse* then they see: as for those that are *lewd*, their *blacke tongues* can neuer spot the faire of *Vertue*: onely I could sometimes grieue, to see how they *wrong themselves*, by *wronging others*.



## LXXXVI.

*Content makes Rich.*

EVERY man either *is rich*, or *may bee so*; though not all in one and the same *wealth*. Some haue *abundance*, and *reioyce in't*: some a *competency*, and are *content*: some hauing *nothing*, haue a minde desiring *nothing*. He that hath *most*, wants *something*: he that hath *least*, is in something *supplied*; wherein the minde which maketh *rich*, may well possesse him with the thought of store. Who *whistles* out more *content*, then the low-fortun'd *Plow-man*, or *sings* more *merrily*, then the abiect *Coblar* that sits vnder the stall? *Content* dwels with those, that are out of the *eye* of the world, whome she hath neuer *train'd* with *her gaudes*, *her toyes*, *her lures*. *Wealth* is like *Learning*, wherein our greater *knowledge* is onely a larger *sight* of our *wants*. *Desires* fulfilled, teach vs to desire more: so *wee* that at first were pleased, by remouing from that, are now growne *insatiable*. *Wishes* haue neither *End*; nor *end*. So in the midd'ft of *affluency*, we complaine of *penury*: which not finding, wee make. For to possesse the whole world with a grumbling *mind*, is but a little more specious *poverty*. If I be not outwardly *rich*, I will labour to bee *poore* in crauing desires; but in the vertues of *the minde*, (the best *riches*) I would not haue a man exceed mee. Hee that hath a *minde* contentedly *good*, inioyeth in it boundlesse *possessions*.



ons. If I bee pleas'd in my selfe, who can adde to my *happinesse*? as no man liues so *happy*, but to some his *life* would bee *burdensome*: so wee shall finde none so *miserable*, but wee shall heare of another, that would change *calamities*.

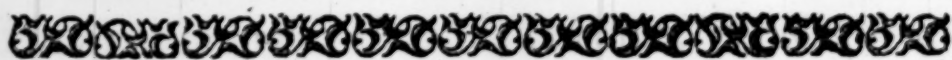


## LXXXVII.

*The Condition of things, which the world  
yeeldes.*

**T**O haue beene *happy*, is *wretched*; to be *happy*, *momentany*; to may bee *happy*, *doubtfull*. All that the world yeelds, is either vncertainely *good*, or certainly *ill*. Euen his best *cordials*, haue some bitter ingredients in *them*; lest foolish *sensualitie* should catch them with too greedy a *hand*. Wee should surfeit with their *honey*, if there were not *gall* intermingled. The reason of defect I finde in the *obiet*, which being earthly, must be *brittle*, *fading*, *vaine*, *imperfect*: so though it may *please*, it cannot *satisfie*. *Earth* can giue vs but a taste of *pleasure*, not fill vs. What shee affords, let mee lawfully vse; trust to, neuer. Hee onely that hath beene, is, and shall bee for euer, can make my *past happinesse*, present, my *future*, certaine, and my *present* continue, if not as 'tis, *better*, and then *for euer*.

Good



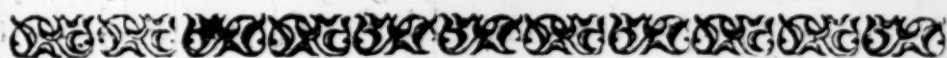
## LXXXVIII.

*Good Name, how it is both the Best, and Brittlest thing that is.*

**A** Good name is among all *externals* both the *best* and most brittle *bleſſing*. If it be true, that *Difficilia quæ pulchra*, this is a faire *beatitudo*. 'Tis the hardest both to *get*, and *keepe*: like a *glaſſe* of most curious workmanship, long a making, and broke in a moment. That which is not gained but by a continued habit of many *vertues*, is by one short *vicious action*, lost for euer. Nay, if it could only vanish in this sort, it would then by many be kept vn-tainted: If it could not be lost but vpon *certain-ties*; If it were in our owne *keeping*; or if not in our owne, in the *hands* of the *wise* and *honest*; how possible were it to preferue it *pure*? But alas! this is the *misery*, that it rests vpon *probabilities*, which as they are hard to *disproue*, so they are ready to *perswade*: That it is in the hands of *others*, not our *selues*: in the custody not of the *discreet* and *good* only but also of *Fooles*, *Knaues*, *Villaines*: who though they cannot make vs *worse* to our *selues*; yet how vile may they render vs to *others*? To *vindicate* it from the tongues of these, there is no *remedie*, but a constant *carefull discretion*. I must not only *be good*, but not *seeme ill*. *Appearance* alone, which in good is *too little*, is in euill *too much*. He is a wilfull *murderer* of his owne *fame*, that willingly



ly appeares in the *ill action* he did not. 'Tis not enough to be *well-lyu'd*, but *well-reported*. When we know *good fame* a *bleſſing*, we may eaſily in the contrary, diſcerne a *curſe*: whereof wee are iuſtly ſeized, while wee labour not to auoid it. I will care as well to be *thought honeſt*, as to *bee ſo*: my friends know me by the actions they *ſee*; *ſtrangers* by the things they *heare*: the agreement of *both*, is the confirming of my *goodneſſe*. The one is a good *complexion*, the other a good *countenance*: I deny not but they may be ſeuerall; but they are then moſt *gracefull*, when both are ſeated together. It had beene well ſpoken of *Cæſar*, if he had not put her away, when after *triall*, and the *crime cleered*, he ſaid, *Cæſars Wiſe ſhould not onely bee free from ſinne, but from ſuſpition*. An *ill name* may bee free from *dishoneſtie*, but not from ſome *folly*. Though *ſlanders* riſe from *others*, we *our ſelues* oft giue the occaſion. The *fiſt* beſt way to a *good name*, is a *good life*: the *next*, is a *good behauiour*.



## LXXXIX.

*Earthly delights ſweeter in Expectation then  
in Enioyment.*

**A**Ll earthly delights I finde ſweeter in the expectation, then the *injoyment*: All *ſpirituall pleaſures*, more in *fruition* then *expectation*. Thoſe *carnall contentments* that heere we ioy in, the *Dinell* ſhewes vs through a *proſpectiue glaſſe*; which makes them

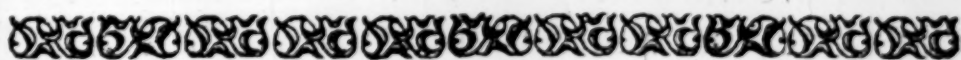
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ſeeme

seeme both greater, and neerer hand: when hee tooke *Christ* to the *Mountaine*, he shewed him all the *Kingdomes*, and the *glory* of them; but neuer mentions the *troubles*, *dangers*, *cares*, *feares*, *vigilancies*, which are as it were the *thornes* wherewith a *Crowne* is lined. Oh! what mountaines of *ioy* doe we cast vp, while we thinke on our earthly *Canaan*? whatsoeuer *temporall felicitie* we apprehend, we cull out the *pleasures*, and ouerprize them; the *perils* and *molestations* we either not see or not thinke of: like the foolish man, that at a deare rate buyes a *Monopoly*, wherein he counts the *gaines*, and ouercasts them; but neuer weighes the *charges*, nor the *casualtie*, in making him liable both to the *hatefull curse* of the *People*; and the seuerer *censure* of a *Parliament*. Heerein wee are all *fooles*, that seeing these *Bladders*, wee will blow them beyond their compasse. 'Tis *Satan's* craft to shew vs the inticing *spots* of this *Panther*, concealing the torvitie of her *countenance*. But when againe we looke at *heauenly things*, like a *cunning Iuggler*, hee turnes the *glasse*; so detracts from those *faire proportions*, the chiefe of their *beauty* and *worth*: those, wee beleeeue both *lesse*, and more *remote*; as if hee would carry vs in *Winter* to see the pleasures of a *Garden*. Thus the *heart* informed by *abused senses*, is content to *sayle* as they *steere*; so either tombes her selfe in the bosome of the *waves*; or cutsthorow the way to her *Enemies Countrey*; where she is quickly *taken ransack't*, and *rifl'd all*. If this were not, how could wee bee so heartlesse in pursuit of *Celestiall prizes*; or what could breede so soone a loathing of *that*, which most wee haue co-  
ucted,



ucted, and sweat to obtaine? If my minde grow enamoured on any *sublunarie happinesse*, I will coole it with this *knowledge*: and withall tell her, shee is happier in apprehending the *taste* without the *Lees*; then in drinking the *Wine*, that is yet vnfinde. That *felicitie* which *experience* findes lame, and halting, *Thought* and *supposition* giue a perfect shape. But if the motions of my *soule* wheele toward any Diuine *sweet*, my strongest arguments shall perswade a *proceeding*. Heere *Imagination's* darke eye is too dimme, to fixe vpon this *Sunne*. When I come to it, I am sure I shall find it transcending my thoughts: Till then, my *Faith* shall bee aboue my *Reason*, and perswade me to more then I know. Though *fruiti-*  
*on* excludes *faith*, yet *beliefe* makes blessed. So I will *beleene*, what yet I cannot *enioy*.

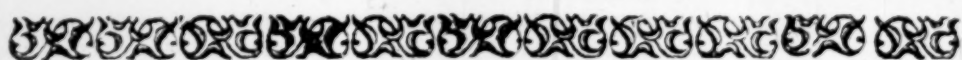


X C.

*How the Minde and Desire make Actions ei-*  
*ther Tedious or Delightfull.*

EVERY mans *actions*, are according to his minde, *tedious* or *delightfull*. For be it neuer so laborious and painefull, if the *minde* entertaines it with *delight*, the *body* gladly vndergoes the *trouble*, and is so farre at the *minde's* seruice, as not to complaine of the burthen. And though it bee neuer so full of *pleasure*, that might smoothe the *sences*; yet if the *mind* distastes it, the *content* turnes to *vexation*, *toyle*. *Desire* is a *Wind*, that against the *Tyde* can carry vs  
Ff 2 merrily;

merrily ; with it, make vs flye. How pleasant would our *life* bee, if wee had not *croffe gales* to thwart vs, *various Tydes* to checke vs ? With these, how full of *distresse* ? yet in them we often increase our *sor- rowes*, by vainely striuing against *unconquerable Fate* ; when if wee could but perswade our *minde*, we might much ease both it and our *body*. That which is *bad*, though neuer so *pleasurable*, Ile striue to make my *minde* dislike ; that my *body* also may be willing to forgoe that, which my *minde* hates. That which is *good*, and should be done, Ile learne to *affect* and *loue* ; howsoeuer my *body* refuse. As my *minde* is better then it, so my care shall be more to content it : but most to make it content with *goodnesse* ; otherwise I had better croffe it, then let it settle to *vnlawfull solaces*. I preferre this *vnquiet- nesse*, before the other *peace*. That which is *ease*, Ile easily doe ; that which is not, my *mind* shall make so. My *life* as it is full enough of *trauell* ; why should I by my *minds loathing*, make it seeme more *difficult* ?



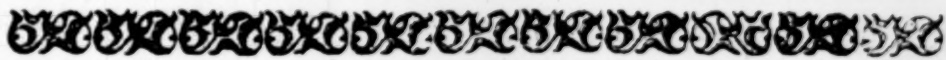
## XCI.

*That we cannot know God as he is.*

**I** Cannot know God as he is ; If I could, I were *un- happy*, and hee not *God*. For then must that *eter- nall Omnipoteucie* of his be *finite* and *comprehensible* ; else how could the fleet dimensions of the *minde* of *Man* containe it ? I admire the definition of *Em- pedocles*,



*pedocles, who said, God was a Spheare, whose Center was euery where, and circumference no where. Though his full light be inaccessible, yet from this ignorance springs all my happinesse, and strongest comfort. When I am so ingulfed in misery, as I know no way to escape; God, that is so infinite aboue mee, can send a deliuerance, when I can neither see nor hope it. Hee needs neuer despaire, that knowes hee hath a Friend, which at all assaies can helpe him.*

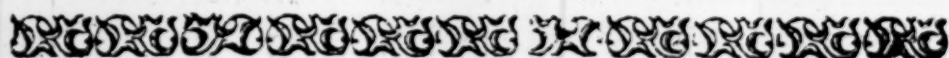


XCII.

*Of the Minde of man after the conquest of a strong Temptation.*

**I**F I were so punisht as to liue here perpetually, I would wish to haue alwaies such a *mind*, as I find after the conquest of a *strong temptation*: then haue I as much *happinesse*, as can bee found in this lifes moueables. The tryall first bewrayes the danger, then the escape vshers in succeeding ioy: and all know, the *Summe* appeares more lustrous to a *prisoner* that comes out of a *Dungeon*, then to him that daily beholds his *brightnesse*. When is *Wine* so pleasant as after a long *thirst*? Besides, the soule withdrawne from *God*, returnes in the end with comfort, and againe sweetly clozeth with her *Maker*; whose goodnesse she knowes it is, to make her so victorious. We are neuer so glad of our *friends* company, as when hee returnes after tedious ab-

sence. All the *pleasures* that we haue, rellish better when we come from *miseries*: Then, what a glory is it to a Noble spirit, to haue *endur'd* and *conquer'd*: there being more sweetnes in a *hard victory*, where we come off faire; then in the neglected pleasures of a continual *peace*. Those *Fowles* taste best, that we kill our selues *birding*: What *bread* eats so well, as that which we earne with *labour*? And indeed 'tis the way to make vs perfect: for as he can neuer be a good *Souldier*, that hath not felt the toile of a *Battel*: so he can neuer be a sound *Christian*, that hath not felt *temptations* *buffets*. Euery fire refines this *gold*. If I did finde none, I should feare, I were *Vices* too much: or else that *God* saw me so weake, as I could not hold out the *encounter*: but seeing I doe, the pleasantnesse of the *Fruit* shall furnish me with *patience*, to abide the precedent *bitternesse*; This gone, I shall finde it a felicitie to say, *I haue been wretched*.



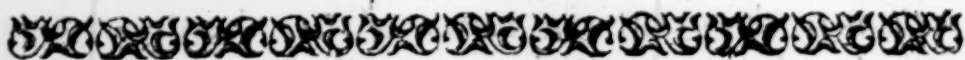
## XCII.

*Of Nobilitie ioyned with Vertue, how  
Glorious.*

**E**arth hath not any thing more glorious then *ancient Nobility*, when 'tis found with *vertue*. What barbarous minde will not reuerence that *blood*, which hath vntainted run thorow so large a succession of *generations*? Besides, *vertue* addes a new *splendor*, which together with the *honour* of his  
House,



*House*, challengeth a *respect* from all. But *bad Greatnesse* is nothing but the *vigour of Vice*, hauing both mind and *meanes* to be vncontrollably *lewd*. A debauched sonne of a *Noble Familie*, is one of the *intolerable burthens* of the *Earth*, and as hatefull a thing as *Hell*: for all know, he hath had both *example* and *precept*, flowing in his *education*; both which are powerfull enough to obliterate a native illnesse: yet these in him are but auxiliaries to his shame, that with the *brightnesse* of his *Ancestors*, make his owne *darknesse* more palpable. *Vice* in the Sonne of an *Ancient Familie*, is like a *clownish Actor* in a *stately Play*; he is not onely ridiculous in himselfe, but disgraces both the *Plot* and the *Poet*: whereas *vertue* in a man of obscure Parents, is like an vnpolisht *Diamond*, lying in the way among *pebbles*; which howsoeuer it be neglected of the *vn-ciuill Vulgar*; yet the wise *Lapidarie* takes it vp, as a *Jewell* vnvaluable; it being so much the more glorious, by how much the other were *baser*. Hee that is *good* and *great*, I would sell my life to *serue him* nobly: otherwise, beeing *good*, I loue him better, whose *Father* expired a *Clowne*, then hee that being *vicious*, is in a lineall descent from him, that was Knighted with *Tubal-Cains Fauchion*, which hee made before the *Floud*.



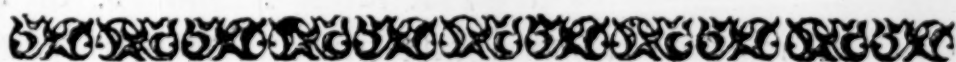
## XCIII.

*Of Extreme Passion.*

I Finde some men *extremely passionate* : and these, as they are more taken with a *joy* ; so, they taste a *disaster* more heauily. Others are free from being affected ; and as they neuer *joy* excesssiuely, so they neuer *sorrow* immoderately : but haue together, *lesse mirth* ; and *lesse mourning* : like patient *Gamesters*, winning, and losing, are one. The latter I will most labour for. I shall not lose more *contentment* in apprehending *ioyes*, then I shall *griefe* in finding *troubles*. For wee are more sensible of *paine* then *delight* ; the one contracting the *spirits*, the other dilating them. Though it were not so, liuing heere, *vexations* are more ordinary ; *joy* is a thing for heereafter. *Heauen* cannot be found vpon *Earth*. Many great *ioyes* are not so *pleasant*, as one *torment* prooues *tedious*. The *Father* sighes more at the *death* of one *Sonne*, then hee smiles at the *birth* of many.

How





## XCV.

*How knowledge of our selues, and the things wee intend, make vs doe well.*

**I**N waighty affaires, wee can neuer doe well, vnlesse we know both *our selues*, and the thing wee intend. *Truth* falls into hazzard, when it findes either a *weake Defender*, or one that knowes not her *worth*. How can he guide a *businesse*, that needeth a *guide* for himselfe? Haue wee not knowne many, taking their abilities at too high a pitch, rush vpon *matters* that haue proou'd their ouerthrow? *Rash presumption* is a *Ladder* that will breake our neckes. If we thinke *too well* of our selues, wee ouer-shoote the *marke*: If not *well enough*, we are short of it. And though we know *our selues*, yet if ignorant in the *thing*, we expose our selues to the same *mischiefe*. Who is so vnwise as to wade thorow the *Riuer* he hath not founded, vnlesse hee can either *swimme* well, or haue *helpe* at hand? hee that takes vpon him what he cannot doe, rides a *Horse* which hee cannot rule: hee can neither *sit* in safety, nor *alight* when hee would. Whatsoever I vndertake, I will first study *my selfe*, next, the *thing* that I goe about: being to seeke in the former, I cannot proceed well; vnderstanding *that*, I shall know the other the better: if not the *particulars*, I may cast it in the *generall*; something vnseene, we must leaue to a *sudden discretion*, either to *order* or *auoid*. 'Tis not  
for

for *man* to see the euent, further then *nature*, and probabilities of *reason* leade him. Though wee know not what *will bee*, 'tis good wee prepare for that which *may be*: we shall brooke a checke the easier, while we thought on't, though wee did not expect it. But if knowing both aright, I finde my selfe vnable to *performe* it; I will rather desist from *beginnings*, then run vpon *shame* in the *sequell*. I had better keepe my *selfe* and *ship* at home, then carry her to *Sea*, and not know how to guide her.



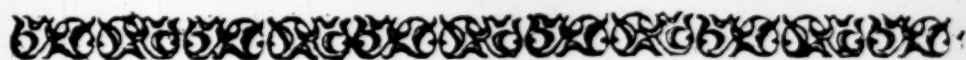
## XCVI.

*What man would do, if he should alwayes prosper.*

**V**What an ellated Meteor would *Man* grow to, did *prosperitie* alwayes cast sweetning dewes in his *face*? Sure hee would once more with *Ouids* *Gyants*, fling *Mountaines* on heapes, to pull downe *God* from his Throne of *Maicstie*; forgetting all *felicitie*, but that *aiery happinesse* hee is blinded with. Nothing feeds *Pride* so much, as a *prosperous abundance*. 'Tis a wonder to see a *Favourite* study for ought, but *additions to his Greatnesse*: If I could bee so vncharitable, as to wish an *enemies soule* lost, this were the onely way: Let him liue in the height of the *worlds blandishments*. For how can he loue a second *Mistresse*, that neuer saw but one *beauty*, and still continues deeply *enamoured* on it? Euery man hath his desires intending to some peculiar thing:  
God



God should bee the end wee aime at ; yet wee often see, nothing carries vs so farre from him, as those *faouours* he hath imparted vs : 'tis dangerous to bee outwardly blessed. If *plentie* and *prosperitie* were not hazzardous, what a short cut should some haue to *Heauen*, ouer others ? 'Tis the *miserie* of the *Poore*, to be neglected of *men* : 'tis the *miserie* of the *Rich*, to neglect their *God*. 'Tis no small abatement to the bitternesse of *aduersities*, that they teach vs the way to *Heauen*. Though I would not *inhabite Hell*, if I could, I would sometimes see it ; not out of an itching desire to behold *wonders* ; but by viewing such horrors, I might value *Heauen* more dearely. Hee that hath experienc'd the *Seas* tumultuous perils, will euer after commend the *Lands* securitie. Let me swimme a riuer of *boiling Brimstone*, to liue eternally *happy* ; rather then dwell in a *Paradise*, to be damn'd after death.



## XCVII.

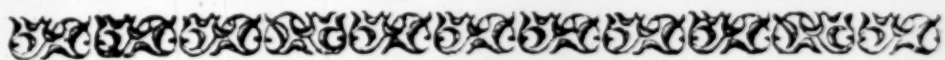
*Pride and crueltie, makes any more odious,  
then any sinne besides.*

**E**Very *Vice* makes the Owner *odious*, but *Pride* and *Crueltie* more then any beside. *Pride* hath no friend: his thoughts set his *worth* aboue *himselfe*, all others vnder it. Hee thinks nothing so disgracefull as want of *reuerence* and *familiarity*. There is a kinde of *disdaining* *scorne* writ in his brow and gesture ; wherein all may reade, *I am too good for thy*

thy companie. So'tis iust *all* should despise him, because hee contemneth *all*. He that hath first *ouerprized* himselfe, shall after bee *under-valued* by others; which his arrogancy thinking vniust, shall swell him to *anger*, so make him *more hatefull*. *Pride* is euer discontentiue: It both occasions more then any, and makes more then it doth occasion. As *Humilitie* is the way to get *lone* and *quietnesse*: so is *Pride* the cause of *Hatred* and *Warre*. Hee hath angered others, and others will vex him. No man shall heare more *ill* of himselfe, then hee that thinkes he deserues most *good*. It was a iust *quip* of that wise *King* to that proud *Physician*, who writing thus, *Menecrates Iupiter, Regi Agesilao salutem*, was answered thus *Rex Agesialus, Menecrati sanitatem*: indeed he might well wish his wits to him, that was so vnwise as to thinke himselfe *God*. *Aristotle*, when hee saw a *Youth* proudly surueying himselfe, did iustly wish to bee as hee thought himselfe; but to haue his enemies such as hee was. I dare boldly say, *Neuer proud person was well beloued*. For as nothing vnites more then a reciprocall exchange of affection: so there is nothing hinders the knot of friendship more, then apparent neglect of courtesies. *Cruelty* is a *Curre* of the same litter. 'Tis *Natures* good care of her self, that warnes vs from the Den of this *Monster*. Who will euer conuerse with him, that he hath seene deuoure another before him? A *Tyrant* may *rule*, while hee hath power to *compell*; but when he hath lost that, the *haired* hee hath got shall slay him. Who wonders to heare yong *Cato* aske his Schoolemaster how *Silla* liu'd  
so



so long, when he was so hated for his crueltie? It was a diuellish speech that *Caligula* borrowed of the Poet, *Oderint dum metuant*: I am content if they feare mee, that they should hate mee. And sure if any man tooke the course for't, hee did, when he bade his executioners *so strik, as they might feelee that they were a dying*. Hee that makes Crueltie his delight, shall bee sure to haue Hate his best recompence. *Detestation* waites vpon *vnmercifulnesse*. Who would not helpe to kill the *Beast*, that sucks the blood of the *Fold*? What hath made some Nations so odious as these two, *Pride*, and *Crueltie*? The proud man *will haue* no friend; and the cruell man *shall haue* none. Who are more miserable then they that want *company*? I *pitty* their estate, but *loue* it not. Were I *Lord* of the whole *Globe*, and must liue alone, I had vn happinesse enough to make my *commands* my *trouble*. The one turn'd *Angels* out of *Heauen*; the other *Monarks* from their *Thrones*: both I am sure, are able to turne vs to *Hell*: it is better being a beast, then dying a man, with either vn pardoned.

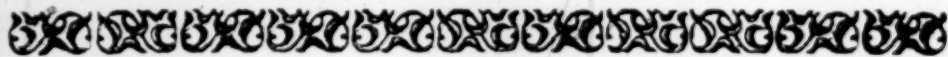


## XCVIII.

*Whether Likenesse bee the cause of Loue, or,  
Loue the cause of Likenesse.*

I Know not whether is more true, that *Likenesse is the cause of Loue*, or *Loue the cause of Likenesse*. In agreeing dispositions, the first is certaine: in those that

that are not, the latter is euident. The first is the *easier loue*; the other the more *worthy*. The one hath a *lure* to draw it; the other without respect, is *voluntary*. Men loue vs for the similitude we haue with themselues; *God* meerely from his goodnesse, when yet we are contrary to him. Since hee hath *lou'd* mee, when I was not *like* him, I will striue to be *like* him, because hee hath *loued* mee. I would be *like* him being my *friend*, that *lou'd* mee, when I was his *emie*. Then only is *loue* powerfull, when it frames vs to the will of the *Loued*. *Lord*, though I cannot *serue* thee as I ought, let mee *loue* thee as I ought. Grant this, and I know I shall *serue* thee the better.



## XCIX.

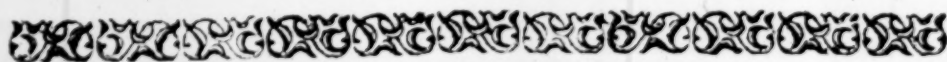
*Loue and feare doe easily draw vs to Beliefe.*

**W**Hat wee either *desire*, or *feare*, wee are easily drawne to beleeue. Tell the *Prodigall*, his *Kinsman's* dead, should leaue him an estate to swagger with, hee'le quickly giue credit to't. The *Mother* of a *sicke infant*, if shee but heares *death* whisper'd, shee is confident her *childe* is gone: either of them transport the mind beyond her selfe, and leaue her open to *inconueniences*. How many haue shortned their dayes, by sudden false *apprehensions*, that haue beene help'd forward by one of these two; or else so discouered their mindes, as they haue made way for themselues, to bee wrought



wrought vpon by *flattery*, by *seducement*? In the one, *Nature* is couetous for her owne good; so dilates her selfe, and as it were stretcheth out the *armes* of her *soule*, to imbrace that, which she hath an opinion may pleasure her: and this is in all sensitive creatures; though I know, the desire of only *rationall* and *intelligible things*, is peculiar to *Man*: who by vertue of his *intellectuall soule*, is made desirous of things *incorporeall* and *immortall*. Thus he that would be well spoken of, beleeues him, that falsly tels him so. In the other, *Nature* is prouident for her owne *safety*: so all the *spirits* shrinke in, to guard the *heart*, as the most *noble part*: whereby the exterior parts, being left without *moisture*, the *haire* is sometimes suddenly turned *gray*: the *heart* thus contracted, and wrought vpon by it selfe; more easily then admits any thing, that is brought her by the *outward sences*. Thus if the *miserable man* heares a *fire* hath beene in the *Towne* wherein his *house* is, hee cryes *Vndone*, though his owne were neuer in danger. In either of these, how might *perswasion* worke and *betray* vs? What *Nature* hath infused, I cannot *cast out*; *correct* I may. If I must *desire* and *feare*, I will doe it so moderately, as my *iudgement* and *reason* may bee still cleere. If vnawares I be ouertaken, I will yet be carefull to conceale my selfe: so, though my owne *passions* bee ouer-strong, others shall not see them to take mee at aduantages. As many haue beene spoiled by beeing soothed in their plausible *desires*: so haue many beene abused, by beeing malleated, in their troublesome *feare*.

*Though*



C.

*Though Resolutions change, yet Vowes  
should know no Va-  
riety.*

**R***esolutions may often change; sometimes for  
the better; and the last ever stands firmest. But  
vowes well made, should know no variance: For  
the first should bee sure without alteration. Hee  
that violates their performance, failes in his dutie,  
and euery breach is a wound to the Soule. I  
will resolve oft, before I vow once;  
neuer resolve to vow, but what  
I may keepe; neuer vow,  
but what I both  
can and will  
keepe.*

---

*FINIS.*

---





# DEO

*Authoris          Votum.*

**O** *H Thou euery where, and good of All!  
whatsoeuer I doe, remember, I beseech thee, that  
I am but Dust; but as a Vapour sprung from  
Earth, which euen thy smallest Breath can scatter. Thou  
hast giuen mee a Soule, and Lawes to gouerne it. Let  
that Eternall Rule, which thou didst first appoint to  
sway Man, order mee. Make me carefull to point at thy  
Glory, in all my wayes; and where I cannot rightly  
know Thee, let me rightly admire Thee: that not  
onely my vnderstanding, but my ignorance, may  
honour Thee. Thou art All that can be perfect: be-  
sides Thee, nothing is. Oh, streame thy selfe into my  
soule, and flow it with thy Grace, thy Illuminati-  
on. Make mee to depend on Thee. Thou delightest,  
that Man should account Thee as his Royall Pro-  
tector: and cast himselfe, as an Honourer of Thee at  
thy feet. O establish my Confidence in Thee: for thou  
art the Fountaine of all Bounty, and canst not but bee  
mercifull. Nor canst thou deceiue the humbled Soule  
that trusts Thee. And because I cannot be defended by  
thee, vnlesse I liue after thy Lawes; Keepe mee, O my*

G g

Soules

### *Authoris Votum.*

Soules Soueraigne! in the obedience of thy will: and that I wound not my conscience, with the killing soiles of Vice: for this, I know, will destroy me w<sup>th</sup>in, and make thy cheering Spirit leaue mee. I know, I haue already infinitely swerved, from the Tendings of that Diuine Guide, which thou hast planted in the minde of Man. And for this I am a sad Prostrate, and a Penitent at the foote of thy Throne. I appeale onely to the abundance of thy Remissions, and the wayes thou hast appointed for the buoying up of drowned Man. O my God, my God, I know it is a Mystery beyond the vast Soules apprehension; and therefore deepe enough for Man to rest in safety in. O thou Being of all Beings I cause me to rowle my selfe to thee, and into the receiuing armes of thy Paternall Mercies, throw my selfe. For outward things, I beleue thou wilt not see mee want: they are but the Adiectamenta of thy richer Graces: and if it were not for my Sinnes, it would be some distrust to begge them. The Mines and depriuation, are both in thy hands. I care not what Estate thou giest me, so thou ray thy selfe into my Soule, and giest mee but a heart to please thee. I beg no more, then may keep me vncontemnedly, and vnpittiedly-honest. Sane mee from the Deuill, Lusts, and Men: and for those fond detages of Mortality, which would weigh downe my Soule, to Lownesse, and Debauchment; Let it bee my Glory (planting my selfe in a Noble height aboue them) to contemne them. Take me from my selfe, and fill mee, but with thee. Summe vp thy blessings in these two, that I may bee rightly good and wile. And these for thy eternall Truths sake grant, and make mee gratefull.

FINIS.





*A full Alphabetical Table, containing  
the chiefe Heads of these Centuries  
of Resolues.*

**A**

- A**bsent-Good : Of our  
sense of it. 77
- Acceptation of Persons : Not to  
Accept Persons in regard  
of good Counsell. 110
- Action : 'Tis so that keepes  
the Soule both sweete and  
sound. 151. it is the Fatten-  
ning food of the Soule. *ibid.*
- Admiration : Of the Worship  
of Admiration. 42. How  
things Admirable on earth  
should carry the Soule to  
Heaven. *ibid.* that Con-  
templatiue Admiration, is  
a large part of the worship  
of the Deitie. 44
- Aduersitie : Friendship in's  
prettily discovered. 29. 30
- Affections : of the semper of  
Affections. 190
- Ages : the four Ages. 393. 3
- All : That no man can be good  
to All. 80. 168
- Ambition : What it will prac-  
tise rather then let Port  
decline. 167
- Anger : That we must beware  
of making either an Angry  
man or a Drunkard to be  
our Friend. 362
- Apparrell : A good rule in  
wearing it. 395
- Application : That Misappli-  
cation, makes Passion ill.  
141
- Arrogancy : 17. It is neuer in  
a Noblenature. *ibid.*
- Assimilation : 209. How ene-  
ry thing labours for a Like.  
*ibid.* 210. It is Assimilati-  
on, that makes the True-  
Loues-knot of Friendship.  
211
- Authors : A rule of Reading  
them. 354
- Gg 2 Ayre:

## An Alphabetical Table.

Ayre : *Of God and Good*  
 Ayre. 306. *an aduice gi-*  
*uen to consider the Ayre.*  
*ibid. & 307*

### B

Babbling, *Compared to a Crane*  
 333. *it is the Fittula of the*  
*minde. 291. Of Silence and*  
*Babbling.* 333.

Beauty: *Fooles greatly esteeme*  
*of outward Beauty.* 418

Beeing: *Of Beeing, and See-*  
*ming to Be.* 420

Benefits: *vide Courtesies. 199*  
*That great Benefits cause*  
*Ingratitude. 227. Nothing*  
*so enslaves good natures, as*  
*a free benefit. 199. A*  
*Crowne is safer kept by Be-*  
*nefits then by Armes. 200.*  
*Benefits that are good in*  
*themselues, are made ill*  
*by their being misplaced.*  
 229

Bookes: *Of Idle Bookes. 323.*  
*A Rule of Reading Books.*  
 354. *Three books in which*  
*God may be easily found.*  
 407

Bounty : 167. *It cannot ex-*  
*tend to Al abundance. 168*  
*Of inconsiderate Bounty.*  
*ibid. Bounties best obiect.*  
 169

### C

Censure. 136. *Of it, and*  
*Calumnies. 415. Malice*  
*and Basenesse, euer dwell*  
*with it. 417. Censurers (see-*  
*ming Wise, are the veriest*  
*Fooles. 136. Two things to*  
*bee examined before wee*  
*Censure. 137. Who is most*  
*subiect to Censure. 428. He*  
*that steeres by the gale of*  
*Censure, is euer in danger*  
*of Wracke. 6. How Phi-*  
*loxeus serued a company*  
*of Masons, that Censured*  
*his Poetry.* 215

Change : *No estate exempted*  
*from Mutability.* 145.  
*Change is the great Lord*  
*of the World. ibidem. In all*  
*Changes to regard three*  
*things.* 171

Charity, 266. *without it, Man*  
*is no better then a Beast.*  
*ibid. It is That onely that*  
*giues life to other vertues.*  
 367. *Charity a Debt, and*  
*not a Courtesie.* 269

Chastity : *That the best Cha-*  
*stity, is Matrimoniall Cha-*  
*stity. 263. vide Marriage.*

Christian : *Compared to the*  
*Moone in a threefold com-*  
*dition. 356. His Constancy*  
 cse

## An Alphabetical Table.

- cie compared to a Needle in a Diall.* 359. *His life nothing but a vicissitude of Sin and Sorrow,* 361. *His voyage to Heauen, is a sentence of three stops,* 421. *Three things that a Christian should specially know.* 417
- Choller:** *Of it and Pride,* 225. *Pride and Choller compared to the Fox at Full,* 225. *Choller admits no counsell that crosses him,* 226. *Pride and Choller compared to a Burning house.* 226. 227.
- Commendations:** *Of being Proud, by being Commended.* 353
- Company:** *Of it and Sollicitation,* 385. *That a wise man may gayne by Any company,* 33. *Of Ill company; the gayne by it,* 34. 35. 176. *A rule for it: the vse both of good and bad Company,* 36. *No enemy like Ill Company,* 176. *'Tis like a new trimmed ship,* 176. *The complaints made of it in the end of our life.* *ib.*
- Company:** *Ill Company is euery mans Delilah,* 177. *Euery part of man is endangered by Ill Company,* *ibid.* *'Tis wisdom rather to haue no Companion then*
- a Bad one,* 178. *The choice of our Company is one of the weightiest actions of our liues.* 210. 211
- Compellation:** *The bitterness of Reprehension is sweetened with the pleasingnesse of compellations.* 21
- Compulsion:** *Against it,* 160. *vide Importunity. They work with a wrong Engine, that seeke to gayne their ends by constraint.* 161
- Conceite:** *Misconceite hath ruined many a man.* 96
- Conscience:** *An example of a guilty conscience.* 87
- Consideration:** *Three things encounter it, and Three Remedies for it.* 424
- Constancy:** *The Constancy of a Christian compared to a Needle in a Diall.* 359
- Contemplation:** *Nothing can carry vs so neere Heauen and God as it,* 44. *So that it be ioyned with Action.* *ibid.*
- Content,** 309. *That there is no absolute content here below,* 311. *It makes Rich.* 430
- Couetousnesse:** *A couetous man can be a friend to none,* 409
- A base slaue.* 361
- Counsell:** *That good counsell should*



## An Alphabetical Table.

*Should not be valued by the person that gives it.* 110.  
**Courtesies:** 199. *vid.* Benefit.  
*How Courtesie conquers.* 161. *Nothing so instances a grateful nature as Courtesies.* 199.  
**Court:** *A Plaine Heart in Court, is but growne a better word for a Foole.* 134. 135.  
**Cowardize:** 371. *Of it and Feare.* 218. *vide* Feare, *Whether a Coward may be good for ought.* 219. *A Coward eclipseth Gods Sufficiencie.* 220. *Cleomenes uncharitableness towards a Coward.* 220.  
**Craft:** *That sin is more Crafty then Violent.* 116.  
**Credit:** *vide* Reputation.  
**Crowne:** *It is safer kept by Benefits then by Armes.* 200.  
**Curiositie:** *Of Curiositie in Knowledge.* 91. *How it fills the World with Brawles.* 92.  
**Custom:** *Of the difference of Custom in sin and the First Act.* 67. *Of Custom in advancing Money.* 113.

## D

**Death:** *of Mans unwillingnes to Dye,* 37. *Two sorts of men differing much in their conceits of Death,* 39. *That it might not seeme terrible, wee should daily expect it,* 330. *It is the beginning of a godly mans loy,* 342. *Man is neuer quieted, till he hath conquered the feare of Death,* 40. *The feare of death kills us often.* *ibid.* *It argues an euill man.* *ibid.* *Of whom Death is easily welcomed,* 41. *Of praise, or dispraise after Death, what how little available,* 45. *Of Death,* 147. *No spectacle more profitable, more terrible,* *ibid.* 148. *Scaligers definition of Death,* 149. *A fine and full description of Death.* 149. 150.  
**Deceit:** *It is Dissimulations dresse.* 134  
**Delight:** *Earthly delight may be sweeter in Expectation then in Enioyment,* 433. *How the Minde and Desire make Actions either tedious or delightfull.* 435  
**Denials:** *Of them and Petitions.* 59

Derision

## An Alphabetical Table.

- Derision: *It makes the Peasant brave the Prince.* 208
- Desire: *How it makes actions either more or lesse tedious or delightfulome.* 435
- Detraction: 137. *It can endure nothing but Selfe-excellency, ibid. A detractors stab, 158. Whence bred, ibid. A Detractor where he findes no faultes, he deviseth some, ibid. The Detractor wounds three at once.* 160
- Differ: *Of the causes that make men differ.* 296
- Diligence: *Vide Industry: It hath a kinde of good Angel waiting on her.* 152
- Discontent. 118
- Discourse: *Of tedious discourse, 290. In discourse is better to speake Reason then Authors.* 140
- Discretion: *It is the key of the minde, 139. It is Mans Lord-keeper.* 197
- Disgrace: *The desire of disgracing another man, cannot spring from a good Roote* 417
- Disimulation: 133. *Whether it be in it selfe, a Vice or no, ibid. Deceit, is Dissimulations dresse, 134. A dispute about it, 134. The best way to avoide it.* 136
- Divination: 300. *It is a God-like quality, 301. One enill in it.* ibid.
- Divinity: *It crosseth not nature, so much as it exceedeth it.*
- Dreames: 163. *They are a notable meanes to discover our owne inclinacions, ibid. A man may bee collected what he is, by telling his Dreames, ibidem. Every Dreame is not to be counted of, nor to be cast away, 164. It is good to give Dreames our consideration, but not our trust. 165. to observe Dreames, what may be the benefit.* 166
- Drunkards and Drunkenness: *We must beware of trusting a Drunkard to bee our friend, 362. A Drunkard presently pictured, 259. He is surely drunke himselfe, that so prophanes Reason, as to urge it to a drunken man.* 20
- A notable good Tricke of a Dutch Drunkard,* 228.
- Drunkennesse is the betrayer of the minde, and doth disapparell the Soule, 258. *It robs vs of Reason, ibidem. Drunkennesse doth Anatomize*

## An Alphabetical Table.

tomize the Soule, *ibidem*. Drunkenness beſtiates the  
braueſt ſpirits, 259. What  
a Monster Man is in his  
Inebriations. *ibid*. A won-  
der to ſee a Drunkard not  
ruinated. 260

## E

Education: *Of its force,* 298  
Elect: *Of Gifts proper to the*  
Elect onely, 390  
Encrease: *'Tis best increasing*  
*by Little at Once,* 303.  
304.  
End: *Of good and bad Ends,*  
331.  
Enemie: *When a Friend or*  
*Enemie is most dangerous,*  
7. *An Enemie is a perpetu-*  
*all Spie, &c.* 74. *He is fur-*  
*ther described,* 74. 75. *Of*  
*a reconciled Enemie,* 74.  
*Enemies like Miners,* 76  
*The good use of an Enemie,*  
395  
Enuie: *It is a Squint-ey'd*  
*Foole,* 400  
Euill: *Of the Euill of Man,*  
*from himselfe and Occasi-*  
*ons,* 64. *Of doing Good*  
*with Labour, and Euill*  
*with Pleasure,* 342  
Excesses: *They haue for the*  
*most part ill Conclusions,*  
167

## F

Fall: *That all things haue  
alike Progression and Fal,*  
154. *That Religion suffers  
in a Seeming-Good mans  
Fall,* 286

Falling: *Of Libelling against  
them that are Fallen,* 292

Fame: 45. *Of mens desire  
of Fame after death. ibid.*  
47. *Fame neuer dyes,* 48.  
*A reason of Fames eager  
pursuite among the Hea-  
then, ibid. Vertue had a  
kinde of Misery, if Fame  
onely were all the Garland  
that did Crowne her. ibid.*

Familie: *It is like a Plume  
of Feathers,* 17

Fate: 243

Fauorite: *Of being the Worlds  
Fauorite without Grace,*  
334. *Fauorites are Prin-  
ces Skreenes,* 354.

Faith: *Of it without Workes,  
and of Workes without it,*  
248  
*That no Friendship is like to  
that of Faith,* 347

Feare: *Of it and Cowardize,*  
218. *The Coward meetes  
with more dangers then the  
Valiant man, ibid. Feare  
frustrates a sufficient de-  
fence,*



## An Alphabetical Table.

fence, 220. No Armour  
can defend a fearful heart,  
ibid.

Flatterie: *It is a false Glasse both to Vertue and Vice,*  
346. *How it falls into fa-*  
*mour with Greatnesse,* 427

Fooles: *Their esteeme of Outward Beautie*, 418. *A plaine heart in Court, is but growne a better word for a Foole,* 135

Forgetfulness: *Of it and Memory,* 337

Fortune: *vide* Fate, 242

Fraud: *It is threefold,* 135

Friend: *When a Friend and an Enemy is most dangerous, 7. In chusing of a Friend, we must take heed of an Angry man and a Drunkard, 362. Of purchasing Friends with large Gifts, 376. That all Secrets should not be revealed to the Faithfullest Friend, 365. A Covetous man can be a Friend to None, 409. Next to God, the Good man is the onely Friend, 413. How to make God our Friend, 32. He that is but a base Foe, will hardly be but a false Friend,*  
76

Friendship: *None like that*

of Faith, 339. *A Triall of true Friendship*, 29. *That Friendship and Policie are scarce compatible*, 255. *Concealed grudges are the Gangrene of Friendship*, 379. *Our Common Friendship in these times described*, 426. *The best Friendship is betwene different Fortunes*, 212. *Of having Friendship with him that hath not Vertue*, 347. *A Practice, with a Rule of Friendship*, 373

## G

Gaine: Ill-gotten Gaine farre  
worse then Losses with Pre-  
ferred Honestie, 88

Gifts: *Of purchasing Friends with large Gifts, 376. Of Gods Gifts that are common to All, and particular to the Elect only, 390. Gifts the greatest usurie, 201*

God: Of Him and the Ayre,  
306. God not to be desired,  
288. Three Bookes in which  
He may be easily found, 407  
That wee cannot know him  
as he is, 436.

Good : *and* Goodnesse : Its  
Maieſtie, 463. *Of our ſenſe*  
*of abſent Good,* 77, 78, 79.  
H h *That*

H h

That

## An Alphabetical Table.

*That no man can be Good to All, 80. That no man ought to be Excessiue good, 83. Good is Generatiue, 84. Communicatiue, 85. Next God the good man is the onely Friend, 413*  
*Gospell: The Law and Gospell how giuen, 141*  
*Gouernement: That we are Governed by a Power that is from Aboue vs, 185. How to establish a troubled Gouernment, 341. Gouernment and Obedience, the two causes of Prosperity, 387*  
*Grace: Of being the Worlds Fauorite without Grace, 345. Grace only can make a man happy, 344*  
*Grudge: Concealed Grudges are the Gangrene of true Friendship, 379*  
*Guile: It is threefold, 135*

### H

*Happinesse: That no mans Happinesse is perfect, 131. Better neuer to haue beene Happy, then afterward to be drowned in Calamities, 187, 188. examples, ibid. & 189.*  
*Hard-Heartednesse: That the*

*Hard-Hearted man hath Miseric almost in Perfection, 414*  
*Heart: Mans owne Heart is the greatest Traytour, 203*  
*Hearer: The danger of a fruitlesse Hearer. 389*  
*Heauen: How to make the Earth a step towards Heauen, 42*  
*Honest: It is now a Vice to be Honest, 179*  
*Honor: A twofold way to Honour, 369. Of affecting an high state of Honour, 370, 380. Honour compared to a Noble Virgin, 13, 14. Of Fooles and Clownes lifted up to Honour, 14. How to make Honour lasting, 235*  
*Hope: 249. The miserable mans god, ibid. The presumptuous mans deuill, ibi. Both a Flatterer and a True Friend, 250*  
*Humanitie: That and Misery are Paralells, 345*  
*Humble: Of Humilitie, 324. The Humble man is the Best Peace-maker. Magnanimity and Humility are Concomitants. An Humble man compared of all trees, to the Vine, 14*  
*Hypocrisie: Of Beeing and Seeming to Be, 420*

## An Alphabetical Table.

### I

- Idlenesse: *Of it*, 150. *An Idle man is a Barren piece of Earth, ibidem. How all the Creatures are kept out of Idlenesse, ibid*, 151. *The Idle man what like*, 151. *By Idlenesse men learne to doe Ill, ibidem. The roote of all Vice*, 152. *Of Idle Bookes*, 323
- Icalousie: *Of it*, 383. *It is the worst of Madnesse*, 241. *It is like a Ginne that we set to catch Serpents, ibid.*
- Iests: *Of Truth and Bitternesse in Iests*, 124. *Nothing dents deeper into a generous minde then Iests in Scorne*, 126
- Ignorant: *Of the Miserie of being Old and Ignorant*, 368
- Imperfection: *Of Mans Imperfection*, 88. *Notably delineated in many particulars*, 89
- Imperiousnesse: *what it turnes to*, 18
- Importunitie: *Too much Importunitie teaches a man to deny*, 160
- Inconstancie: *Of Mans Inconstancie*, 169, 170
- Industry: *It is neuer unfruitfull*, 152
- Infidelity: *What it causes*, 31
- Ingratitude: *That great Benefits cause it*, 227
- Iniuries: *vide Wrongs: Better to Suffer then to Offer Iniuries*, 387
- Innocencie: *It hath more of God in it, then any other Qualitie*, 206
- Insultation: 207. *It is not safe to Insult ouer any, no not the meanest*, 207. *What a last Insultation is to the Soule*, 208. *examples, ibid.*
- Integritie: *How to be respected*, 397
- Ioy: *Of Misery after Ioy*, 187. *Death is the beginning of a Godly mans Ioy*, 342. *A good mans Ioy amidst his Sorrowes*, 399

### K

- Knowledge: *Of curiosity in it*, 91. *The three things which a mā should specially know*, 417. *How the knowledge of our selues, and the things we intend, make vs to doe well*, 441
- Knowledge is the Treasure of the minde, *but discretion is the key*, 139



## An Alphabetical Table.

### L

Lawe: *Gods Lawe our Looking-glasse.* 402  
 Learning: *It without grace, is but a mischief,* 418. *Learning compared to a Riuer.* 91  
 Libelling: *Of Libelling against them that are fallen.* 392  
 Liberty: *Of it and restraint,* 393. *It makes Licentiousnesse.* 364  
 Life: *Of its vncertainty,* 108. *How he must liue, that liues well,* 313. *A Christian mans life nothing else but a vicissitude of sinne and sorrow,* 361. *The vanity and shortnesse of mans life,* 392. *Of the foure ages in it,* 393. *Two things that ought to be respected of vs whilest we liue,* 397. *The true cause of a wicked mans short life,* 403, 404. *He that thinkes of Lifes casualties, can neither be carelesse, nor couetous.* 109  
 Likenesse: *It is likenesse that makes the True-loues knot of Friendship,* 211. *vide Assimilation, whether likenesse be the cause of loue, or loue the cause of likenesse.* 445

Little: *Tis best encreasing by little at once.* 303  
 Logick: *Of it,* 172. *Tis Reason drawn into too fine a thred,* *ibid.* *Its pure Art is Excellency.* 173  
 Longing: *Extreme longing seldome secne to succcede well.* 332  
 Losses: *Of the losse of things loued,* 104. *In them what to looke to,* 340. *Of the lamenting of the losse of trifles.* 373  
 Loue: *That, That loue is most to be prized, whose onely motiue is goodnesse,* 418. *Whether loue be the cause of likenesse, or likenesse of loue,* 445. *That loue and feare doe easily draw vs to beliefe,* 446. *Enduring loue is euer built on vertue.* 7  
 Lying: *Of it and Vntruthes,* 328. *How Plato held a Lye lawfull,* 135. *Lyes of three sorts.* *ibid.*

### M

Man: *Of Mans imperfection,* 88. *Of the euill of Man, from himselfe, and occasion,* 64. *Of his imperfection,* 88. *Of Man over-valued,* 93. *Of his inconstancy of*

## An Alphabetical Table.

- of himselfe, 202. That a Man is neither happy nor miserable, but by comparison, 22. Man compared to a Fast Sea, 190. When best, 191. Of Mans selfe, 201. Tis the inside of Man that does undoe him, 202. Mans own heart the greatest Traytor, 203. Man is meere the Ball of Time. 244
- Marriage: Of It, and Single-life, 262. It perfects Creation, *ibid.* That Matrimoniall Chastity is the best, 363. The Reasons why it should bee kept inviolable, *ibid.* What sorts agree best in this estate, *ibid.* What Pouerty and Riches doe in Marriage, 264. The comparison of Marriage and Single life. 265
- Meanes: Of use of it, 367. A pretty story of it. 186
- Memory: Of it, and Forgetfulness. 337
- Mercy: It in a Martiall man, how shining a vertue, 142. Hee shall conquer both in Peace and Warre. *ibid.*
- Minde: How the Minde makes Actions either tedious or delightfome, 435. Of the Minde of Man after the Conquest of a strong Temptation. 437
- Minister: Of a Scandalous Minister, 284, 285. See this finely amplified. 286
- Money: Of Custome in advancing Money, 113. Money is a generall man. 114
- Modesty, 237. Its both a vice and vertue, *ibid.* 238. An excellent curbe to keepe vs from straying, *ibid.* Modesty in women what like. 239
- Misery: Of Care in it, 164. Of Misery after Ioy, 187. It is like a sudden dampe, 188. Three things aggravate it, 329. Humanity and Misery are Paralells. 345
- Moderation, 234. It makes Greatnesse lasting, *ibid.* 235. A pretty example of Moderation. 236
- Moone: A Christian man compared to it in a three-fold condition. 356
- Musicke, 273. More for pleasure then for profit of man, 273. Its description, 273. Which is the best, *ibid.* The curiosity of it fitter for Women then for Men, 274. Musicke is both good and bad, according to the End whereto it tends, 275. The strange uses and effect of it. *ibid.*

## An Alphabetical Table.

### N

Name : *Of a good Name, 346. It is the best and brittlest thing that is.* 422

Nature : *That Diuinity doth not so crosse Nature as it exceeds it, 287. how commended of Natures recommending wrongs, 121. Nature, whether a Mother or a Stepdame.* 194

Neglect : *The great euill that it brings both to Body and Soule.* 384

Nobility : *When it is ioyned with vertue, how glorious it is.* 438

### O

Occasion : *Of the euill of man from Occasion, 64. Sudden occasion of sinne is dangerous, 411. Occasion and Nature are like two inordinate Louers.* 203

Old : *The misery of being old and ignorant.* 368

Once : *Sinne but once committed, gets a pronenesse to reiteration.* 374

Opinion : *182. The foundation of all temporall happinesse.* 182. 183

Order : *The great good of Good order.* 422

Ostentation : *246. Great Workes undertaken for ostentation, misse of their end, and turns to the Authors shame, 144. Clouds of disdain are commonly raised by the wind of ostentation.* 248

### P

Passion : *Of extreme passion, 440. What it is to admonish a man in the height of his passion, 21. Violent passion what like, 21. Misse application makes passion ill.* 141

Perfection : *That Religion and Nature is necessary to perfection.* 326

Petitions : *Of them, and denials, 56. Much danger in them both, ibid. A rule in answering a friends petition, ibid. A rule in making Petitions, 57. 58. What to doe in a friends denying our petition.* ibid.

Plaine : *To be plaine and pleasing in speaking, what it argues. 22. A plaine Heart in Court, is but growne a better Word for a Foole.*

134 135  
Pleasures;



## An Alphabetical Table.

- Pleasures : *What losse comes by gaining the pleasures and profits of this world,* 366. *Earthly pleasures sweeter in the expectation then in the enioyment.* 433
- Poets, and Poetry, 213. *A play that makes words dance,* *ibid.* *They are called Makers,* *ibid.* *and Vates,* 214. *A coniecturall reason of Poets pouertie,* *ibid.* *They are all of free natures,* 214. *A difference to be put betweene Poets and Rimers,* 214, 215. *Two things blamed in Poetry,* 216. *The things that Poets should be wary of in their Rimes,* *ibid.* *It should be short,* 217
- Policie : *That it and Friendship are scarce compatible,* 255
- Policie is a circumstantiall Dissembling, 134. *Policie is not a Flowre growing in euery mans Garden,* 193. *It is but a Braine-warre,* *ibid.* *When it runnes smoothest,* *ibidem.* *Policie in Friendship like Logicke in Truth,* 255, 256. *The different end of Policie and Loue,* 257
- Poore: and Pouerty, of it, 59. *The Worlds folly in contemning the Poore in Christ,* 410
- The Poore are the first that must stand the Shocke of Extremitie,* 59, 60. *Vertue how valued in a Poore man or woman,* 60, 61. *Extreme Pouerty is a Lanthorne that lights vs to all Misery,* 61. *The Poore is the proper object of pittie,* 64
- Posteritie: *How to bee prized and used,* 84
- Prayer: 334. *By it we speake to God. Of the danger of the neglect of the duty of Prayer,* 398. *More needfull in the Morning then in the Eaening,* 406
- Prayses: *He that loneth them, is called an Ayre-monger,* 49
- Preaching: 69. *The Excesse of it in its defect hath made the pulpit slighted,* *ibidem.* *A wonder to heare men preach at once So Little and So Long,* *ibidem.* *A pretty reason why men are so usually sleepey at a Sermon, and so vigilane at a Play,* 70. *A sharpe inuective not against Plaine, but Rude Preaching,* 70, 71. *A good Preacher should bee as a good Orator,* 71. *A Quip for*

## An Alphabetical Table.

for hastie Preachers, 71. a-  
gainst sluttish Preachers, 73  
Pride: Of it and Choller, 225.  
It is neuer in a Noble Na-  
ture, 13. Of being Proud,  
by being commended, 353.  
That Pride and Crueltie  
makes any man more odi-  
ous then any sinne besides,  
443. A Proud person ne-  
uer well beloued, 444.  
Pride and Crueltie are  
Curres of the same Lit-  
tour, *ibid.* Pride being in  
fashion, brings Humilitie  
out of countenance, 6  
Pride and Choller compared  
to a Fox, at the full, 225.  
A pretty Censure of such  
as would come to prefer-  
ment by Pride, *ibid.* It is  
an uncharitable vice, 226.  
What Pride and Choller  
wants, *ibid.* These two are  
compared to a burning  
house, 227  
Proiectors: Of being a secret  
Proiector of ought, 353  
Prosperitie: Of Sudden Pro-  
perity, 1. Gouvernement  
and Obedience the two  
causes of a Common Pro-  
perity, 387. What man  
would doe, if he should al-  
wayes prosper, 442  
Punishment: That no mans

sinnes are alwayes Unpu-  
nished, 178, 180, 181.  
Puritan: 10. Why none of them  
will owne their owne name,  
*ibid.* in *finem.* The various  
acceptation of it, 11, in prin-  
cipibus. He is a Church-  
Rebel, *ibid.* What kinde of  
Puritan is both to bee loved  
and hated, 12

## R

Railing: A pretty use of one  
that Rayles on a man, 396  
Reading: A Rule in reading  
of Authors, 354  
Reconciliation: Of Reconcil-  
ling Enemies, 74  
Religion: Of its Choyce, 50.  
That it is our best Guide,  
192. A rare thing to see a  
Rich man Religious. 349.  
It is no Foe to good man-  
ners, The Rule or Domi-  
nation of Religion, 51. The  
Submission of Reason to Re-  
ligion, *ibidem.* The Pro-  
testant Religion commen-  
ded, 53. That Religion go-  
uernes All, euen the World,  
Nature, and Policie, 194.  
Repentance: Without comes  
Ruine, 279. How Repentance  
insauours vs againe with  
God, *ibid.* all things against  
a man

## An Alphabetical Table.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p><i>a man, whilst he liues impenitently, 277. Repentance after Failing, is a Prompter to a surer hold, 277, 278.</i></p> <p><i>Reprehension: 19. A Friends loue therein manifested, ibi. A rule for it, ibid. 19, 20, 23. Publicke Repentance what like, ibid. A pretty comparison to manifest a meane in Reprehension, 22. An argument drawne from the vn-boned tongue, ibid. A good Rule, and shrewd Checke for a Reprouer, ibid, &amp; 23. Against rough Reprehension, 161</i></p> <p><i>Reputation: vide Good name, 346</i></p> <p><i>Resolution: Of sudden Resolution, 4. It is the most fortifying armour a man can weare, ibid. Fortunes Resolution necessarie to insafe vs from the Thefts and Wiles of Prosperitie, 5. Though Resolutions change, yet Vowes should know no varietie, 448</i></p> <p><i>Restraint: That all things haue their Rest, 130. Of it and Libertie, 293</i></p> <p><i>Reuenge: To Reuenge Wrongs what it saours of, 428. Whilst wee thinke to Reuenge a wrong we oft begin</i></p> | <p><i>one, 127</i></p> <p><i>Reward: Of It and Seruice, 16</i></p> <p><i>Riches: How aduanced by Custome, 113. vide Encrease, 303. A rare thing to see a Rich man Religious, 349. Content makes Rich, 430</i></p> <p style="text-align: center; font-size: 2em; margin: 20px 0;">S</p> <p><i>Sanctitie: It is a Sentence of three Stops, 421</i></p> <p><i>Scandall: Its fault and fruit, 284. Of Scandalous Ministers, ibid. 285.</i></p> <p><i>Science: Of it and Wisedome, 138. It comes short of wisdom, ibid.</i></p> <p><i>Sea: Euery man is a Vast Sea, 190</i></p> <p><i>Secresie: It ought to be in Proiecting ought, 353. That all Secrets should not be imparted to the faithfullest Friend, 365</i></p> <p><i>What two friends should doe with their Secrets, when they depart one from another, 158</i></p> <p><i>Seruant: The good of a discrete Seruant, 16. Good to vse a Seruant sometimes like a Friend, 17. but this should not make him saucie, 18. A</i></p> |
|---|---|



## An Alphabetical Table.

18. *A good Rule betweene Master and Seruants, ibid. Seruants vsually are our Best Friends or worst Foes,* 112.
- Shame: *Iust Shame saddens a good mans Soule,* 377.
- Silence: *Of Silence and Babbling,* 333. *A pretty example of enioying Silence,* 416, 417.
- Sinne: *That Sinne is more Crafty then Violent.* 116. *The horroure that it leaues behind,* 86, 87. *That no mans Sinne goes alwayes unpunished,* 178. *Of Veniall Sinne,* 336. *Sinne brings Sorrow,* 347. *Sinne but Once committed, begets a pronenesse to Reiteration,* 374. *The sudden occasion of Sinne most dangerous,* 411.
- Solitarinesse: *Of it and Companionship,* 385.
- Sorrow: *That Sinne brings it,* 347. *Sorrowes are like putrid Graues,* 175. *Of all objects of Sorrow, a Distressed King is the most pittifull,* 187, 188.
- Soule: *Of it,* 195. *Of the manifold distractions about it, ibid. Whether it followes the temperature of the body,* 196.
- Souldier: *Of Him and Warre,* 279. *A Souldier should haue in him both Courage and Compassion,* 143. *A Souldiers life is a life tempting to Exorbitancie,* 282. *Their life but an ordered Quarrell,* *ibid.*
- Speech: *Of Speeches bewraying,* 416. *Reasons of giuing a deafe eare to euill speaking,* 241.
- Spending: *Of it and Sparing,* 358.
- Speede: *Times continuall Speede,* 23.
- Stedfastnesse: *A Christians Stedfastnes in his Sauour, compared to a Needle in a Diall,* 359.
- Sudden: *Of Sudden Resolutions,* 4.
- Suite: *vide Petitions,* 56, 57.
- Sufferance: *That it causeth Lowe,* 253.
- Suspition: *vide Iealoufie, Of it,* 240. *Whence it proceeds most commonly,* *ibid.*
- T**
- Temptation: *Of the minde of a man after the Conquest of a strong Temptation,* 437.
- Time:

## An Alphabetical Table.

Time : *Its continuall speede,*  
 23. *A thing in time promi-*  
*seth good successe,* 21. *Of*  
*the waste and change of*  
*time,* 144. *Time is chan-*  
*ges agent,* 145. *Man is but*  
*times Ball,* 244. *An ex-*  
*ample of vaine spent time,*  
 303. *How the distempers*  
*of these times affect the*  
*wife,* 426. *Trauell, a rule*  
*for conuerse in Trauell,* 272  
 Trauell, 270. *A traueilling*  
*foole is the shame of all*  
*Nations,* 271. *How to bet-*  
*ter our selues by trauell.* *ib.*  
 Traytor : *Mans owne heart*  
*the greatest traytor.* 203.  
 Treachery, *Its worst kinde.*  
 Trifles : *Of lamenting the losse*  
*of trifles.* 372  
 Troubles : *They are the best*  
*tutors to goodnesse.* 332

### V

Valour : *A Christians va-*  
*lour and true fidelity,* 338.  
 Valour, *when best tempered.*  
 142  
 Value : *Of being ouer-valued,*  
 93. *There is no detraction*  
*worse, then to ouer-value*  
*men.* 96  
 Variety : *Though pleasing, yet*  
*troublesome.* 50

Vertue : *Of the end of vertue*  
*and vice,* 8. *Of it and*  
*wisedome,* 230. *A Ver-*  
*tuous man is a wonder,*  
 335. *Euery Vertue hath*  
*two Vices clogging her,*  
 336. *What a Vertuous*  
*Man in the purity of his*  
*life is like,* 351. *Of being*  
*Vertues friend, and Vices*  
*foe,* 412. *Vertue and vice*  
*compared,* 438. 439. *Ver-*  
*tue and vices large atten-*  
*dants,* 24. 25. *When a Man*  
*is rightly vertuous,* 123.  
*and when upright,* *ibidem.*  
*Vertue is Natures enuie,*  
 178. 179. *Vertues garment*  
*how sacred,* 230. *Of No-*  
*bility ioyned with vertue,*  
*how glorious.* 438

Vice : *Of the end of vice and*  
*vertue,* 8. *Vices path,* *ibid.*  
*A painted Harlot,* 9. *when*  
*most dangerous,* 119. *Its*  
*flourishing and decay,* 426.  
*Vices attendants,* 25. *Tis*  
*now a vice to bee honest,*  
 179. *Vices brane boldface,*  
 180. *It hath a punishment,*  
*though secret.* 180. 181

Vicissitude : *All temporall*  
*things haue their vicissi-*  
*tude,* 131. *This vicissitude*  
*maintaines the World.*

132

I i 2

Vine:

## An Alphabetical Table.

Vine: Humility compared to  
the Vine. 14

Violence: Of it and eager-  
nesse, 27. It oft prospers,  
but seldom is blessed, *ibid.*  
examples in the Couetous,  
*ibidem*, and others by ma-  
ny pretty similies, *ibidem*  
& 28. The Authors con-  
clusion from the premises.

29

Vowes: Though resolutions  
change, yet vowes should  
know no variety. 448

Vprightnesse: Inward inte-  
grity, and outward vpright-  
nesse ought to be respected.

397

### W

Warre: Of it, and Souldiers,  
279. A Souldier should  
haue in him both courage  
and compassion, 143.  
Warre is the blood letting  
of a body Politicke, 279.  
The causes of Warre redu-  
ced into five heads, 280.  
It is lawfull for Princes  
by Warre to vindicate  
the honour of himielfe and  
his people, 281. Three  
vertues which ought to bee  
in euery Commaunder of  
Warre, *ibidem*. Warre is

one of the offences with  
woe. 283

Watches: A wise Man  
will keepe a double watch.

203

Will: That it is accepted with  
God for the deede. 378

Wife: What the comfort of a  
wise wife is. 264 265.

Wisedome: Of ouer-valuing  
our wildome, 93. Of it,  
and Science, 138. Of it,  
and vertue, 230. They are  
the guards of safety. *ibid.*

Woman: Of her, 100. Man,  
why made her matter, 101.  
Of a woman with a wise  
Soule. 264

Word: The Word of God  
our looking-glasse, 402.  
A word in season, com-  
pared to striking in time.

21

Works: Of them without  
Faith; and of Faith with-  
out them, 348. Great  
works undertaken for o-  
stentation, misse of their  
end, and turne to the Au-  
thors shame, 144. Exam-  
ples of it. *ibid.*

World: Of being the worlds  
fauourite without Grace,  
334 Its enchantment when  
it smiles on vs, 360.  
What gaine comes by the  
profit



## An Alphabetical Table.

<p>profit and pleasure of the World, 366. The condition of the Worlds things. 431</p> <p>Wrongs : Of Natures recompencing wrongs, 121. Of apprehension in wrongs,</p>	<p>126. To revenge wrongs, what it saours of, 428. Whilest wee thinke to revenge a wrong, we oft begin it, 127. Tis a Princely thing to disdain a wrong, 128.</p>
---	---

**FINIS.**

### *Errata.*

In page 5. line 11. reade ease. p. 8. l. 4. r. one. p. 13, l. 12. r. villaines. p. 12. l. 27. r. feuered. p. 14. l. 17. r. happens. p. 36. l. 30. r. Region. p. 51. l. 23. insert some. p. 57. l. 11. r. readily. p. 68. l. 11. r. she. p. 12. r. Morality. p. 71. l. 5. r. lines. p. 90. l. 11. r. *Mobilis*. p. 130. l. 9. r. calming. p. 209 l. 5. r. may. p. 210. l. 5. r. contaction. p. 157. l. 1. r. the. p. 158. l. 8. r. detraction. p. 170. l. 31. r. Compassed. p. 170. l. 4. r. barked. p. 209. l. 20. r. *Assimilation*.

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